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# CHESHIRE GLEANINGS.

(Cheshire
CO

# CHESHIRE GLEANINGS.

BY

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

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JOSEPH MAYER, Esq., F.S.A.,

WHO GAVE TO THE VILLAGE OF BEBBINGTON ITS INTERESTING PUBLIC LIBRARY, AND TO THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL THE CONTENTS OF ITS MAGNIFICENT MAYER MUSEUM, THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF HIS ACQUIREMENTS AS AN ANTIQUARY, AND OF HIS PUBLIC SPIRIT AS A CITIZEN.

# PREFACE.

CHESHIRE has been styled the "seed plot of gentility," and one of its homely proverbs claims, that its hardy sons are "chief of men." The county abounds in memorials of the past, and yet is full of the vigour of the present day. Around its old halls and picturesque villages linger the memories of stern battles on hard-fought fields, of gallant struggles, of spendthrift folly, and of heroic endeavour, and the bright legends of bravery and courtly grace have too often had their shadow in stories of tyranny and crime.

The volume of "Cheshire Gleanings," whilst making no pretence to be a systematic history of the county, is an effort to present some of its most salient characteristics. It contains notices of Cheshire men and women, notable for their talents or their eccentricities, memorials of byegone modes of life and thought, and of the associations, proverbs,

folk-lore, and dialect of various localities of the county. The articles, some of which have already appeared in *Notes and Queries*, *Chambers's Journal*, the *Palatine Note-Book*, the *Academy*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *British Architect*, and various other periodical publications, are in general brief and are always independent of each other. All they have in common is their relation to the county palatine of Chester.

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# CHESHIRE GLEANINGS.

## DEAN STANLEY AND ALDERLEY.

> And indeed he seems to me
> Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
> "Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
> Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
> Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;
> Who loved one only, and clave to her."
>
> TENNYSON. *Idylls of the King. (Dedication.)*

THE Stanley family have long been connected with Alderley, and claim descent from William de Aldithley, of Thalk, in Staffordshire, who assumed the name of Stanley, and settled at Stoneley, in that county. From him descended a family which, in several generations, produced men of mark, and from which the lines of the lords of Derby and Monteagle have branched off. Sir Thomas Stanley, of Alderley, was knighted by James I., and his son, Sir Thomas, was created a baronet by Charles II. The sixth baronet was Sir John Thomas Stanley, whose eldest son,

the seventh baronet, bore the same names, and was a man of literary and scientific tastes. In 1839 he was created Baron Stanley of Alderley. The second son of the sixth baronet was Edward Stanley, rector of Alderley, Bishop of Norwich, and father of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, dean of Westminster. Edward Stanley had a passionate desire for the life of a sailor. This wish was not gratified, but many of the best qualities of our great English sailors were exhibited in his life. As the incumbent of the family living of Alderley and as Bishop of Norwich he showed great power of organisation, devotion to duty, and a capacity for governing men. He was far in advance of many of his more timid clerical brethren in a desire for the spread of education amongst all classes, not excluding even the poorest, and in place of the distrust which many of them showed of the increasing energies of science he was himself an ardent student of nature. When some dignitaries of the Church were denouncing the British Association, he was one of its vice presidents, and he is believed to have been one of the first clergymen who attempted to popularise the study of geology by a public lecture, which he delivered in Macclesfield. "The perversions of men," he used to say, "would have made an infidel of me but for the counteracting impressions of Divine Providence in the works of nature." His scientific studies were chiefly in the direction of ornithology, and his "Familiar History of Birds," which contains many observations made at Alderley, is second only in interest to White's "Selborne." The staircase of the rèctory at Alderley was hung with the engravings from

Bewick's "British Birds," which was mounted in panels, and varnished over. It was at the rectory of Alderley that Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was born on the 13th of December, 1815.

When it was proposed to erect Manchester into an episcopal see the Rev. Edward Stanley declined to become its first bishop, but he accepted, in 1837, a nomination to the see of Norwich. The parting from Alderley was a source of great grief, for a man of his character could not have held such a charge for thirty-two years without feeling and exciting the strongest affection and sympathy. He had emphatically the courage of his opinions. When the name of Arnold of Rugby was a reproach instead of a glory he invited him to preach his consecration sermon, and later obtained for him the offer of the wardenship of Manchester. Dean Stanley's own estimate of his father's work as a bishop may be fittingly quoted:—"The general principle of his conduct has been exemplified in the prelate who of all in our later days most nearly recalls his courageous independence, and his width of sympathy—Bishop Fraser, of Manchester."

The mother of Dean Stanley was Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Oswald Leycester, another of whose daughters married Augustus Hare. Of Mrs. Stanley's life at Alderley, from 1810 to 1837, some interesting memorials have been preserved by her son, and show her to have been a woman of keen perceptive powers, of carefully cultivated mind, and with a genial sense of humour. Readers of the "Memorials of a Quiet Life" will remember how pleasantly her personality is felt in that charming record of English domestic life. Mrs. Stanley was one of the spectators at the opening

of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, and has left a vivid account of that event, and of the death of Huskisson, which gave it so mournful an interest. Another of her sketches is of the pleasant home of the Gregs at Quarry Bank, with whom the Stanleys held pleasant intercourse. When Samuel Greg's "Layman's Legacy" appeared, the Dean prefaced it with some appropriate words. "I have still," he says, "a vivid recollection of being told how the aged mother of the family was carried in the evenings by her sons up the steep hills that surrounded the deep hollow in which their house was situated, in order that she might witness from time to time the sunset, which, in the close seclusion of Quarry Bank itself, she could never have seen. The story lingered in my memory as a modern likeness to that which Herodotus tells us with so much emotion of the two Grecian youths harnessing themselves to the chariot of their mother, the priestess of Juno, to enable her to reach the temple of the Goddess in the plain of Mycenæ." In later life the Dean and Mr. Greg became personally acquainted, chiefly through a sympathetic letter from the layman, which brightened some of the stormy days that marked Dean Stanley's advent to Westminster. When Mr. Greg was on his deathbed the Dean wrote:—"Few have cheered me more in my troubled course than he has. Would that any words of mine in return could cheer him, where, as in the words of the Psalmist, he has himself said, the darkness shall be, we may trust, as clear as the light."

The parish church of Alderley contains several memorials of the Stanleys. One of them records the memory of

Bishop Stanley, "thirty-two years rector of Alderley, twelve years Bishop of Norwich, where, in the Cathedral Church, his mortal remains repose. To his beloved parishioners, with whom when absent in the body he was ever present in the spirit, so now being dead yet speaketh." Another is to the memory of Captain Charles Edward Stanley, "who died August 13, 1849, aged 30, at Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land. First of his family called to rest by a sudden and early death, which removed from evil to come the loving child of a most loving father, before either could mourn the other's loss." A third is to Captain Owen Stanley, who died March 13, 1850, aged 38, at Sydney, New South Wales, "at the close of his successful survey of the unknown coast of New Guinea, and after 23 years' arduous service in every clime. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided. From the ends of the earth gathered together unto Christ." The love which her children bore to Catherine Stanley is witnessed by an inscription "to the dear memory of her whose firm faith, calm wisdom, and tender sympathy, speaking the truth in love, counselled, encouraged, comforted all who knew her, this tablet is inscribed by her three surviving children, in whose happiness she found her own." The mother of Dean Stanley is buried in Alderley churchyard, and her grave, which stands beneath a funereal yew, is marked by a white marble cross, on which her son inscribed those words of the Apostle James, so often quoted as the sum of a good life, "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated,

full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." Dean Stanley's mother died on the Ash Wednesday of 1862, when her surviving son was absent in attendance on the Prince of Wales on a journey through Egypt and Palestine. He adds:—"On another Ash Wednesday, 1st March, 1876, he stood by the deathbed of her by whose supporting love he had been comforted after his mother's death, and whose character, although cast in a different mould, remains to him, with that of his mother, the brightest and most sacred vision of his earthly experience." This was no overwrought picture of Lady Augusta Stanley. The good qualities which ensured her the friendship and esteem of the highest in the land gained her the affectionate regard of the poor of Westminster. If a wife was never so mourned, a widower never had such universal sympathy in his sorrow. That sorrow found expression in many forms, and when in the dead of night those more closely associated with the sacred fane saw a flickering light amidst the darkness of the Abbey they knew that the husband was seeking the grave of his wife for prayer and communion with the dead.

The churchyard of Alderley contains one more memorial of this gifted family. Here on 2nd December, 1879, was buried Mary Stanley, the eldest daughter of the Bishop. The following inscription was written by the Dean for the tablet in the church:—

MARY STANLEY,
Born December 19th, 1813.
Died November 26th, 1879.

"By patient continuance in well doing
Endeared to many, old and young.
She cheered the friendless,
Raised the poor,
Nursed the sick and wounded
At Norwich, in Westminster,
And on the shores of the Bosphorus;
Through all changes, outward and inward,
She clung to the home of her early years,
Where, by her desire,
She rests in her mother's grave."

She joined the Church of Rome in 1856, but at her own earnest desire was laid in the same grave as the mother whom she had loved so well. Dean Stanley took a share in the funeral service, and in a voice marked by deep emotion committed to God "the soul of our dear sister here departed." Amongst the wreaths which covered her coffin was one from the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, with an inscription which summed up in fitting words the story of her life:—"In tender remembrance of the gentle Christian lady, who was in life a 'good Samaritan.' May we do as Mary Stanley."

Dean Stanley's early days were passed in his father's rectory, and he retained to the last a keen interest in the place and the people. His nurse, Ellen Baskerville, who died only a few years ago, was regularly visited by him, and when, at a ripe old age, she died, he came from Westminster to conduct the funeral service. In this he showed himself

a true son of his father, who erected a memorial to Sarah Burgess, a faithful servant of the family.

To the many memorials which Alderley already possesses there will doubtless ere long be added another to the memory of Dean Stanley, the profound scholar, the earnest and fearless thinker, whose death will be sincerely lamented in the New World, as in the Old.

Many interesting particulars of the home life of the Stanleys are given in an article by Augustus J. C. Hare, in the number for September, 1881, of *Macmillan's Magazine* (vol. xliv., p. 353). The Dean's own "Memoirs of Edward and Catharine Stanley" (London, 1879), and Dean Bradley's "Recollections of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley" (London, 1883), also contain many details.

# THE NORTHWICH DEMONIAC.

The last kind of madness or melancholy, is that demoniacal (if I may so call it) obsession or possession of devils, which Platerus and others would have to be preternatural; stupend things are said of them, their actions, gestures, contortions, fasting, prophesying, speaking languages they were never taught, &c.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy,*
*Pt. 1, section 1, member 1, sub-section 4.*

IN 1602 the case of a supposed demoniac at Northwich attracted some attention. The signs of his "possession" were the wagging of the head without intermission, supernatural strength, senselessness during his fits, utterance of wonderful speech, &c. John Darrell, in his "Survey" of Deacon and Walker's "Dialogicall Discourses," 1602, mentions Thomas Harrison, of North Wych, in Cheshire, as being "at this present very greuously vexed by Sathan, so as he that will may be an eye witness thereof" (p. 54). In his "Replie" to Deacon and Walker's "Answer," 1602, (p. 21-2) he says:—

"Concerning the strange and present affliction of the boy of Northwitch I will say nothing. I never sawe him. How-

soever, you descant on the matter after your lying and paltry manner. Yet I think it not amiss to offer to thy view (good reader) the iudgement of the Bishop of Chester in his direction to his parents, and of three other commissioners for causes ecclesiasticall, according with him therein.

First we thinke it fit and doe require the parents of the said childe, that they suffer not any repaire to their house to visite him sauing such as are in authority and other persons of speciall regard and knowne discretion, and to have speciall care that the number always be very smal. Further, having seen the bodily affliction of the said childe, and observed in sundry fits very strange effects and operations either proceeding of naturall vnknowne causes or of some diabolical practise, we thinke it convenient and fit for the ease and deliverance of the said childe from his grieuous afflictions, that prayer be made for him publikely by the minister of the parish, or any other preacher repairing thither, before the congregation, so oft as the same assembleth. And that certaine preachers, namely, M. Gerrard, M. Massey, M. Collier, M. Haruey, M. Eaton, M. Pierson, and M. Brownhill, these onely and none other to repaire unto the saide childe by turnes, as their leisures will serve, and to vse their discretions by priuate prayer and fastings, for the ease and comfort of the afflicted with all requiring them to abstaine from all solemne meetings, because the calamatie is particular, and the authoritie of the allowing and prescribing such meetings resteth neither in them nor in vs, but in our superiours, whose pleasure it is fit we

should expect. Moreover, because it is by some held that the childe is really possessed of an uncleane spirit, for that there appeareth to us no certaintie, nor yet any great probabilitie thereof, wee thinke it also conuenient, and require the preachers aforesaid to forbeare all forms of exorcisme, which always imply and presuppose a real and actuall possession.

RICHARD [VAUGHAN] CESTRIENSIS.
DAVID YALE, CHANCEL.
GRIFF. SANGHAM.
HUGHES BURGHES.

Hereunto I will adde a fewe lines which M. Haruey aforesaid, a man of great learning and godliness, writ in his life time to a friend of his :—

Grace and mercie from our only Sauior, there is such a boy as your report signifieth, whose estate from the beginning of February till this present hath beene so strange and extraordinarie in regard to his passions, behauiour, and speeches, as I for my part never heard nor read of the like. Few that have seene the variety of his fits, but they thinke the diuell hath the disposing of his body. Myselfe have diuers times seene him, and such things in him as are impossible to proceed from any humane creature. The matter hath affected our whole countrey. The diuines with us generally hold that the childe is really possessed. And so much for him."

It is to the credit of the bishop and his advisers that they hesitated to endorse the common belief as to the demoniacal

nature of the disease of this unhappy boy. The physicians attributed his derangement to "an excess of some Melancholia."

This, or a later case of witchcraft at Northwich, was the occasion of a treatise by Thomas Cooper, entitled "The Mystery of Witchcraft. Discovering the Truth, Nature, Occasions, Growth, and Power thereof." Lond. 8vo. 1617. It is dedicated to the Right Worshipful the Mayor and Corporation of the Ancient Citie of Chester, and the worthy Justices of Peace of that County Palatine, and the following passage occurs:—"I have thought it good to leave this testimony unto you of my thankful remembrance, who were many of you acquainted with the good hand of my God upon me in this behalf, especially seeing by an especial occasion at the North-wich, by a child afflicted with the power of Sathan, and (as it was conceived) through the confederacy of some witches thereabout. . . . . Shall not this be a perpetual memorial of my thankfulness to those worthy magistrates, Mr. Warburton of Arley, Mr. Marbury of the Mere, and others of that parish, to quicken and encourage them in their zeal and love unto the gospel?" (From a scarce copy of the volume in possession of Mr. J. E. Bailey.)

# "WARNING FOR FAIR WOMEN."

For I must talk of murder.

SHAKESPERE. *Titus Andronicus.*

IN the drawing-room of the fine old hall of Bramhall there formerly hung a portrait of one who, in his day, was a great magnate alike in Cheshire and Lancashire. It was a representation dated 1583, and, therefore, taken in his fifty-first year of the Earl of Derby, with his shield of twenty-eight quarters, surrounded by the Garter and the following inscription :—"Henry, Earle of Derbie, Viscount Kinton, Lord Standley, Strange, Basset, and Burnell, Lord of Man and the Iles, Knight of the noble order of the garter, one of the Lordes of hyr Math most Honourable Priuie Councell, Lord hyghe Stewarde of hyr Math Howshould, Lord Lieutenant of the Counties of Lancaster and Chester, and of the Citee of Chester and Chamberlaine of the Countie Palatyne of Chester." (Earwaker's East Cheshire i., 447).

We have now to mention a slight but hitherto unnoticed incident in the life of this nobleman. When Alexander

Nowell was Dean of St. Paul's he took an interest in the fate of the perpetrators of a murder that has been celebrated both in prose and verse. Mr. George Sanders, or Sandars, was a wealthy city merchant, living near Billingsgate, and his house was visited by Captain George Browne, an Irish officer, who fell in love with the citizen's wife, and obtained the aid of Mrs. Drury, a widow, who gained a not very reputable living by fortune telling and other devices. The foolish wife was easily induced to believe that fate had ordained that she should soon be a widow, and then the bride of the gay captain. The intrigue proceeded until Browne decided to anticipate fate by having Sanders murdered. After two ineffectual attempts Sanders was slain by "Trusty Roger," a servant of the fortune teller, and by Browne, who sent a bloody handkerchief to the wife as a token that her husband had been murdered. She was, however, now filled with remorse and repulsed Browne, who fled, but was arrested at Rochester and recognised by John Blane (a servant of Sanders), who had been mortally wounded in the affray that ended his master's life. Browne, whilst acknowledging his own guilt, sought to save the life of his mistress whom he declared to be innocent. Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. Drury, and "Trusty" Roger Clement were all tried, condemned, and executed after confession. Browne was sentenced on Saturday, 18th April, 1573, and executed at Smithfield on the Monday following. At the time of her husband's death Mrs. Sanders was daily expecting to be confined, and after the birth of the child and the ceremony of "churching" she was arraigned at Guildhall on May 6th of the same year

along with Mrs. Drury. They were found guilty, as was "Trusty" Roger on the 8th. The protestations of innocence on the part of Mrs. Sanders had a curious effect upon an inmate of the prison, a broken and suspended minister, named Mell, who began by thinking her innocent, then fell in love with her, and tried to induce Mrs. Drury to take the whole burden of the crime upon her, so that he might sue for a pardon for the merchant's wife. She maintained this "before the Deane of Paules and others—taking the whole blame thereof to hir self." The fair sinner also grasped at the chance of life. "Mistresse Saunders also, after the laying of this platte, stoode so stoutely to hir tackling, that when the Deane of Paules gave hir godly exhortation for the clearing of hir conscience, and for the reconciling of hir self to God, as the time and case most needefully required (as other had done before), he coulde obtayne nothing at her hande. By meanes whereof he was fayne to leave hir that time, which was the Friday, not without great griefe and indignation of mind to see hir stubborn unrepentauntnese." Mell's plans miscarried, for the Lords of the Council, to whom he applied for the woman's pardon, had information of his plot, and it was decided that the unhappy woman must die. There was a short reprieve, and by "the advice of Master Cole (who laboured very earnestly with hir to bring hir to repentance, and was come to hir verye early that [Saturday] morning, because it was thought that they should have bene executed presently) sent for the Deane of Paules agayne, and bewayling her former stubborness, declared unto him and Master Cole, Master

Clarke, and Master Yong, that shee had given her consent and procurement to hir husband's death." She had an interview with her husband's relatives, and sought and received their forgiveness. She saw also "hir owne kindred and her children, "whom she had not only berefte bothe of father and mother, but also lefte them a coarsie and shame." After a pious exhortation "she gave eche of those a booke of Maister Bradforde's meditations, wherein she desired the foresayd three preachers to write some admonitions as they thought good, whiche done she subscribed them with these wordes, *Youre sorrowfull mother, Anne Saunders,*" and so dismissed them. Mrs. Drury was likewise in a pious frame of mind. The day of execution was fixed for the 6th of May, and by a refinement of cruelty the luckless preacher Mell was placed in the pillory at the same place. A paper was pinned on his breast with the words, *For practising to colour the detestable factes of George Saunder's wife.* Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Drury, and "Trusty" Roger were in the cart together, and each prayed with the ministers in attendance. They each confessed their guilt, and the fortune teller "kneeling doune towards the Earle of Bedforde, and other noble men that were on horssbacke on each side of the stage, tooke it upon hir death that whereas it had bin reported of hir that she had poysoned hir late husbande, Master Drewrie, and dealt with witchcraft and sorcerie, and also appeached divers merchantes wives of dissolute and unchast living, she had done none of all those things, but was utterlie cleare bothe to God and the worlde of all such manner of dealing. And then with lyke

obeysance, turning hir self to the Earle of Darbie, who was in a chamber behind hir, she protested unto him before God, that whereas she had bene reported to have bene the cause of separation betwixte him and my Lady his wyfe; she neither procured nor assented to any such thing. But otherwise, wheras in the time of hir service in his house she had offended him in neglecting or contemning hir duetie, she acknowledged his fault, and besoughte him for God's sake to forgive hir: who very honorably and even with teares accepted hir submission, and openly protested himselfe to pray hartily to God for hir." After further prayer with the preachers the two women and the servantman "were all put in a readinesse by the Executioner, and at one instant (by drawing away the cart wheron they stoode) were sent togither out of this worlde unto God."

The pamphlet, from which we have quoted, contains the prayer and confession of Anne Saunders, and the following pious memorandum, which was found in the study of the murdered man, "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be (Philip. i.) thorough life, or else death. For Christ is to me life, death is to me advantage. These words were M. Nowels Theame, which he preached at the buriall of my brother Haddon upon Thursday, being ye xxv. day of Januarie, Anno do., 1570, Anno Reginæ Elizabeth 13. Among other things which he preached this saying of his is to be had alwayes in remembrance, that is, that we must all (when we come to pray) first accuse and condemne ourselves for our sinnes committed against God

before the seat of his justice, and then after cleave unto Him by faythe in the mercy and merites of our Savioure and Redeemer Jesus Christ, whereby we are assured of eternall Salvation."

The account, from which we have quoted, has the appearance of being the compilation of the ministers who attended the criminals, and is by no means of the ordinary catchpenny description. It is entitled, "A briefe discourse of the late murther of Master George Saunders, a worshipfull Citizen of London, and of the apprehension, arraignment, and execution of the principall and accessaries of the same. Imprinted at London by Henry Bynnemann, dwelling in Knightrider Streete, at the Signe of the Mermayde, Anno 1573." It is reprinted in Mr. Richard Simpson's School of Shakspere (London, 1878, ii., 220).

The murder is alluded to in Stowe's *Chronicle*, and in Anthony Munday's "View of Sundry Examples," which was reprinted by the Shakespeare Society. This tract contains also the following quaint passage, "Then look heer into England, at Manchester, a childe borne without ever a hed, yet soon after was the mother delivered of a goodly and sweet infant." It was also the subject of a drama entitled, "A Warning for Faire Women. . . . As it hath beene lately diuerse times acted by the right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruantes" (London, 1599). This has been reprinted in Simpson's "School of Shakspere" (ii., 230), and follows very closely the account from which we have already quoted. Dean Nowell is probably intended to be represented in the character of the reverend "Doctor."

As a specimen we may quote the farewell of the condemned mother to her children.

*Home.* Behold my children, I will not bequeath
Or gold or silver to you, you are left
Sufficiently provided in that point;
But here I give to each of you a booke
Of holy meditations, Bradford's workes,
That vertuous chosen servant of the Lord.
Therein you shal be richer than with gred;
Safer than in faire buildings; happier
Than al the pleasures of this world can make you.
Sleepe not without them, when you go to bed,
And rise a morning with them in your hands.
So God send downe his blessing on you al.
Farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel!

*She kisses them one after another.*

Nay, stay not to disturbe me with your teares;
The time is come, sweete hearts, and we must part,
That way you go, this way my heavy heart.

John Bradford's "Meditations" were first printed in 1562, and frequently reissued. The book is a favourable specimen of the peculiar vein of piety that was born of the English reformation. The allusion made by Mrs. Drury to her doings as a servant in the Stanley household is obscure. In 1572, "with Edward, Earl of Derby's death, the glory of hospitality seemed to fall asleep." His successor, Henry, fourth Earl of Derby, was born in 1531, and in 1554 married Margaret, the daughter of Henry, Earl of Cumberland, and of Eleanor, the daughter of Charles Brandon,

Duke of Suffolk, and Mary, Queen Dowager of France. In 1588 he was appointed for five years Lord Chamberlain of Chester. He died in 1593, and his funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Chaderton, Bishop of Chester, who did not fail to do justice to the virtues and good qualities of the dead nobleman. Then turning to the son—the new earl—Ferdinando, he said, "You, noble Earl, that not only inherit, but exceed your father's virtues, learn to keep the love of your country, as your father did. You have in your arms three legs, signifying three counties, Cheshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire; stand fast on these legs, and you need fear none of their arms." The much lauded Earl, Henry, left behind him, in addition to four sons and a daughter born in lawful matrimony, three children, whose mother was Jane Halsall, of Knowsley. One of these three was Thomas Stanley, of Eccleshall, Esq.; and there was also Dorothy, who married Sir Cuthbert Halsall, of Halsall; and Ursula, who married Sir John Salusbury, and was the mother of Sir Henry Salusbury, the ancestor of Lord Combermere. It is possible that the existence of this second family may give point to Mrs. Drury's reference to some domestic trouble in the Stanley household.

# JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

In the middle leaps a fountain
Like sheet lightning,
Ever brightening
With a low melodious thunder.

TENNYSON. *The Poet's Mind.*

THE churchyard of Hyde in Cheshire contains a simple memorial recording the last resting place of John Critchley Prince, who, although a native of Lancashire, was, after the foolish fashion of his time, frequently styled the "Bard of Hyde," from his long residence there.

The fame of John Critchley Prince has always been distinctly provincial, though some of his verses have enjoyed fragmentary popularity from their frequent quotation in newspapers and periodicals all over the English-speaking world. Thirteen years after his death the publication of a definitive edition of his poems brought his claims to remembrance formerly before the literary public. ("The Life of John Critchley Prince." By R. A. Douglas Lithgow, LL.D.;

"The Poetical Works of John Critchley Prince." Edited by R. A. Douglas Lithgow. Manchester: Messrs. A. Heywood and Son. 1882.) The editor, Dr. Lithgow, has done his work well. He has used diligence in collecting; and, if there is little that has hitherto been unpublished, the reason is that Prince utilised as far as possible every scrap of his own composition. The difficult task of writing the biography of Prince has also been successfully achieved. The poet was a thorough Bohemian of the shabbiest type. That vague and shadowy land is not always a gay country, as Henri Murger has already told us; and if any further proofs were needed of the statement, Dr. Lithgow has furnished them in abundance. It is, however, only fair to say that Prince had far more excuse for his sad misuse of talent than the Schaunhards, who were his contemporaries in the capital of France.

John Critchley Prince was born at Wigan in 1808, in the midst of the deepest poverty. His father's trade was that of a reed-maker—a trade which had the double disadvantage of being extremely precarious and very badly paid. The elder Prince was a drunken brute, who thrashed his boy for reading, and brought him up to his own uncertain occupation. The paternal admonitions did not prevent young Prince from being an ardent reader of such scanty literature as fell into his way. Of the course of his intellectual progress there are singularly few memoranda; but we know that he nourished his own poetic fancy by the food he found in Byron, Keats, Southey, and Wordsworth, and traces of their influence are not infrequent in his works. These studies doubtless im-

proved the native gift of melody which is the most striking characteristic of his compositions. Although he certainly wrote bad verses at times, his manner is generally captivating, even when the matter is but of small account. Before he was nineteen he had married, and had the usual struggles of a poor and improvident artisan with a young wife and children. A somewhat unusual incident in such a life was a visit to France in 1830 in a fruitless search for employment. He may thus have gained a knowledge of French, to which his biographer, on very slight evidence, we think, adds some acquaintance with German. (See on this point the article on Prince and Körner, in the present volume). Although he began to write verses in 1827, he did not publish a volume until 1841, when "Hours with the Muses" appeared. Mr. R. W. Procter wrote of this period:—"In the winter of 1840-1 was paid my first friendly visit to Mr. Prince at Hyde. The 'Bard of Hyde,' as Mr. Prince was styled, was then a factory operative, wearing the Cheadle swinger usually worn by his class in county towns and villages. At that early time, and in that substantial garment, there was about the poet an air of sturdiness, of homely comfort, which shortly afterwards disappeared when broad cloth came to supplant velveteen. I found him engaged in the pleasant task of revising his manuscript for the press, being on the eve of publishing his maiden volume, 'Hours with the Muses.'" This brought him a troop of friends, and some of these were not over-judicious. Their admiration of the poet often took a fluid form; and the intemperance which blighted nearly all his after-life, though it did not originate in, was certainly strengthened

by, their well-meant attentions. The remainder of his career is not a pleasant one to tell in detail. Sometimes he worked at his old trade, and frequently he "tramped" about the country in search of employment, but his chief dependence appears to have been the sale of the five successive volumes which issued from his pen. To this must be added, especially in the latter period of his life, when a deepening gloom of poverty and disease overshadowed him, a dependence upon the produce of begging letters, which he addressed with great pertinacity to all whom he thought likely to befriend him. An attempt was made to obtain for him a pension, but this was refused, although he received a grant from the royal bounty. Occasional windfalls appear to have had no other effect than Bohemian revelry; and, when Prince died at Hyde in 1866, the poverty in which he lived was only saved from being abject by the exertions of his second wife, who laboured for the comfort of the poor broken-down paralytic with heroic devotion and assiduity.

Turning from the record of so unsatisfactory a life to its literary results, we must frankly admit that Prince's reputation is not one that is likely to widen or endure. He came at a time when a warm welcome was certain. The English cotton kingdom was in almost the first flush of a new-born literary enthusiasm. The factory bard was as phenomenal to the merchants and manufacturers in the streets of Wigan and Manchester as the ploughman poet had been amid the fields of Ayr to the farmers and squires who were his contemporaries. We do not suggest any further parallel, for Burns and Prince were essentially different.

No tribute needs the granite well,
No food the planet-flame.

That which Burns uttered in song came from the depth of his own consciousness, while Prince often merely embodied that which was floating in the air, or which he had assimilated from those greater masters in whose writings he found the solace of a life too often wanting in the first elements of self-respect and content. His remarkable gift of versification became in itself a danger. In pieces such as the "Artisan's Song," "A Book for Home Fireside," and others, he has done little more than crystallise the commonplaces of his day; but the fact that the verses did give expression to the common thought was an occasion of momentary, however little it may contribute to permanent, success. In his temperance poems he deals with the fruit of bitter personal experience, and these lyrics are among the finest that have yet been written on that topic. From the "Songs of the People" we quote a verse:—

The artisan, wending full early to toil,
Sings a snatch of old song by the way;
The ploughman, who sturdily furrows the soil,
Cheers the morn with the words of his lay;
The man at the stithy, the maid at the wheel,
The mother with babe on her knee,
Chant simple old rhymes which they tenderly feel;
Oh! the songs of the people for me.

In nearly all his poetry there is a distinct literary flavour, which is all the more remarkable in a writer whose surroundings were never favourable to study. This is very conspicu-

ous in the fine sonnet in which he describes in honied words, recalling the greater singer, the delight he felt on first reading Keats. Among many other notable poems, we may name "Weeds and Flowers," "One Angel More," and "The Golden Land of Poesy." The last-named, if we may read it as Prince's opinion upon his own powers, shows far more accurate judgment than that of his more enthusiastic admirers. He describes his long voyage in "the bark Hope, all gaily dight":—

> At length, oh, joy! the enchanted shore
> Loomed up in far-off loveliness,
> And I grew eager to explore
> The wondrous realm; my tears ran o'er
> With very gladness of success.
> Odours of spices and of flowers
> Came on the breezes flowing free;
> Rich branches reft from gorgeous bowers
> Bestrewed the wave;—the land was ours,—
> The golden land of Poesy!—
>
> Not yet! a barrier crossed my way,—
> My shrinking vessel back recoiled;
> I could not reach the sheltering bay,
> For rocks and shoals about me lay,
> And winds opposed, and waters boiled.
> Thus baffled by the Poet-god,
> I only brought—alas for me!—
> Some waifs and strays from that bright sod
> Which I have seen, but have not trod,—
> The golden land of Poesy!

This, we think, will be the verdict of impartial critics on

Prince's claims as a poet. The current aspirations after "progress," temperance, and peace which surrounded his youth and manhood he imbibed and gave forth again, expressing in musical language the dumb thoughts which, in a vague form, existed in many minds. Hence his poems became at once a platform, if not a pulpit, power. There is neither intense passion nor dramatic force in his works; but there is a deeply reverential spirit, a genuine love of Nature, and especially of the mighty hills amid whose fastnesses he might feel secure from the sin and turmoil of city life, a tender pity for the sorrows of daily existence, an appreciation of the domestic virtues strikingly in contrast with some portions of his own career, and a sincere sympathy with efforts made for the amelioration of the working class to which he belonged.

## RICHARD RAMSEY.

I would the gods had made thee poetical.

SHAKSPERE. *As You Like It.*

IN 1816 appeared a volume of poems by a then resident in Macclesfield. Although there were above 500 subscribers the book is now seldom met with, and a brief notice of it may not be without interest. The title page reads :—"Poems on Various Subjects. By Richard Ramsey. Self-taught I sing—Homer. Macclesfield: Printed by J. Wilson, at the *Courier* Office, and sold by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Browne; and Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row, London, 1816." 12mo., pp. viii., 215. The frontispiece of the volume is a very good silhouette of the author who, in reply to the expected charge of vanity, observes :—"Among the subscribers to these poems (whose number exceeds five hundred) no doubt there may be some admirers of the celebrated Lavater, who, perhaps, will devote a leisure hour to the pleasing task of comparing the outlines of Physiognomy with those of Intellect, and of judging with scientific precision whether Nature has or has

not departed from her old custom of making the face an Index to the Mind—such readers will exculpate the Author from the charge of vanity." The biographical indicia are not numerous. Ramsey was a native of Ireland, and thus expresses his views: — "And as to the principle of the Author—whose little volume embraces many subjects—he can assure the Reader that he is a lover of his Country and King, whom he hath had the honour to serve by sea and land (as a volunteer)—but he is no zealot, either in Religion or Politics—(save that he denies the supremacy of the Pope and the legendary tales of his miracle-working Apostles)—all he wishes is Truth from the Pulpit, Justice from the Bench, and Constitutional Liberty from the Throne." To which admirable platitude we may all say, Amen.

The Macclesfield poet cannot claim to have drunk very deep of the Pierian spring, and yet there are several of his pieces that are worth naming. There is an epigram on the "Fall of Eve" (p. 14):—

> The Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke asserts
> It could not be a serpent tempted Eve,
> But a gay Monkey! whose fine mimic arts
> And fopp'ries were more likely to deceive!
> Dogmatic Commentators still hold out
> A Serpent, not a Monkey, tempted Madam;
> And which shall we believe? Without a doubt,
> None knew so well what tempted Eve as Adam.

Another is a humorous address to the Prince Regent on "Fat and Lean Subjects," in which, as a means of reforming

"each class that's prone to riot," he advises the Government to send supplies of food, so that

> . . their well-nourished Frames,
> In time becoming Fat, shall so chain down
> Their factious spirits, that the Luddite host
> Will grow submissive, loyal, meek, and mild,
> As e'en the sleekest Bishop in the land.

There is an anecdote of "Broadbrim and the Wag," which shows that "Simpson" was not unknown fifty years ago. The ingenious, if not ingenuous, milk-dealer thus explains :—

> "Nay, friend," said Broadbrim, "folks I never bilk,
> Tho' I outwit them—thou mistak'st the matter;
> I never do put water in the milk—
> I only—put the milk into the water."

Amongst the reminiscences of Ramsey's sailor-life may be mentioned the tale of a sailor who had a pearl on his eye, which prevented him from closing "the visual orb." Sailor Tom was left to protect the rum on shore from the Indians at Cuba. He was soon drunk and asleep; but when the felonious Indian approached he was frightened at the appearance of "the strange white-man," thus explaining the cause of his awe-struck alarm :—

> But when I in his face did peep,
> I found he had—one eye to sleep,
> And one to watch the kegs!

There is an old story of a lazy porter at Manchester (p. 62).

THE LAZY PORTERS.

> A gentleman, late, travelling through the town
> Of Manchester, for commerce famous once;

Beheld a group of Porters squatted down
Upon the flags, and basking in the sun,
As still as Indian Brahmins in a trance :

He slacken'd step, upon the squad look'd down;
And thought of an expedient to arouse them ;
" Here, my fine lads, if you're not in a swoon,
" The laziest of you shall have this half crown—"
When most upon their bottoms bump did souse them!

They reach'd their hands ;—but, lo ! the man of fun
Withheld the proffer'd gift to their surprise!
And hailing one, who still bask'd in the sun,
Said, " My fine fellow, you the prize have won,
Who neither mov'd your limbs, nor op'd your eyes."

He op'd his eyes to show he was awake,
And gave them a half-roll within their socket,
Yet mov'd not, nor put forth his hand to take
The gift—but whisper'd soft, " for goodness sake,
Sir, if it's good, do put it in my pocket ! "

It appears that a Mr. Grundy has been preaching against the existence of the Devil. Since then, the poet says :—

Our modern gownmen, to secure their bread,
And guard against decay of trade,
Use all their skill to preach the Devil up !

There is a poem on the death of that strange fanatic Joanna Southcott ; another is addressed to Mrs. Jane Davies, of Macclesfield, on reading her " Letters from a Mother to her Son on his going to Sea ;" whilst a third, entitled " The Dumb Cottagers," is on a couple of deaf mutes who lived near Nantwich. These were sister and brother, and they were unable to understand or make themselves understood :

In vain I ask'd my way—all was grimace,
Dumb elocution and unmeaning sound ;
Devoid of speech they could not tell the place,
And much it seemed their feeling hearts to wound.

How hard their lot ! descended from one womb,
And from that womb the joys of speech deny'd !
What pleasures can they have, thus deaf and dumb,
Save heaven some mystic language hath supply'd ?

Lost to the tale of love, the song of praise,
The converse that endears the social hour,
To music dead, slow pass their cheerless days,
To speech a stranger, and its soothing pow'r.

This description of the condition of deaf mutes, though creditable to Ramsey's benevolence, is not quite accurate, for as a rule they are neither morose nor unhappy. Man has a blessed faculty of accommodation, and even in the cases where every avenue seems closed, some method of communication between the imprisoned soul and the outer world is established. The life of Laura Bridgman, blind, deaf and dumb, and yet educated and even accomplished, is a striking proof of this. Nearly two centuries earlier than Ramsey, the learned author of several curious books, left a note of two Cheshire mutes whose condition was apparently more desperate than the Nantwich cottagers, but who were seemingly better able to make themselves understood. John Bulwer says: "A Husbandman living at Tilstone in Cheshire, about seven mile from Chester, had two daughters, Twins, that were borne deafe and dumbe, having but two eyes betweene them; one of the eyes of each of them being originally blinde; they lived both to be old women. Some

Cheshire men of my acquaintance, who knew them both, affirme, that they had a very strange and admirable nimblenesse of perception, both to understand others, and to deliver their owne mindes by signes, which happened, without doubt, unto them through the marvelous recompence that nature affordeth in such cases; For, having but one eye, the sight of that was certainely very accurate." ("Philocophus," 1648, p. 47.)

One of the most interesting of his pieces is one in blank verse referring to the Indian weed, and to one of the many controversies it has excited. With this we conclude:—

TOBACCO.

To sage experience we owe
The Indian weed unknown to ancient times,
Nature's kind Gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The Blood distemper'd from its noxious salts;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapours bland
It gently mitigates; Companion fit
Of pleasantry and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well labour'd songs.

PHILLIPS.

---

The poor man struggles with an ILL whose sting
Is felt, alas! full oft on sea and land,
Privation of a fascinating plant
Yclept TOBACCO—total want of which,
In one who us'd it for a length of time,
Will sour the sweetest temper, whether he
Take snuff, or chew, or smoke the reeking tube.

Happy the man who, free from want and pain,
In sealskin pouch, or shining box contains
A quid of fresh TOBACCO ! he nor rolls
In vain the restless tongue thro' tasteless mouth
Nor substitutes weak liquorice, spungy root,
Nor wooden pegs that bound Tobacco roll ;
But when old men and wives the empty box
Indignant view, and shatter on hearth stone
Their useless pipes, at rates and taxes rail,
And curse good Governments, he in his cheek
With heart uplift the lusty quid doth cram,
And feast his palate on the savoury juice.
Or if transform'd to sherroot or segar,
(THAT us'd in India, in Columbia THIS)
Or minc'd in milk-white tube, by fire he sits
And smokes, pleas'd with the taste and fragrant smell,
And ev'ry whiff wafts odorous clouds on high ;
While ever and anon the flowing can
Of English stingo, and the jocund tale
Of other days goes round the festive board.
Last, tho' not least, the snuff-box, richly set
With costly diamonds (such as CASTLEREAGH,
From public purse, on foreign courts late shower'd
In vast profusion, and at vast expense),
Opes on the golden hinge, and the huge pinch
To nostril, wide expanded, close apply'd,
Infusing wisdom, clears the muddy brain
Of deep-wig'd Judge, or mitred Prelate grave,
Dispensing law and Gospel to mankind.

To thee, O Raleigh ! Europe's sons, who use
The Indian Weed, can never half repay
Their debt of gratitude. Of daring soul,
He plough'd thro' unknown seas, scann'd distant realms,

And on his safe return first introduced
This soother of our woes—this pasture sweet,
That heightens friendship and the social hour,
Tho' James condemned Tobacco—and a Bard,
More learn'd and popular, with him took part—
The famous Cowper; though in latter days
Clarke join'd their standard, and dull Combro strove
To hobble in the rear; yet greater he
In sense and song who sung its deathless praise—
Immortal Phillips—"splendid" son of fame.

Such and so strong the force of habit is,
That Cambro's lectures, tho' in various tongues
Wide spread, can never make real proselytes
Of those who use Tobacco. Cambro says,
"A needle dipp'd in its strong juice will kill
An animal;" but may not arrows slay
And needles kill whose points were never daub'd
With 'Bacco juice or poison? but, again,
"It can't guard off contagion," it hath been
The second mean; due honor to the first.
In Philadelphia, when the raging plague
Dealt Death around; The Negroes, and the French,
Still us'd Tobacco, and remained in Town,
Yet died not! but a vain misguided race,
Who thought that smoking was quite ungenteel,
And would not stain their breath, nor singe their beards
With pipe, or roll'd Segar, in Hundreds fell,
And choak'd up doors and Halls, and strew'd the streets!
But mark how well this Cambro can describe
The ways men use this bless'd Virginian weed,
Which helps to crush rebellion in the State
And feuds in families—when mildly Tax'd.
First, as a "sternutatory,"—now who

Could think this sounding phrase implied—to sneeze?
Next—"Goes in form of vapour to the Lungs"—
What form has vapour? vapour here means Smoke!
Then as a "Masticatory"—in this
Dark phrase we dimly recognize the—quid!
Clarke calls this precious weed a "God," our "hope"
In "sorrow," and in "trouble" our "support;"
Ador'd as "pipe," as "snuff-box," or as "twist!"
But Clarke and Cambro both may chew the cud
Of Disappointment; their fanatic zeal
Shall make few proselytes. Heaven for the good
Of man bestow'd this plant, and why not use
With moderation what it freely gave?
All things were made for use of man or beast;
Beasts touch it not! Hence Clarke and Cambro keep
Your Ideal "Gods" and "potions" to yourselves,
And leave us to enjoy—snuff, pipe, and quid.

# WILLIAM HORNBY'S SCOURGE OF DRUNKENNESS.

. . . . . and when
You wake with head ache you shall see what then.

BYRON. *Don Juan.*

OF that rare and curious work Hornby's "Scourge of Drunkenness" the earliest known copy, dated 1619, is in the British Museum, but a transcript exists of an earlier one, dated 1614. This was reprinted in 1859 for private circulation. "The Scourge of Drunkenness; a Poem by William Hornby. A.D. 1614. Edited by James O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S." London. 1859. 4to. The author, who was a reformed drunkard, dedicates his book thus:—"To his loving kinsman and approved friend, Mr. Henry Cholmely, Esquire, William Hornby wisheth all health and happiness." From this it would appear probable that Hornby was a Cheshire man. The quality of his poetry may be judged by these two verses:—

'Tis great impeachment to a generous mind,
A base and paltry alehouse to frequent,
It best befits a tinker in his kinde,
Than any man of virtues eminent:
Go to an alehouse to quaffe and carouse
'Tis cousin-germane to a baudy-house.
It is the receptacle of al vices,
Where tinkers and their tibs doe oft repaire,
Where theeves and iugglers with their slight devises,
Their false-got booties, at a night doe share,
Where rogues and runagates doe still resort,
And every knave which is of evil report.

The "Scourge" was not Hornby's only production. Mr. Halliwell mentions, amongst others, "Hornby's Hornbook," 1622. This he says "is a still rarer poem, for as far as I have been able to discover only one copy of it is preserved, and it is altogether unnoticed in the various bibliographical dictionaries."

# DID HAROLD DIE AT CHESTER?

May 22, 1832.—We got such a treat on Friday evening, in Arthur's parcel of prizes. One copy he had illustrated in answer to my questions, with all his authorities, to show how he came by various bits of information. In this parcel he sent an Ancient Ballad, showing how Harold the King died at Chester, the result of a diligent collation of old chronicles he and Mary had made together in winter. Arthur put all the facts together from memory. [An extract from Mrs. Stanley's Diary.]

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.
*Macmillan's Magazine*, xliv., 360, October, 1881.

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THAT Harold, the last of the Saxons, died on the battlefield that brought destruction to his kingdom and power is the general, and, in all probability, the correct opinion. It is, however, to be noted that a tradition of some antiquity states that he lived for many years after the battle of Senlac, and died at last in a hermitage near Chester. According to this legend those who were seeking for their friends amongst the slain found his body with life not yet extinct. He was removed to Winchester, and there recovered chiefly by the aid of the medical skill of a woman of oriental extraction. On his recovery the moody king saw

that the recovery of his throne was impossible without foreign aid, and with the hope of obtaining it he proceeded first to Saxony, and then to Denmark. Disappointed in his ambitious hopes he donned the Palmer's garb, and proceeded on a pilgrimage to Palestine, and thence, when an old man, returned to England. From Dover he journeyed through Kent, and settled in a place in Shropshire, called Ceswrthin, where he built a cell, and stayed for ten years. Then the wandering spirit impelled him to leave, and in obedience to a dream he took possession of a cell in the chapel of St. James', in the churchyard of St. John the Baptist, a little beyond the walls of Chester. The previous occupant of this hermitage had died immediately before Harold received his supernatural intimation of the new home that had been prepared for him. The recluse lived here for seven years, and though it was shrewdly conjectured that he was one of the chiefs defeated at Hastings it was not until he lay upon his deathbed that he revealed the secret of his identity.

Such is the story told in the "Vita Haroldi," to be found in the "Chroniques Anglo-Normandes." Mr. E. A. Freeman has examined the tradition with great care, but only to reject it as baseless. (History of the Norman Conquest, iii., 516). The conquered in all ages have based their hopes upon a deliverer, and have refused to believe that Death had vanquished the hero in whom centred the aspirations of the nation or of the race. The return of Arthur, of Marco, of Sebastian, to give victory and liberty were thus expected. As Harold did not return to fight for the throne of his

father the explanation would, in that age, be natural that he had abandoned the world for what was then regarded as the higher life of an ascetic. Hence, as Mr. Freeman points out, the very disappointment and falsification of the original hope might give rise to the later story of his adventures in the holy land, and his seclusion in the hermit's cell. Nor was Chester an unlikely place to be associated with such a tradition. The Minster had seen the glory of Edgar the Peaceful, when all the tributary princes rendered him homage, and it was not unfit, therefore, that in its mighty but peaceful shadow the last representative of his race and power should hide the last years of a long and unfortunate life.

## THE WORD BACHELOR IN CHESHIRE.

When I said I would die a bachelor I did not think I should live till I were married.

SHAKESPERE. *Much Ado About Nothing.*

THE increase of "girl graduates" has naturally led to a discussion as to the designation for them, especially in the earlier stages of academic distinction. "A Female Educationist" writing to the *Madras Mail* in February, 1883, says:—"I was agreeably surprised to learn from your journal of yesterday that two Bengalee ladies have successfully passed the B.A. Degree Examination at the Calcutta University. This is, of course, highly satisfactory, so far as it goes, but I have a doubt as to the propriety of calling *girls* '*Bachelors* of Arts.' It may possibly be urged that 'B.A.' indicates only the degree of proficiency; but I am of opinion that 'B.A.' is more personal than 'F.A.' (for instance), which assuredly refers only to the degree of merit. I should like to see if at the next meeting of the Senate some Fellow will not stand up and move for the institution of a 'Maid of Arts degree.'"

One obvious objection to such a designation would be

the confusion between Maid and Master of Arts. Spinster appears to be the technical designation of an unmarried lady, and S.A. might therefore suit some cases. But the Universities that have opened their doors to women would scarcely refuse admission to a married woman who is not, even by a legal fiction, now regarded as a spinster. But where is the need for any change? Apparently those who suggest some alternative designation imagine that "bachelor" is a word solely of masculine import. This is by no means the case. There has been a great deal of ingenious speculation as to its origin, which is confessedly obscure. The Rev. Walter W. Skeat derives it from the Low-Latin *baccalarius*, a farm servant, originally a cowherd. The root of the word, he thinks, is probably the sanskrit *vasa*, the "lowing animal," or cow. This etymology does not appear to throw much light upon the subject, and that which suggests the derivation of the word from *baculus* or *baculum* is more suggestive, for then the foundation of the word would be the idea of a shoot, pushing forward from one stage to another of its existence. Whatever the derivation, the word has had several distinct meanings. Thus it meant in chivalry a person in the first or probationary condition of knighthood. Analogously it indicated one who had taken the first degree in one of the faculties of a university. It meant in the London companies a person not yet admitted to the livery. In all these cases the common idea is that of probation, which is also evident in the commonest meaning of the word when it is applied to an unmarried man,—one of those who like Shy-

lock "when he was a bachelor" would not have given the turquoise ring he had from his sweetheart Leah, not "for a wilderness of monkeys." But "bachelor" was formerly a term applied to young women as well as to young men.

Of this we have an instance in the following epitaph from Prestbury churchyard :—

"Here Lyeth the body of James Pickford, of Mottram, who departed this life the first day of January A.D. 1691. Alsoe Sarah Pickford sister to the above-said James Pickford, was here interred August ye 17 Anno Domini 1705, and died a Bachelour in the 48 yeare of her age."

This is noteworthy as the word has escaped the attention of the compilers of Cheshire Glossaries. For a time, it must be admitted, the use of the word bachelor to denote an unmarried woman was not at all general, and yet it was used in this sense by so great a master of English as Ben Jonson, for in the "Magnetic Lady," Polish, addressing the heroine, Placentia, says :—

> Your lady-aunt has choice in the house for you :
> We do not trust your uncle ; he would keep you
> A bachelor still, by keeping of your portion.

A partial restoration of its meaning may be further justified by the custom of Berry where the style of *bachelière* was given to the bridesmaid at a wedding. These considerations, and the Cheshire instance cited, may relieve the minds of those purists who are alarmed at the proposal to call young men and women who have shown equal intellect and good memory by the common title of Bachelor of Arts.

# WAS MARAT A TEACHER AT WARRINGTON?

Necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 393.

IT has frequently been said that Jean Paul Marat during a portion of his stay in England, was a master at Warrington Academy, and that he was afterwards condemned to five years penal servitude for a theft committed in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The story appears to have been first mentioned in a series of articles that appeared in the *Monthly Repository*, and are known to have been contributed by the Rev. William Turner. Mr. H. Morse Stephens having investigated this calumny has stated the result. The *Academy*, 23rd September, 1882, contains an account by Mr. H. Morse Stephens, of the last medical treatise by Marat; the issue of 23rd December, 1882, contains Mr. Stephens' letter on the theft from the Ashmolean Museum, and the number of 27th Jan., 1883, has some further comment by the present writer. The essential points are here reproduced. From some "odd papers" in the Ashmolean

Museum, it appears that a Norwich silversmith wrote to the authorities to say that he had bought some medals from a foreigner, who wore a gold chain "formerly belonging to Elias Ashmole." This person gave his name as Mara, and was accompanied by Mr. Rigby, who had known him at Warrington. This man, Jean Paul Le Maitre, *alais* Matra, *alais* Mara, was arrested at Dublin, convicted of the theft, and sentenced at the Oxford Assizes March 6, 1777, to five years hard labour in the hulks. This man's identity with Marat has been assumed, but is quite untenable. Mr. Stephens has shown that Marat, who had for some years been practising as a physician in London, received the degree of M.D. at St. Andrews, June 30th, 1775, published a medical pamphlet dated Church Street, Soho, 1st Jan., 1776, and was appointed physician to the Gardes du Corps of the Comte d'Artois, 24th June, 1777. It is clear therefore that he cannot be identical with the thief sent to the hulks three months earlier. To Mr. Stephens' satisfactory demolition it may be added that in 1858 Mr. H. A. Bright wrote "A Historical Sketch of the Warrington Academy," which may be found in the *Transactions* of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, vol. xi. He had, of course, to form an opinion as to the correctness of the arguments originally adduced by the Rev. William Turner in the *Monthly Repository* for identifying the felonious Frenchman with the great revolutionary. Mr. Bright could not find the name of either Lemaitre or Mara in the minutes at all. "Lastly," he says, "Miss Aikin, to whom I applied, informs me there was an *alarm* about Marat, but investigation set the matter at rest:

they were certainly different men." It thus appears that the imputation on Marat's honesty is a slander based on a mistake. The sojourn as a teacher at the Warrington Academy must also henceforth be omitted from the biography of the "Ami du Peuple" who played so strange a part in the sanguinary epoch of the French revolution.

## THE BOTANIST'S FUNERAL.

For I love and prize you one and all,
From the least low bloom of spring
To the lily fair, whose clothes outshine
The raiment of a King.

PHŒBE CARY. *Spring Flowers.*

Er Abram studies plants,—
He caps the dule for moss an' ferns,
An growin' polyants;

EDWIN WAUGH. *Eaur Fowk.*

"HAPPY is the bride that the sun shines on, and happy is the corpse that the rain rains on." We thought of the quaint old north country proverb as with the wind howling in our ears and the rain dashing in blinding torrents against our face we struggled up the steep hill street of Mossley on 13th November, 1875. Many a hill side village, and many a hamlet in the cloughs sent representatives to join in the last tribute of respect to one who for many years had exercised a potent influence for good upon the members of his own class.

The late Mr. James Walker, of Mossley, was well-known

to many scientific men as a notable member of the remarkable group of artisans who have been distinguished by a love of science, and by success in its pursuit. Originally employed as a mill-hand, he had afterwards been a postman, and at his death was an emigration agent. His quiet genial presence had been so constant a feature at the meetings and field rambles of the artisan naturalist societies that the news of his unexpected death caused something like a feeling of consternation. He was only sixty, an age within the three-score years and ten allotted by the Psalmist, and at which many typical Englishmen—Lord Palmerston, for instance—can only be said to be blossoming into maturity. We were not surprised, then, on reaching the rooms of the Natural History Society of Mossley, to find a goodly number assembled to do honour to the dead comrade who had so long marched in the van. There we met with old friends, and heard simple but heartfelt expressions of grief and regret. Many of these were not only his friends, but pupils and disciples—men whom he had drawn from more ignoble aims to the love of nature and the study of her works and laws. One, in his own rough phrase, would tell how patient the teacher had been. "Eh, heaw patient he wur! Aw're a poor scholar, and had to ax th' same question o'er and o'er agen enough to tire a wayter wheel. Thoose jaw-breaking words would'n stop i' my mind. It took me months to larn one on 'em. But it didno matter heaw often I axd the same question; he'd allus the same quiet gentle way o' tellin' me. Why, there's some, if I axt hauf as often, ud ha' coed eawt, 'Neaw then, blether-yed, heaw often does ta want tellin'?'"

Gentleness was a very noticeable trait of Mr. Walker's character. He was not one of the *genus irritabile*, was tender to animals, and loved plants and flowers with something of the love that is usually reserved for living creatures; had an infinity of patience as a teacher, and an absolute delight in imparting knowledge, especially if in so doing he were stimulating the recipient to further research and the acquisition of greater knowledge. Living all his life in the midst of the artisan class, he knew their virtues and their failings and the potentiality for moral culture and for intellectual expansion dormant amongst them, and so far as his personal influence extended—and it was great—he sought to bring them into closer communion with our bountiful Mother Nature. And to whom should this be of greater importance than to those who, during no inconsiderable portion of their lives, must listen to the whirr of wheels and not to the song of birds? So he enticed his companions into the open to study flowers, and ferns, and rocks; encouraged the timid, stimulated the strong, and put fresh heart into those discouraged. Sometimes one would say, "Aw've nobbut my warty cloas; aw'm noan fit for a Sunday ramble." In reply to this Mr. Walker would keep the man by his side, and say, "I'll answer anyone that cares about that." Another would plead, "Aw canno larn; aw'st ha' t' give up." To this the reply would be, "Thee keep on, I'll give thee the sack when thou can't learn." It was this much enduring patience that gave Mr. Walker his deep hold on the affections of his peers. He was in the first rank by reason of his knowledge; but scientific attainments alone,

unaccompanied by this child-like gentleness of spirit, would not have given him the place he held in the hearts of his many friends. The only thing that seemed to move him to anger was bigotry and intolerance. Against these, displayed by whatever sect or party, he made vigorous protest. The fact that the naturalist societies hold their meetings and have their excursions on the Sunday, has excited a prejudice against them in some minds. The Sunday is the only clear day a man has to himself in England, and it is within the memory of many when even the fraction of the Saturday could not be spared by Mammon. Mr. Walker held strong views on the subject; and in July of 1875 he wrote to the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, in vindication of them, in reply to a clergyman who had been wrongly reported to have described the Sunday naturalists in a manner at once inaccurate and uncharitable.

A true lover of nature was James Walker. After some correspondence between us on scientific topics, we made an appointment to meet each other, and that there might be no delay in recognition, he carried in his hands a small green fern. It was not an unfitting cognisance for one who loved the beautiful. One of his Mossley friends encountered at the Isle of Man some rare ferns, and sent a slight specimen in a letter. Walker was so delighted that he could hardly sleep for thinking of the more bounteous store that would be brought back by his correspondent. During the dark days of the Cotton Famine he and one of his friends found themselves happily possessed of an unlimited amount of enforced leisure and two superfluous five shilling pieces. The purchase of

cheap trip tickets for Rhyl left each of them with 1s. 6d. in his pocket. Arrived at that not very lively watering-place they determined to see something of Wales, and cast away the return half of their excursion tickets. Having thus crossed the Rubicon and burnt the boats, they proceeded on their way rejoicing. How the adventurous pair succeeded the survivor alone could adequately relate, but aided by the freemasonry which a love of science implies, they managed to examine the coast from Rhyl to Conway, to see Llandudno, to examine the Vale of Clwyd up to Denbigh, and to return home almost as rich as they left, in a pecuniary sense, and richer in knowledge and in pleasant memories.

Another proof of his love of Nature was afforded by his expressed wish—reverently complied with—that those who came to follow him to his last resting-place should each receive a small flower and fern. With this natural regalia displayed the members of the botanical societies led off the funeral procession. The storm of wind and rain was terrible, and the cold intense, but notwithstanding this elemental strife some two hundred persons accompanied their dead friend to his last resting-place. The church of Mossley is barren of decoration and so dimly lighted that the figure of the clergyman and the bowed heads of the congregation were scarcely perceptible. Then out into the cold churchyard and with bared heads we gathered round the grave, and as the voice of the white-robed priest uttered those words which fall upon the heart like the stroke of a sword, there arose the wail of women and the sobs of men who had known and revered that which was now only earth to be

restored to earth. "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes"—and some stepped forward and cast within the grave the floral emblems they had carried on their breasts, and others only refrained because they wished to keep them as the bequest and memento of the dead. From the churchyard the botanists wended their way to the village inn where tea had been provided for them by the local society. This done a chairman was elected and brief unpretentious speeches made by various persons from Oldham, Ashton, Manchester, and other places.

A life like this reflects honour alike upon the class and the nation that produces it. Here was a man who, in spite of adverse circumstances, struggled and attained a mastery over a branch of science as difficult as it is fascinating; who made no pretensions to learning, but had a mind eclectic in tone, and sympathetic to varied forms of culture. It was a life of simplicity in an age of luxury; a life devoted to the acquisition and the diffusion of knowledge at a time when many are sacrificing mind and soul in order to "get on in the world," and when more are unhappily without aim or object of any kind. As an example of plain living and high thinking, how much such a life is worth!

## THE CHESHIRE MAN CALLED EVELYN.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it.
SHAKSPERE. *Love's Labour Lost.*

THERE is an odd anecdote in the "Mery Tales, Wittie Questions and Quicke Answeres," 1567, (usually regarded as one of the Shaksperian Jest-books and as such re-printed) which has more local favour than is common in these tales. It is as follows:—

"Ther dwelled a man in Chesshyre called Eulyn, which vsed to go to the towne many tymes, and there he wolde sytte drynkyng tyl XII. of the clocke at nyghte, and than go home. So on a tyme he caryed a lyttel boye his sonne on his shulder with him, and whan the chylde fell a slepe about IX. of the clocke, the ale wyfe brought him to bed with her chyldren. At mydnyghte Eulyn went home, and thought no more on his chylde. Assone as he came home his wyfe asked for her chyld, whan she spake of the chylde he looked on his shulder, and whan he saw he was not ther, he said he wist nat where he was. Out vpon the horson (quod she) thou hast let mi child fal in to the water (for he

passed ouer the water of Dee at a brige). Thou list hore (quod he) for if he had fallen in to the water, I shuld haue hard him plump."

Such were the to us pointless stories which set the table in a roar in the good old times.

## THE WIZARD OF ALDERLEY EDGE.

Whom he reports to be a great magician.
SHAKSPERE. *As You Like It.*

CONNECTED with Alderley Edge there is a curious tradition which preserves a very ancient fragment of mythological belief, and is, therefore, worthy of notice.

The legend of the wizard of Alderley Edge first appeared in print in the *Manchester Mail* of 1805, by a correspondent who obtained it from the narration of a servant of the Stanleys, whose proper name was Thomas Broadhurst, but who was better known as "Old Daddy." According to this veteran the tradition says that once upon a time a farmer from Mobberley, mounted on a milk-white horse, was crossing the Edge on his way to Macclesfield to sell the animal. He had reached a spot known as the Thieves' Hole, and, as he slowly rode along thinking of the profitable bargain which he hoped to make, was startled by the sudden appearance of an old man, tall and strangely clad in a deep flowing garment. The old man ordered

him to stop, told him that he knew the errand upon which the rider was bent, and offered a sum of money for the horse. The farmer, however, refused the offer, not thinking it sufficient. "Go, then, to Macclesfield," said the old man, "but mark my words, you will *not* sell the horse. Should you find my words come true, meet me this evening, and I will buy your horse." The farmer laughed at such a prophecy, and went on his way. To his great surprise, and greater disappointment, nobody would buy, though all admired his beautiful horse. He was, therefore, compelled to return. On approaching the Edge he saw the old man again. Checking his horse's pace, he began to consider how far it might be prudent to deal with a perfect stranger in so lonely a place. However, while he was considering what to do, the old man commanded him, "Follow me!" Silently the old man led him by the Seven Firs, the Golden Stone, by Stormy Point, and Saddle Boll. Just as the farmer was beginning to think he had gone far enough he fancied that he heard a horse neighing underground. Again he heard it. Stretching forth his arm the old man touched a rock with a wand, and immediately the farmer saw a ponderous pair of iron gates, which, with a sound like thunder, flew open. The horse reared bolt upright, and the terrified farmer fell on his knees praying that his life might be spared. "Fear nothing," spoke the Wizard, "and behold a sight which no mortal eye has ever looked upon." They went into the cave. In a long succession of caverns the farmer saw a countless number of men and horses, the latter milk-white, and all fast asleep. In

the innermost cavern heaps of treasure were piled up on the ground. From these glittering heaps the old man bade the farmer take the price he desired for his horse, and thus addressed him: "You see these men and horses; the number was not complete. Your horse was wanted to make it complete. Remember my words, there will come a day when these men and these horses, awakening from their enchanted slumber, will descend into the plain, decide the fate of a great battle, and save their country. This shall be when George the son of George shall reign. Go home in safety. Leave your horse with me. No harm will befal you; but henceforward no mortal eye will ever look upon the iron gates. Begone!" The farmer lost no time in obeying. He heard the iron gates close with the same fearful sounds with which they were opened, and made the best of his way to Mobberley.

This tradition found a place in the Hon. Miss L. D. Stanley's "Alderley and its neighbourhood," and has since been often quoted. Colonel Egerton Leigh has printed two rhyming versions, the one by Mr. James Roscoe, which is the most modern, and from a literary point of view the best, names the wondrous sleepers as King Arthur and his knights.

The antiquity of the tradition is not easily ascertainable, the story used to be told by Parson Shrigley, and he placed the meeting of the Mobberley Farmer and the Enchanter at about eighty years before his time. Shrigley was curate of Alderley in 1753. He died in 1776.

It will be seen how closely this tradition resembles the

tales told by the peasantry of the famous Rymour of Ercildoun, who is supposed to inhabit the interior of the Eildon Hills.

"A shepherd was once conducted into the interior recesses of Eildon Hills by a venerable personage, whom he discovered to be the famous Rymour, and who showed him an immense number of steeds in their caparisons, and at the bridle of each a knight sleeping in sable armour with a sword and a bugle horn by his side. These he was told were the hosts of King Arthur, waiting till the appointed return of that monarch from fairyland." ("Poetical Remains of Dr. John Leyden," 1819, p. 358.) Scott has printed a legend very similar to our Cheshire one. The colour of the horses in the Border tale is coal black, and a sword and a horn are pointed out to the rustic as the means of dissolving the spell. He chooses the horn. No sooner has he put it to his mouth than a dreadful tumult arises, and a whirlwind carries the unfortunate horse dealer out of the cavern, whilst loud over all the uproar he hears the stern voice of the Rymour exclaiming :—

> Woe to the coward that ever he was born,
> That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn.

"This legend," says Scott, "is found in many parts of Scotland and England—the scene is sometimes laid in some favourite glen of the Highlands, sometimes in the deep coal mines of Northumberland and Cumberland, which run so far beneath the ocean. It is also to be found in Reginald Scott's book on Witchcraft, which was written in

the 16th century." ("Waverley Novels," General Preface. See also Scott's "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," Letter 5.)

The ballad of "Sir Guy the Seeker," by Monk Lewis, a ballad in every way superior to some others of his which have had a larger share of popularity, is founded upon a legend of Dunstanburgh Castle. According to this legend, Sir Guy was taken by a man of supernatural appearance into a large and lofty hall, where stood a hundred coal black steeds, and sleeping by their sides a hundred marble knights; at the far end of the hall, bound in magic bonds, he sees a maid of beauty rare and strange.

A form more fair than that prisoner's ne'er
Since the days of Eve was known,
Every glance that flew from her eyes of blue,
Was worth an Emperor's throne;
And one sweet kiss from her roseate lips,
Would have melted a heart of stone.
The warrior felt his stout heart melt,
When he saw those fountains run.
Oh! what can I do? he cried, for you?
What mortal can do shall be done.

After the knight had thus expressed his determination the ancient wizard speaks:—

See'st yonder sword, with jewels rare,
Its dudgeon crusted o'er?
See'st yonder horn of ivory fair?
'Twas Merlin's horn of yore!
That horn to sound, or sword to draw,
Now youth, your choice explain.

After much hesitation the knight seizes the horn, and blows upon it a blast which goes echoing through the hall like the sound of thunder; knights and steeds awake to life and motion and rush upon Sir Guy, who startled at his assailants, throws down the horn, and draws his sword to defend himself.

> And straight each light was extinguished quite
> Save the flame so lurid blue
> On the wizard's brow (whose flashing now
> Assumed a bloody hue),
> And those sparks of fire, which grief and ire
> From his glaring eyeballs drew!
> And he stampt in rage, and he laughed in scorn,
> While in thundering tone he roared,
> Now shame on the coward who sounded a horn,
> When he might have unsheatht a sword.

Lewis says of this ballad, "It is founded upon a tradition current in Northumberland. Indeed, an adventure nearly similar to Sir Guy's is said to have taken place in various parts of Great Britain, particularly on the Pentland Hills in Scotland (where the prisoners are supposed to be King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table), and in Lancashire, where an alehouse, near Chorley, still exhibits the sign of a Sir John Stanley following an old man with a torch, while his horse starts back with terror at the objects which are discovered through two immense iron gates—the alehouse is known by the name of the Iron Gates, which are supposed to protect the entrance of an enchanted cavern in the neighbourhood. The female captive, I

believe, is peculiar to Dunstanburgh Castle; and certain shining stones which are occasionally found in the neighbourhood, and which are called Dunstanburgh Diamonds, are supposed by the peasantry to form part of that immense treasure with which the lady will reward her deliverer." ("Lewis's Romantic Tales," quoted in the "Pictorial Book of Ballads," edited by J. S. Moore, London, 1847, p. 161. Lewis refers to Alderley in the above passage.)

In Richardson's "Borderer's Table Book" (Vol. VII., p. 66), the ballad of "Guy the Seeker" is reprinted, with an introduction by Mr. J. H. Dixon, followed by an account of the castle and its former possessors. In the same volume is a paper by Mr. J. Hardy, giving legends current at Sewingshields, of the wondrous cavern where King Arthur sleeps. The Dunstanburgh tradition stands alone in having a female for its subject, the others, it will be seen, relate to Arthur, whose reappearance was at one time an article of popular faith very devoutly believed in. Geoffrey of Monmouth's account of the hero's death is somewhat peculiar: "And even the renowned King Arthur himself was *mortally* wounded; and being carried thence to the Isle of Avallon, to be *cured* of his wounds, he gave up the crown," &c. Of this belief in Arthur's return a writer of the 17th century thus speaks:—

"But finding of the body of Arthur, such as believed he was not dead, but carried away by fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remain a time, and then to return again and reign in as great authority as he did before, might well perceive themselves deceived in crediting so vain

a fable." (Enderbie, "Cambria Triumphant," 1661, p. 191.)

There is a Welsh legend, that in a cavern under the roots of the hazel-tree on Craig y Ddinas, King Arthur and all his knights are lying asleep in a circle: "their heads outward, every one in his armour, his sword, and shield, and spear by him; ready to be taken up whenever the Black Eagle and the Golden Eagle shall go to war, and make the earth tremble with their affray, so that the cavern shall be shaken and the bell ring and the sleepers be awakened."

Arthur is not the only Welsh hero of whom this fable has been related. Of Owen Glendower we are told that the prevalent opinion was that he died in a wood in Glamorgan, but occult chronicles assert that he and his men still live, and are asleep on their arms in a cave called Ogof y Ddinas, in the vale of Gwent, where they will continue until England becomes self-abased; but that then they will sally forth and reconquer their country, privileges, and crown for the Welsh, who shall be dispossessed of them no more until the day of judgment, when the world shall be consumed with fire, and so reconstructed that neither oppression nor devastation shall take place any more. (*Notes and Queries*, IV., 120.) "And blessed will be he who shall see the time."

In Ireland the hero of the legend is one of the Geraldines, who with his warriors are now sleeping in a long cavern under the Rath of Mullaghmast. There is a table running along through the middle of the cave. The earl is sitting at the head, and his troopers down along in complete armour on both sides of the table, and their heads resting

on it. Their horses saddled and bridled, are standing behind their masters in their stalls at each side; and when the day comes the miller's son that's to be born with six fingers on his hand will blow the trumpet, and the horses will stamp and whinny, and the knights go forth to battle."

Once in seven years the entrance of this wondrous cavern is visible to mortal eyes. A century ago a drunken horse dealer ventured in. Sobered by what he saw, he trembled so that "he let fall a bridle on the pavement. The sound of the bit echoed through the long cave, and one of the warriors that sat next to him, lifted his head a little, and said in a deep hoarse voice, 'Is it time yet?' He had the wit to say, 'Not yet, but soon will be,' and the heavy helmet sank down on the table." (Kennedy's "Legends of the Irish Celts," p. 173-4.)

There are various versions of this Irish legend. Thus at Innishowen Hugh O'Neill and his warriors lie in magic sleep under the hill of Alleach, and according to Thomas Davis, the fervid Nationalist poet:—

> And still it is the peasant's hope upon the Cuirreach's mere,
> They live, who'll see ten thousand men with good Lord Edward here.
> So let them dream till brighter days, when not by Edward's shade,
> But by some leader true as he their lines shall be array'd.

Maxwell's song, "The Triumph of O'Neill," also alludes to this superstition. There is a spirited ballad on this legend by Charles Gavan Duffy, printed in Barry's "Songs of Ireland," Dublin, 1869, p. 150.

Similar legends probably exist in all nations: thus

Mohammed was believed to be alive in his tomb, where the prayers made for him by the faithful were repeated to him by an angel posted there for that purpose. The Mohammedans believe that the twelfth Imaum, *i.e.* Hassan al Asker, the descendant of the Prophet's daughter Fatima, is still alive, and will reappear at the second coming of Jesus Christ. ("Tales of Four Durweesh," n. 9.) Olearius relates a Persian tradition, which says that a certain tyrant named Suhak having been deposed from the throne, was hung by the heels in a cavern of the mountains near Teheran, and is still living in that uncomfortable posture. ("Voyages and Travels," &c., by Olearius, 1672, p. 258.) At Carthage the peasantry believe that the "Hafasa, the ancient kings of the country," will again rule over them at the second coming of the Lord Jesus. "Only very lately, a porter was desired to carry a measure of wheat by a very respectable looking man, which he did. He followed his employer a long way out of the town, and coming to a kind of cave the man took the wheat from the porter, and presenting him a handful of gold, suddenly vanished; and what is more remarkable is, that the very cave too disappeared, not a trace of it was left. When the porter—who is from Gabes, and is still alive to recount this remarkable circumstance—came to change his gold it was found to belong to the reign of the Hafasa." (Davis's "Carthage," 1861, p. 181.) So of Marko the Servian, some narrate that he was miraculously conveyed away from the field of battle to a mountain cavern, where his wounds were healed, and where he still lives. (Bowring's "Servian Popular Poetry," 1827, p. 106.)

Similar is the legend of Holger Danske. Noises like the clashing of arms are frequently heard beneath the Castle of Kronberg. A slave, condemned to death, was induced by a promise of pardon and liberty to make an attempt at unravelling the mystery. Threading the deepest passages of the castle he came at length to a large iron door, which on his knocking opened of itself, and he found himself in a deep vault. In the centre was an immense stone table, around which sat steel clad warriors, bending down, and resting their heads on their crossed arms.

"He who sat at the end of the table arose. It was Holger, the Dane, but in lifting his head from his arm the stone table was burst in sunder, for his beard had grown into it. 'Reach me thy hand,' said he to the slave, but the latter not venturing to give his hand held out an iron bar instead, which Holger so squeezed that the marks remained visible. At length letting it go he exclaimed, 'It gladdens me that there are still men left in Denmark.'" (Thorpe's "Northern Mythology," II., 222.) This story of the iron bar, like most popular tales, has repeated itself; a Scotch version may be found in the "Poetical Remains of John Leyden," 1819, p. 321. The story of Holger is the subject of the well known mediæval romance of Ogier le Danois, a notice of which is given in Dunlop's *History of Fiction.* L. Pio has published an essay upon the hero, which is reviewed in the *Gotting gel. Anz.*, 1870, s. 1290.

The Germans have the same legend of Frederick Barbarossa :—"In the Kyffhauser, in Thuringia, according to the popular tradition, sits Frederick Barbarossa in a charmed

sleep, surrounded by his knights and squires. His beard has grown twice around the stone table before him, when it shall reach three times round he will awake; of a shepherd who had played him a pleasing tune he inquired, 'Do the ravens still fly round the mountain?' and on the shepherd answering in the affirmative, he said, 'Then I must sleep an hundred years longer." In Hartley Coleridge's *Essays*, 1850, II. 252, there are some remarks on Barbarossa and the other legends of miraculous sleepers. Mr. Thorpe considers that the original sleeper of northern tradition is Odin, and instances this inquiry after the ravens in support of his view. "The heroes in the cave," says Mr. Kelly, "under whatever name they are known, and wherever they repose, are all representatives of Odin and his host. The great battle to which they will at last awake is that which will be fought before the end of the world, when heaven and earth shall be destroyed, and the Æsir gods themselves shall perish, and their places shall be filled by a new creation, and new and brighter gods. The sword concealed in the heart of the Eildon hill is that of Heimdallr, the Sverdâs or sword-god, and warder of Bifrost bridge, and his is the Gjaller horn, with which he will warn the gods that the frost giants are advancing to storm Valhalla." ("Indo-European Traditions," 1863, p. 289.)

In Washington Irving's charming "Tales of the Alhambra" is one entitled, "Governor Manco and the old Soldier;" and the story which the old soldier relates to the governor appears to be founded upon a Spanish legend, that Bobadil instead of being dead was with his warriors and courtiers

enclosed in the interior of a mountain in a state of charmed sleep.

Similar legends were once current among the peasantry of Harold, the last of the Saxons; of Charlemagne, of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, Don Sebastian, and many more of bygone ages.

Dr. William Bell, of Nürnberg, connects the Alderley Legend with the German tradition of the *duerrer baum*, which he holds to be alluded by Shakspere in Cymbeline, act v., scene 4. (Shakspere's Puck, iii. 125.) This is the tree that Sir John Mandeville mentions as in the valley of of Mambre. It had been there since the creation of the world, but withered at the crucifixion. "And summe seyn be here Prophecyes that a Lord, a Prynce of the west syde of the World, shall wynnen the Land of Promyssioun, that is the Holy Land, with helpe of Cristene Men; and he shalle do synge a masse undir that drye Tree, and than the Tree shall wexen grene and bene both Fruyt and Leves." (Travailes, Edited by Halliwell, chap. vi.)

In most of the varying forms of this antique tradition we can see that the root idea is that of a deliverer. The people groaning in misery console their present bitterness by the hope of better times. Their affections are centred upon some typical hero of the race, who becomes the representative of the national aspirations. Sometimes in place of social we have theological and moral considerations. Here the lesson is one that we can all appreciate, for the ravens are still flying round the mountains, and the Deliverer that is to be still slumbers in the heart of the Kyffhauser.

# WAS JOHN SMITH A CHESHIRE MAN?

The tomb that guards the great one's name
Shall yield to time its sacred trust;
The laurel of imperial fame
Shall wither in unwatered dust.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. *Palmyra.*

THE name of Captain John Smith is indissolubly bound up with the early history of greater Britain beyond the sea, and the figure of the sometime "Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England," as he styled himself, is still a picturesque one, although the cynical critics of the present generation have given us good reason to think that if the strength of his valour was great, it was fully equalled by the fire of his imagination. Certainly, his narrative seems to grow with each repetition and the most melo-dramatic incident of a melo-dramatic career, his rescue from death by Pocahontas, must be received with great caution. He was a typical soldier of fortune of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. His latest biographer is Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, whose "study" of the life and writings of Captain John Smith appeared in 1881 (New York: Henry Holt & Co.). This

work may be safely recommended to all interested. John Smith ran away whilst a prentice lad at Lynn, and became a mercenary in the wars of France and the Low Countries. After a time spent in England he went to Hungary, and there, according to his own account, performed many wondrous feats. He was, however, he acknowledges, taken prisoner and sold as a slave by the Turks, but escaped by murdering his master and dressing himself up in the clothes of the dead man. His next attempt for fame and fortune was in connection with the attempt to colonise Virginia in 1606. He was imprisoned for a supposed conspiracy, but afterwards became a Member of the Council and President, and took part in various exploring expeditions. The best known incident of his career in Virginia is that which connects his name with Pocahontas. That during the Chickahominy expedition in 1608 he was taken prisoner by the natives is probable enough, but it was not until eight years later that he mentions the share of Pocahontas in his rescue, and it was not until 1624 that the incident was told in the manner in which it has since delighted so many lovers of the marvellous. At a great assembly of the natives "a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was two great stones were brought before Powhatan, then, as many as could, layd him hands on him [the narrator, Captain John Smith], dragged to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs to beate out his braines. Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laide her arme upon his to save him from death: whereat the Emperor [Powhatan] was contented he

should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper." Pocahontas, at this time, would be a girl of twelve or thirteen, and however greatly John Smith may have exaggerated the circumstances of his rescue, it is certain that she was very friendly to the colonists, and used to turn cart-wheels in their fort! They abducted her in 1613, and held her as hostage for some white men who had been enslaved. Whilst thus in friendly captivity she made capture of the heart of Mr. John Rolfe. They were married in 1614, and in 1616 came to England, where the Lady Rebecca, as she was now styled, excited both interest and curiosity. She died at Gravesend in 1617, and was buried in the chancel of the parish church.

Smith returned to England in 1608, somewhat under a cloud from charges brought against him by his fellow colonists, who were all quarrelling, and appear to have hated each other with great zest. He published a number of works, in which self-glorification was shown on a gigantic scale. He died in 1631, and his later years, passed in continual struggle with adverse fortune, were devoted to an ardent advocacy of a plan of colonisation. Memory and Imagination stood by his side as he wrote in his latter years, and it may be added that the last-named was not the least in furnishing him with inspiration. He was buried in St. Sepulchre's Church, and Stow gives a copy of a long tablet to his memory in the choir, but this memorial has long since disappeared.

After all deductions have been made John Smith was a remarkable man, and of the thousands who have borne his

name none have achieved greater fame. He has remained *the* John Smith for two centuries and a half. That he was of "Cheshire, chief of men," would have seemed natural, and the testimony of Fuller would, in most cases, have warranted his inclusion amongst the palatine worthies. The notice of him in the "Worthies of England" is so characteristic that it must be quoted. It is under the county of Cheshire, and is as follows :—

"John Smith, Captain, was born in this county, as Master Arthur Smith, his kinsman and my schoolmaster, did inform me. But whether or no related unto the worshipful family of the Smiths at Hatherton (Camden's Britannia, in this county), I know not.

He spent the most of his life in foreign parts. First in Hungary, under the emperor, fighting against the Turks; three of which he himself killed in single duels; and, therefore, was authorised by Sigismund king of Hungary to bear three Turks' heads, as an augmentation to his arms. (So it is writ in the table over his tomb.) Here he gave intelligence to a besieged city in the night, by significant fireworks formed in the air, in legible characters, with many strange performances, the scene whereof is laid at such a distance, they are cheaper credited than confuted.

From the Turks in Europe he passed to the pagans in America, where, towards the latter end of queen Elizabeth, such his perils, preservations, dangers, deliverances, they seem to most men above belief, to some beyond truth. Yet have we two witnesses to attest them, the prose and the pictures, both in his own book; and it soundeth much to

the diminution of his deeds, that he alone is the herald to publish and proclaim them.

Two captains being at dinner, one of them fell into a large relation of his own achievements, concluding his discourse with this question to his fellow, 'And pray, Sir,' said he, 'what service have you done?' To whom he answered, 'Other men can tell that.' And surely such reports from strangers carry with them the greater reputation. However, moderate men must allow Captain Smith to have been very instrumental in settling the plantation in Virginia, whereof he was governor, as also admiral, of New England.

He led his old age in London, where his having a prince's mind imprisoned in a poor man's purse rendered him to the contempt of such who were not ingenuous. Yet he efforted his spirits with the remembrance and relation of what formerly he had been, and what he had done. He was buried in Sepulchre's Church choir, on the south side thereof, having a ranting epitaph inscribed in a table over him, too long to transcribe. Only we will insert the first and last lines, the rather because the one may fit Alexander's life for his valour, the other his death for his religion :—

> 'Here lies one conquer'd that hath conquer'd kings!'
> 'Oh, may his soul in sweet Elysium sleep.'

The orthography, poetry, history, and divinity in this epitaph, are much alike. He died on the 21st June, 1631."

This passage has been strangely misread by the latest biographer of the Virginian hero, who says that Arthur told Fuller "that John was born in Lincolnshire." (p. 297.) The Rev. Arthur Smith, who from this casual mention would

appear to have been a Cheshire man, is now only remembered, if remembered at all, as the schoolmaster of the witty and wise Thomas Fuller. He was of the Emanuel College, of Cambridge, and took the B.A. degree in 1608, and the M.A. in 1612. Mr. J. E. Bailey, F.S.A., conjectures, and with great probability, that he is "the raw and unskilful schoolmaster" under whom Fuller "lost some time." Arthur Smith was successively curate of Achurch (where the incumbent was the noted founder of the Brownists or Independents), and Vicar of Oundle, in Northamptonshire. Whether Arthur Smith sympathised with the colonising spirit that was then laying the foundation of a great empire, or whether he had a boastful satisfaction in proclaiming himself a kinsman of one who, like Captain John Smith, was so persistently and with such large claims before the public, must remain unknown.

The testimony of Arthur Smith must, however, be set aside. A man's own statement as to the place of his birth is not always the best evidence, and there might be but little hesitation in not accepting John Smith's declaration that he was born at Willoughby in Lincolnshire if it were unconfirmed. He does not name the year, but allows it to be inferred from a portrait issued in 1616, when he was aged 37 years. Accordingly, in the Willoughby registers, there is an entry: that John, son of George Smith, was baptised Jan. 9th, 1579. And thus we are compelled to discard from our Cheshire notables this man who represented so curiously some of the highest and some of the basest characteristics of the age in which he lived.

# SIR JOHN CHESSHYRE'S LIBRARY AT HALTON.

The monuments of vanished minds.
SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT. *Gondibert.*

THE little village of Halton, near Runcorn, in Cheshire, is notable for the ruins of an ancient castle and for a tiny endowed library. It is difficult to say whether the castle stands in the grounds of the hotel, or whether the hotel is built in the grounds of the castle. The feudal fortress, first built by Robert Nigel, the stout baron of Hugh Lupus, who won for his lord the Castle of Rhuddlan, in Wales, has passed almost entirely away. Amongst its lords was John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," whose son, Henry of Bolingbroke, was the last Baron of Halton. In 1579 that once proud castle, long the head of a barony and the chief abode of the Constables of Chester which had given thrones to its possessors, declined from its palmy state, and was transformed into a prison for recusants, under Sir John Savage. Halton was visited by James I., and was captured by the Parliamentarians in July, 1644, and shortly afterwards dismantled.

The sylvan beauty of the landscape, and the "Arcadian zephyrs" that played around the hill, when Lewes, in 1811, composed his poem, entitled "Halton Hill," have utterly disappeared under the breath of the chemical manufactories. Then, the poet's muse essayed to "paint this heavenly view;" now, the vegetation of the stunted trees, denuded of foliage, are like "hairs on a lep'rous skin."

Not far from the castle stands a plain, square building, with a tablet over the entrance, on which we read:—

Hanc bibliothecam
Pro communi literatorum usu
Sub curâ curati capellæ de Halton
Proventibus ter feliciter augmentatæ
Johannes Chesshyre Miles
D. D. D.
Anno MDCCXXXIII.

This John Chesshyre was probably born at Hallwood, near Runcorn, 11th November, 1662, and entered the Inner Temple in 1696. He received the coif in 1705, was Queen's Serjeant in 1711, and in 1727 became His Majesty's Premier Serjeant-at-Law. As such he was counsel for the crown against John Matthews, a youth of nineteen, who, after sundry reprieves, was finally hung for his share in the printing of a Jacobite pamphlet. He was also engaged in the trial of the Warden of the Fleet. (See State Trials, 8vo. ed., v. 15, p. 1383; v. 16, p. 8; v. 17, p. 311.) From 1719 to 1725 his fee book shows receipts of over £3,000 each year. At the age of sixty-three he confined himself to the Court of

Common Pleas, "contenting," he says, "to amuse myself with lesser business and smaller gain," and in 1732 he gave up regular attendance at the court. Chesterfield is said to have borrowed £20,000 from the successful lawyer. He died as he was getting into his coach, 15th May, 1738, and is buried in Runcorn Church, and on his tomb are two characteristic lines from Pope:—

> A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
> An honest man's the noblest work of God.

His widow survived him until 1756. His portrait was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. There is a notice of Chesshyre in Woolrych's "Lives of eminent Serjeants-at-law," 1869, v. 2, page 504 et seqq., and in Beamont's "History of the Castle of Halton," 1873, p. 138. Mr. J. E. Bailey writes to me that Le Neve gives the arms of Chesshire, of Shropshire: gu. 2 lion's paws in chevron arg. between 3 lures with strings upper part or, lower arg.; and he adds "S Jo. Chesshire bears this coat Serjeant q^re his right."

The custodian of Sir John Chesshyre's foundation is the Rev. John Lockwood, the present Vicar of Halton. He recognised our claim to inspect books designed "pro communi literatorum usu," and although it was neither Tuesday nor Thursday we were welcomed into the quaint library room, which is furnished all round with book presses, each having closed doors. The first question that occurs on visiting a strange library relates to the catalogue. An inquiry on this head led to the production of a volume of ample

proportions, which would have had additional attractions for bibliographers of the Dibdin type, from being printed on vellum and being absolutely unique. That this almost indestructible material should have been selected is not surprising, but why the edition should have been restricted to one copy is not so obvious. The title reads :—

A
Catalogue
of Books in the Library
lately built and erected by
Sir John Chesshyre, Knight
His Majesty's Serjeant-at-law
at Halton
in the
Parish of Runcorne
in the
County and Diocese of Chester
London. Printed in the year MDCCXXXIII.

This volume contains not only a list of the contents of the library, but also the rules and orders made by the founder :—

"To be observed for the use, service and preservation of the books." It is set forth that the Curate of Halton is to be Library-Keeper and to have free use and reading of the books, and (2) to enter into a bond of £500 to the Bishop of Chester for the safe-keeping of the library and observance of the rules. The room was to be "separated to and for the use and service of a study . . . and not prostituted

to any other common or inconvenient use. However it were to be wished that the Curate . . . would make use of the said room as his study and in the winter seasons especially, use a fire therein, whereby he may air the room and closer attend to his reading and meditation, and be better freed from the interruptions of a family, or a temptation to esloigne or carry any book or books out of the said library for how little time soever." The books were strictly forbidden to be read out of the library (4). The fifth rule is that of greatest importance and reads thus:—"That for the improvement of learning and that learned men may be encouraged to advance their knowledge by a friendly communication in their studies and labours, it is desired and intended that any divine or divines of the Church of England, or other gentlemen, or persons of letters, desiring the same, and particularly that William Chesshyre, of Halwood, near Halton, and his heirs, and the owner and inheritor of Halwood, for the time being, in memory of his benefaction, the Vicar of Runcorne for the time being and his successors, may, on application to, and with the consent of the Curate for the time being at any reasonable and convenient time or times, on every Tuesday and Thursday in the year, in the daytime, have access and resort into the said library, and in the presence of the Curate for the time being, have liberty to read any book or books in the said library and to take note or notes out of the same for the better security of such person or person's memory, or for his, her, or their future service or recollection; the Curate for the time being from time to time taking care to see that the book or

books used or read by any person or persons, be again re-placed in such manner as is above directed to be done in the Curate's own use or reading of the said books." The sixth and last rule provides that each incoming Curate is to take stock of the books and to obtain the return or value of any that may be missing.

A glance at the catalogue will show the character of the collection. It reflects the sober erudition of the age in which it was instituted, and would be a fit library for a young clergyman who in the eighteenth century desired to become a godly and learned minister. There is a long array of the fathers of the Church in goodly tomes. Now-a-days fathers and folios are almost equally out of the fashion. The biblical apparatus includes Walton's Polyglot, Crabbe's Septuagint, Mill's Greek Testament, the Critical Synopsis of Poole, and some minor works. In modern divinity there are the names of Seldon, Cudworth, Laud, Locke, Huet, Prideaux, Stackhouse, Scot, Fiddes, Sherlock, Beveridge, Wheatley, Leslie, Chillingworth, Bingham, Jeremy Taylor, Hall, Burnet, Usher, Pearson, Bramhall, Barrow, Tillotson, Hooker, Smalridge, Comber, Bentley, Stanhope, Fleetwood, Atterbury, Blackhall, Trapp, Hammond, Wake, Andrews, Stillingfleet, Sanderson, and others. The historians, chiefly ecclesiastical, include Baronius, Sleidan, Usher, Thuanus, Spotswood, Du Pin, Father Paul, Clarendon, Collier, Strype, Speed, and Burnet.

There are the Statutes at large, and a few other books on ecclesiastical law, including Wilkins' Leges Anglo-Saxonici. Amongst profane classics are Seneca, Cicero, Plutarch,

Sophocles, Photius, and a Corpus Poetarum, in two folio volumes.

The fine copy of the Monasticon of Sir William Dugdale deserves special mention, and also that vast farrago, the Fœdera of Thomas Rymer, whose twenty folio volumes must often have been provocative of unmitigated despair to the hurried seeker for the needle in this literary bundle of hay. Polite literature in the vernacular is represented by sundry volumes of the British essayists, and the much debated question as to the use and demand for fiction is suggested by a well-worn folio edition of Don Quixote bearing evident marks of having ministered to the amusement of some hours of ease.

The first thought that occurs on an inspection of this curious and, in some respects, valuable collection is that the shrewd old lawyer who founded it made an egregious mistake in placing such a library in the heart of a Cheshire village which at the commencement of the last century must have been remote indeed from the busy haunts of men. It is very likely that this library is now but seldom resorted to by divines of the Church of England or other gentlemen or persons of letters "for the advancement of their knowledge by a friendly communication in their studies and labours," and it would probably be difficult to select five hundred volumes that would present fewer attractions to the villagers of Halton. It does not appear, however, that Sir John Chesshyre's primary motive was that of founding a public library, but rather that of providing the curate of Halton with a pleasant and well-filled study, whose literary attrac-

tions might bring him the acquaintance of those among the neighbouring gentry and clergy possessing a tincture of learning. It is not difficult to imagine a clergyman who had stumbled over some felicitous reference to a book absent from his own shelves, saddling his Rosinante and riding forth through the pure air as yet unpolluted by manufactures, and up the hill to Halton. There his rummage through the ponderous tomes of Basil, Cyril, or Augustine would be enlivened by learned chat or local gossip with the curate of Halton, and having taken such notes as seemed needful for "future service or recollection," he would ride home again not a sadder but a wiser man. In this fashion we can imagine this quaint out-of-the-world little library to have exercised a real and a beneficial influence.

Chesshyre's will provides that "the patron of the chapel for the time being should ever have visitation and oversight of the said library and the survey and inspection of the books, and should apply to the Lord Bishop of Chester for the time being to signify any inconvenience arisen or arising, and to crave his assistance, in order to rectify abuse, miscarriage, or defect." He gave £100 for purchase of land for the repairs of the library. In 1837 the Charity Commissioners reported that "the library does not appear to have been of that use which was contemplated by the founder, for it was stated by a very respectable person that the inhabitants were desirous that the library should be of available utility, it being at present not of the slightest advantage to any one except the librarian. The books generally are of a description not likely to be of use in the

situation in which the library is placed, though many of them are of considerable value. How far the Bishop of Chester, as visitor, may have the power of making any change may be worthy of consideration, and it has been recommended that the matter should be submitted to him by the parties interested." (Reports xxxi. 749.) This advice does not seem to have been followed.

The library was mentioned by Mr. J. F. Marsh, in his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Public Libraries, in 1849. The library then contained 422 volumes, chiefly in folio. Very few additions have been made since that date, or, indeed, since the day of its foundation. The trustee is Sir Richard Brooke, and the annual income £12. The library has long ceased to be even a good working collection for a theological student. The income is certainly small, but, if judiciously expended, would place on the shelves many of those modern books which are essential for the study of a divine who wishes to keep his mind open to the latest results of theological investigation. Sir John Chesshyre's library will always be caviare to the multitude; but it might easily become, what it can scarcely claim to be at present, a place where learned men might advance their knowledge.

## THE BRERETON DEATH OMEN.

When any Heir in the Worshipful Family of the Breertons in Cheshire is neer his Death there are seen in the Pool adjoyning Bodies of Trees swimming for certain days together.

INCREASE MATTER.
*Cases of conscience concerning Evil Spirits.* 1693.

THE learned William Camden, in his famous Britannia, mentions the little river Croke, which, rising out of Bagmere lake, runs by Brereton, which gave name to the knightly family of Brereton. "I have heard," says the judicious antiquary, deviating into folk-lore, "an extraordinary circumstance attested by many persons of credit, and generally believed, that before the death of any heir of this family trunks of trees are seen to swim on the surface of the adjoining lake." (Gough's edition, vol. iii. p. 44.)

This is one of the most characteristic pieces of Cheshire folk-lore, and its picturesque aspect was seen by Felicia Hemans, who has made good use of it in her poem of "The Vassal's Lament for the Fallen Tree":—

Yes! I have seen the ancient oak
On the dark deep water cast,
And it was not felled by the woodman's stroke,
Or the rush of the sweeping blast;
For the axe might never touch that tree,
And the air was still as a summer sea.

I saw it fall, as falls a chief
By an arrow in the fight,
And the old woods shook, to their loftiest leaf,
At the crashing of its might;
And the startled deer to their coverts drew,
And the spray of the lake as a fountain's flew!

'Tis fallen! But think thou not I weep
For the forest's pride o'erthrown,—
An old man's tears lie far too deep
To be poured for this alone:
But by that sign too well I know
That a youthful head must soon be low!

A youthful head, with its shining hair,
And its bright quick-flashing eye;
Well may I weep! for the boy is fair,
Too fair a thing to die!
But on his brow the mark is set,—
O, could *my* life redeem him yet!

He bounded by me as I gazed
Alone on the fatal sign,
And it seemed like sunshine when he raised
His joyous glance to mine.
With a stag's fleet step he bounded by,
So full of life,—but he must die!

He must, he must! in that deep dell,
By that dark water's side,
'Tis known that ne'er a proud tree fell
But an heir of his fathers died.
And he,—there's laughter in his eye,
Joy in his voice,—yet he must die!

I've borne him in these arms, that now
Are nerveless and unstrung;
And must I see, on that fair brow,
The dust untimely flung?
I must!—yon green oak, branch and crest,
Lies floating on the dark lake's breast!

The noble boy!—how proudly sprung
The falcon from his hand!
It seemed like youth to see *him* young,
A flower in his father's land!
But the hour of the knell and the dirge is nigh,
For the tree hath fallen, and the flower must die.

Say not 'tis vain! I tell thee, some
Are warned by a meteor's light,
Or a pale bird, flitting, calls them home,
Or a voice on the winds by night;
And they must go! And he too, he!
Woe for the fall of the glorious tree!

The Brereton family have now passed away. The death omen is alluded to in Sir Philip Sidney's "Seven Wonders of England," and the late Major Egerton Leigh made it the subject of a poem which will be found in his "Cheshire Ballads."

Camden points to a partially analogous story of the abbey

of St. Maurice, in Burgundy, where the pond contained as many fishes as there were monks in the monastery. There was a close sympathy between the two communities, and when a monk was ill a fish would be seen languidly floating on the surface, and if the monk was fated to die the fish would precede him by a few days. Aubrey tells us that there was a common report that before the death of each heir of the Cliftons, of Clifton, in Nottinghamshire, "a sturgeon is taken in the river Trent by that place." Surely not an unlikely circumstance, since we are not told sturgeons were taken at no other time. Camden was too much a man of his time to laugh at these notions, but is content to say that "supposing them true," they may be the work of "the holy angels that guard our persons, or of devils who, by divine permission, have powerful influence on this lower world."

Perhaps a nearer analogy is that of the Warning Pool, of North Taunton, of which John Collet, writing in the seventeenth century, says:—"Of this pool it hath been observed that before the death or change of any prince, or some strange accident of great importance, or any invasion or insurrection, though in an hot and dry season, it will, without any rain, overflow its banks, and so continue till that bee past which it prognosticated. It overflowed four times between 1618 and 1648." (Thoms' "Anecdotes and Traditions," p. 122.) Mr. Thoms refers to a passage in Jacob Grimm's "Deutsche Mythologie" (s. 333), where the prophetical office of springs and rivers is further illustrated. To follow the subject would be beyond the scope of the present inquiry.

# THE FOOL OF CHESTER.

Answer a fool according to his folly.

PROVERBS xxvi. 5.

Fools are the game which knaves pursue.

JOHN GAY. *Fables.*

A CURIOUS folk-tale has had a local habitation given to it by the author of the book entitled "Jack of Dover," which appeared in 1604. It is narrated in the following terms :—

"Upon a time (quoth another of the jury) there was a widow woman dweling in Westchester that had taken a certaine sum of mony of two coney-catchers, to keepe upon this condition that she should not deliver it againe to one without the other: but it so hapned that, within a while after, one of these coney-catchers fayned his fellow to be dead, and came in mourning cloathes to the woman, and demaunded the money. The simple woman, thinking his words to be true, beleeved that this fellow was dead indeed, and there [u] pon delivered him the money. Now, within few dayes after commeth the other conicatcher, and of the

woman likewise demaundeth the same money; but understanding of the delivery thereof before to his fellow without his consent (as the bargaine was made), he arrested the poore woman to London, and brought her to great trouble; but, being at last brought to tryall before the judges of the court, she sodainely slipt to the barre, and in this manner pleaded her owne cause. My good Lordes (quoth she), here is a fellow that troubles me without cause, and puts me to a needles charge. What need he seeke for triall, when I confesse the debt, and stand heere to deliver his money? Why, that is all, quoth the conicatcher, that I demaund. I but (quoth the woman) do you remember your condition: which is, that I must not deliver it to the one without the other? therefore, go fetch thy fellow, and thou shalt have thy money. Hereupon the conicatcher was so astonished that he knew not what to say: for his fellow was gone, and he could not tell where to find him; by which meanes he was constrained to let his action fall, and by the law was condemned to pay her charges, and withall great dammages for troubling her without cause. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this, in my minde, was pretty foolery; but yet the foole of all fooles is not heare found, that I looke for."

The story has been told in more than one fashion, but, perhaps, the best known is that which has been given by Samuel Rogers. The quotation, although somewhat lengthy, is an interesting contrast to the quaint story just cited. "There lived," says Rogers, "in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow lady of the Lambertini family, called Madonna Lucrezia, who in a revolution of the state

had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread, kneeling day after day like a statue at the gate of the cathedral, her rosary in her left hand, and her right held out for charity, her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

But fortune had at last relented. A legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Apennines, where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing when in my youth I passed that way, though the sign of the White Cross, the Cross of the Hospitallers, was no longer to be seen over the door—a sign which she had taken up, if we may believe the tradition there, in honour of a maternal uncle, a grand master of that order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain stream ran through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin—a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her, when an event took place which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noonday in September that three foot-travellers arrived, and seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short

and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanour he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence, for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those Free Bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery, and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks, and with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go. And the Venetian thus addressed their hostess:—'Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof for a day or two this bag of gold?' 'You may,' she replied gaily. 'But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and if we had, where would be your security?'

'In your word, lady.'

'But what if I died to-night? Where would it be then?' said she, laughing. 'The money would go to the church, for none could claim it.'

'Perhaps you will favour us with an acknowledgment?'

'If you will write it.'

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village physician, who

had just called by chance to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one, nor to two, but to the three —words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing of what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia; and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed than the Venetian returned, saying, 'Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done;' and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and when she came back it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

'Wretched woman that I am!' she cried, as in an agony of grief she fell on her daughter's neck, 'what will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!' and all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due, and there were no tidings of the thief. He had fled away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make; how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with it to one when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her!

'Go, Gianetta,' said she to her daughter, 'take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and

implore the counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer.'

Alas! she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate, and the cause to come on to-morrow.

Now Gianetta had a lover; and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the Arch-doctor, the Rabbi of Doctors, the Light of the World. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch, and also under his daughter Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts—a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced? 'Were I as mighty as I am weak,' said he, 'my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the Friend of the friend-

less give me strength in that hour. Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you.'

The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for, but none is made; not a syllable is uttered. And after a short pause and a consultation of some minutes, the judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises, and thus addresses them:—

'Reverend signors. Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one, not to two, but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it.'

From that day (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage feast, or who sat beside him."

This incident has been dramatised in a book with the following title, "The Bag of Gold. A true tale of Bologna." By I. M. L. W. London (Wyman and Sons), 1881.

# "THE THIN RED LINE."

The red-coat bully in his boots,
That hides the march of men from us.

THACKERAY. *Chronicle of the Drum.*

Of all the world's brave heroes,
There's none can compare
With a tow, row, row, tow, row, row,
To the British grenadier.

*Old Song.*

WE are so accustomed to the red costume of our British army that it would probably surprise many, if not most people, to be told that during the greater part of the military history of this nation there was neither uniform nor uniformity in the clothing of the army, and that one of the earliest instances of its use was by some troops raised by a Bishop of Chester of days when episcopal functions were apparently even more varied than at present. Yet such is the case. Red, as a soldiers' colour, can, however, claim great antiquity, and is even said to have been the choice of Lycurgus for the Lacedæmonians. One reason for its adoption may have been that it did not so readily reveal the

stains of blood; but probably the chief motive was its brilliant appearance.

In our own country, in earlier times, uniformity of dress or colour was an impossibility. The barons and great men who led their retainers to battle would each have an individual preference or colour, traditionally associated with the fortunes of his house. There would, of course, be certain fashions in the armour then worn; but even in this matter, uniformity was so rare as to be remarkable. Thus, we are told that when Richard of Gloucester travelled through France to Rome in 1250, he had in his retinue forty knights all equipped alike. These cavaliers, their glittering harness shining with golden ornament, "presented a wonderful and honourable show to the sight of the astonished French beholders." For the common soldiers, there was little care. The Welsh who fought at Bannockburn were conspicuous for the paucity of their clothing; "for they well near all naked were," is the declaration of Barbour. The Welshmen were ordered to be clothed uniformly in 1338. "Naked foot" is the designation applied to some soldiers a little earlier. Some of the modern uses of uniform were attained by the adoption of badges and cognisances. In the second Crusade, the Frenchmen wore red crosses, whilst the Englishmen wore white crosses. Yet, at the battle of Barnet, the Earl of Oxford was taken for a Yorkist, and his men were beaten from the field with much slaughter by their own friends! In 1513, Henry VIII., at the siege of Terouenne, had with him "six hundred archers of the garde" all in white gaberdines and caps. In 1526, the

yeomen of the household were clothed in red cloth. This is said by Sir Sibbald Scott—in whose work on the British Army most of these facts are recorded—to be the first time that this colour appears in the military annals of England; but it had previously been adopted for his household by Henry V. There was an order made in the thirty-sixth year of Henry VIII. for "every man sowdyer to haue a cote of blew clothe, after suche fashion as all fotemen's cotes be made here at London, to serve His Majestie in this jorney, and that the same be garded [that is, decked or ornamented] with redde clothe, after such sorte as others be made here." The distinguishing badge, however, was the cross of St. George; and if a soldier neglected to bear this, and was slain, "he that so woundeth or slayeth him shall bear no pane therefore."

The great slaughter of the Scots at the battle of Pinkie Cleuch is said to have been due to the uniformity of dress, "wherein the Lurdein was in a manner all one with the Lord, and the Loun with the Laird;" so that, as there was apparently little chance of ransom, they all suffered a common death.

In 1576, when some artificers were sent from Lancashire to Ireland, they were dressed in white cloth, ornamented with two laces of crewel, one of red, and the other of green. The next year there was a levy of three hundred men in that county, and their coat was a pale-blue Yorkshire broadcloth with two stripes of yellow or red cloth, a vest of white Holmes fustian, pale-blue kersey skirts with two stripes of yellow or red. They had garters or points at the knees,

stockings of white kersey, and shoes with large ties. Over this dress were worn the breastplate, gorget, and headpiece that still remained of defensive armour. In 1584, sad green colour or russet is prescribed for soldiers going to Ireland. In 1585, the city of London equipped a body of red-coated soldiers for service in the Low Countries. A few years earlier, in 1580, the Bishop of Chester, in conjunction with the dean and chapter, furnished some cavalry for Irish service, and these were furnished with red cloaks. The buff coat, made of tough leather, from its hue gave rise to the name, and was much worn in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

In the Civil War, various colours were in use. Sir John Suckling's men wore a white doublet, a scarlet coat, and a hat with a scarlet feather. John Hampden's men wore green coats; and so did those of Lord Northampton, who belonged to the same county. Lord Robarts' red coats, Colonel Meyrick's gray coats, Lord Saye's blue coats, may all be cited. A red regiment of the Parliamentary army was surprised by the king at Brentford, and then the gray coats showed themselves "most exquisite plunderers." King Charles and Prince Rupert had each a body-guard in red coats.

In a letter written by Lawrence Oliphant, laird of Gask, 6th November, 1777, he describes a relic of the old costume of the Royal Scotch Archers: "It is pretty odd if my coat be the only one left, especially as it was taken in the '46 by the Duke of Cumberland's plunderers; and Miss Annie Græme, Inchbrackie, thinking it would be regretted by me,

went boldly out among the soldiers and recovered it from one of them, insisting with him that it was a lady's riding-habit; but, putting her hand to the breeches to take them too, he, with an anathema, asked if the lady wore breeches. They had no fringe, only green lace, as the coat; the knee buttons were worn open, to show the white silk puffed out as the coat-sleeves; the garters green. The officers' coats had silver lace in place of the green silk, with the silver fringe considerably deeper; white thread stockings, as fine as could be got. All wore blue bonnets (the officers, velvet), tucked up before, on which was placed a cockade of, I think, a green and white ribbon by turns, the bughts kept out with wire, and in the middle a white iron plate with the St. Andrew's cross painted on it."

The great Duke of Wellington was interested in this branch of military antiquities. Lord Mahon wrote to Macaulay, asking: "Pray, when was the British army for the first time clothed in red? That was the inquiry addressed to me yesterday by no less a person than the Duke of Wellington. I answered that I did not know exactly, but imagined it to be in the reign of Charles II. The Duke seemed to think that it was earlier, and that Monk's troops, for example, were *redcoats*. What say you?" Macaulay replied in the following brief but characteristic note:—

ALBANY, *May* 19, 1851.

DEAR MAHON,—The Duke is certainly right. The army of the Commonwealth was clothed in red. Remember *Hudibras*:—

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So Cromwell with deep oaths and vows
Swore all the Commons out of th' House;
Vowed that the redcoats would disband,
Ay, marry, would they, at command!
And trolled them on, and swore, and swore,
Till the army turned them out of door.

Ever truly yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

The correspondence is printed in Earl Stanhope's "Miscellanies."

Macaulay scarcely makes out his case, for, as we have seen, in the Civil War the regiments varied in the colour of their costume. There was a "red royalist" regiment, as well as one of "red republicans." Red, it is clear, was not regarded either as a royal or national colour in any exclusive sense. Red appears to have been definitely adopted both for the guards and the line in the reign of Queen Anne. The black cockade was added under George II. The red stripe on the sides of the trousers dates only from 1834.

As late as 1693, the infantry were clothed in gray, and the drummers in scarlet. Hence, the change now proposed to be made in the colour of the regimental uniforms, and which has lately been the subject of much discussion, is, after all, only reverting to an older fashion. Another proof is thus afforded of the fact that there is nothing new under the sun.

# A BIRKENHEAD NEWSPAPER IN 1642!

Bring me no more reports.

SHAKSPERE. *Macbeth.*

MR. JAMES GRANT'S History of the Newspaper Press was the subject of some unfavourable comments on its appearance. Perhaps its most extraordinary mistake escaped the notice of its critics. At p. 193 of vol. 3 we read:—"The next newspaper which has any claims to belong to the category of provincial journalism was called *Mercurius Aulicus*. Those who know what an obscure and insignificant place Birkenhead was at that time will be surprised when informed that this newspaper, brought out in 1642, was printed in that locality. But, though printed in Birkenhead, the *Mercurius Aulicus* was not published there. It was avowedly printed for a bookseller near Queen's College, Oxford, and published by him in the latter town." The notion of scholarly Oxford being unable to print a news pamphlet like the *Mercurius Aulicus*, and sending it to Birkenhead, 169 miles away, to be put in type, is a rich one. Probably every one interested in the fourth

estate, with the solitary exception of the historian of the newspaper press, knows that the *Mercurius Aulicus* was both printed and published at Oxford once a week, and sometimes oftener, from 1642 to 1645. Its chief author was John Birkenhead, a Cheshire man, who for this and similar services was knighted in 1642 by Charles II.

## J. C. PRINCE AND K. T. KORNER.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour.

BURNS. *Bannockburn.*

DR. DOUGLAS LITHGOW says that John Critchley Prince had a knowledge of French, and also some acquaintance with German. In support of the latter statement, he refers to Prince's paraphrases from the German. Two of these claim to be from Schiller. The first is a version of his well-known poem on the Partition of the Earth. The other, which may be quoted in full, is entitled "The Patriot's Battle Prayer, paraphrased from the German of Schiller:"

Father of Life! to Thee, to Thee I call—
The cannon sends its thunders to the sky;
The winged fires of slaughter round me fall;
Great God of Battles! let thy watchful eye
Look o'er and guard me in this perilous hour,
And in my cause be just, oh! arm me with Thy power!

Oh! lead me, Father, to a glorious end,
To well-won freedom, or a martyr's death;

I bow submissive to Thy will, and send
A soul-felt prayer to Thee in every breath:
Do with me as beseems Thy wisdom, Lord,
But let not guiltless blood defile my maiden sword!

God, I acknowledge Thee, and hear Thy tongue
In the soft whisper of the falling leaves,
As well as in the tumult of the throng
Arrayed for fight—this human mass that heaves
Like the vexed ocean. I adore Thy name,
Oh, bless me, God of grace, and lead me unto fame!

Oh! bless me, Father! in Thy mighty hand
I place what Thou hast lent—my mortal life;
I know it will depart at Thy command,
Yet will I praise Thee, God, in peace or strife;
Living or dying, God, my voice shall raise
To Thee, Eternal Power, the words of prayer and praise!

I glorify Thee, God, I come not here
To fight for false ambition, vainly brave;
I wield my patriot sword for things more dear,—
Home and my fatherland; the name of slave
My sons shall not inherit. God of Heaven!
For Thee and Freedom's cause my sacred vow is given!

God, I am dedicate to Thee for ever;
Death, which is legion here, may hem me round;
Within my heart the invader's steel may quiver,
And spill my life-blood on the crimson ground:
Still am I Thine, and unto Thee I call,—
Father, I seek the foe—forgive me if I fall!

Now, a very slight acquaintance with German literature will suffice to show that this is not translated from Schiller

at all, but is based upon the famous "Gebet während der Schlacht" of the patriot-poet Theodor Körner. This we give :—

Vater, ich rufe dich !
Brüllend umwölkt mich der Dampf der Geschüsze,
Sprühend umzucken mich rasselnde Blisze.
Lenker der Schlachten, ich rufe dich !
Vater du, führe mich !

Vater du, führe mich !
Führ' mich zum Siege, führ' mich zum Tode :
Herr, ich erkenne diene Gebote ;
Herr, wie du willst, so führe mich,
Gott, ich erkenne dich !

Gott, ich erkenne dich !
So im herbstlichen Rauschen der Blätter,
Als im Schlachtendonnerwetter,
Urquell der Gnade, erkenn' ich dich !
Vater du, segne mich !

Vater du, segne mich !
In deine Hand befehl' ich mein Leben
Du kannst es nehmen, du hast es gegeben ;
Zum Leben, zum Sterben segne mich.
Vater, ich preise dich !

Vater, ich preise dich !
'S ist ja kein Kampf für die Güter der Erde ;
Das Heiligste schüszen wir mit dem Schwerte,
Drum, fallend, und siegend, preis, ich dich.
Gott, dir ergeb' ich mich !

Gott, dir ergeb' ich mich!
Wenn mich die Donner des Todes begrüszen,
Wenn meine Adern geöffnet flieszen,
Dir mein Gott, dir ergeb' ich mich!
Vater, ich rufe dich!

The best translation of this glowing poem is that which, in the same metre as the original, was contributed by F. C. H. to "Notes and Queries" for August 27, 1870 (4th Ser. vi. 167):—

Father, I call on thee!
Where the deep cannon roars dreadful around me,
Where the red lightning of battle has found me;
Ruler of armies, I call on thee!
Father, O guide thou me!

Father, O guide thou me!
Lead me to triumph, or lead me to perish,
Teach me thy will in submission to cherish;
Lord, as thou wilt, so guide thou me!
God, I bow down to thee!

God, I bow down to thee!
As when the oaks part in tempests asunder,
So 'mid the roar of the cannon's dread thunder,
Fountain of Mercy, I call on thee!
Father, look down on me!

Father, look down on me!
Thine is my being, O thou best can shield it;
Thou didst bestow it, and freely I yield it;
Living or dying, look down on me!
Father, I trust in thee!

Father, I trust in thee!
Not for earth's treasures our blood are we spending;
All that is sacred our swords are defending;
Falling or conquering, I hope in thee—
All I resign to thee!

All I resign to thee!
When all around me in mist shall be clouded,
When in the dark robe of death I am shrouded,
Father, I yield my soul to thee!
Father, look down on me!

It is instructive to compare the spirited and yet almost literal version of Dr. Husenbeth with the diffuser paraphrase of Critchley Prince, whose linked sweetness long drawn out certainly misses the fire and intensity of Körner's poem.

# JOSEPH RAYNER STEPHENS.

Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The new commandment given to man,
Thinking the deed and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.

LONGFELLOW. *Tales of the Wayside Inn.*

IN the quiet churchyard of Dukinfield, the busy Cheshire sister of Ashton-under-Lyne, and yet rich with many memories of the olden time, peacefully rests the mortal remains of Joseph Rayner Stephens, once a leader in the lost cause of Chartism.

Chartism, once a terror to the middle classes and a hope to the masses of the poor, is now but a memory, and awaits an impartial historian and a measured verdict, uninfluenced by the passions and prejudices which gave it the rosy tint seen by disciples and the sable hue visible to its opponents. The materials for such a chronicle are accumulating, for, as the actors in the stormy scene pass off the stage, memorials of them are issued which enable us to see the events as they

appeared to those most actively concerned. It is a matter for regret that no biography of Ernest Jones has yet appeared; but of William Lovett, Joseph Barker, and Thomas Cooper —still hale and active—there are notices biographical and autobiographical; and in 1881 Mr. Holyoake added a fine sketch of another of the old Chartist leaders. ("Life of Joseph Rayner Stephens, Preacher and Political Orator." By George Jacob Holyoake. London: Williams and Norgate.) The portrait, in some respects a difficult one for the biographer, is drawn with skill and good taste. It is least successful where it deals, or fails to deal, with Stephens as a student, and most successful where it portrays him as political leader and orator. This is, doubtless, part of the eternal fitness of things, since for one who thought of Stephens as a scholar a thousand probably knew him as gifted with a facile eloquence that sways the stormy democracy.

Joseph Rayner Stephens was born in Edinburgh in 1805, where his father was then resident as a Wesleyan minister, in which capacity he afterwards came to Manchester. This led to the boy being placed at the Grammar School of that town. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, and took part in some private theatricals set on foot by a number of clever youths at the home of the future novelist. The late Mr. James Crossley, F.S.A. (one of the band), in an article which escaped Mr. Holyoake's notice, says that Ainsworth was well supported by his companions, among whom he signalises Stephens—who was styled "Fainwell" in the playbill—as having written the prologue

and "enacted three characters, two of which were Fusbos and a Bandit." (*Manchester Guardian*, June 5, 1876).

His love of literature and of acting did not prevent him from following in his father's steps; and at the age of twenty he became a Wesleyan minister at Beverley, but next year was sent to the mission-station at Stockholm. Here he applied himself to the study of the Scandinavian languages and literature, and was probably the first Wesleyan who preached in Swedish. His abilities attracted the interest of Lord Bloomfield, then the representative of England, who appointed him chaplain to the embassy. He also became a friend of Montalembert. Mr. Holyoake prints a very curious letter from the last-named. Stephens returned to England in 1830, and began to speak in favour of the separation of Church and State. For this dreadful heresy in a dissenting preacher he was, in 1834, suspended by the wiseacres of the Wesleyan Conference! They might have left him alone, for he died a fervent advocate of the Establishment. He had already begun to take part in the factory agitation which led to the passage of the Ten Hours Bill. Many real friends of the working classes opposed this measure as an interference with matters beyond the sphere of Government, and which could properly be dealt with only by individual action. The necessity for such a measure is a startling proof of the tyranny of one class and of the abjectness of another. There is no room left to contest the evil. The factory children were worked for twelve, fourteen, eighteen hours, and even longer a-day. They had no regular meal-times, and they were brutally flogged and ill-treated by their task-

masters. Those who lived grew up through a childhood of despair to a maturity of disease, ignorance, and poverty. But, whenever a tiny victim sank into the merciful tomb, parents were ready to offer fresh children to take the empty place. Yet even the basest of the working people desired to be protected against themselves, and in this, at all events, they were wiser than their social superiors. Stephens had a passionate sense of justice, and the sights and scenes around him moved him to the sternest indignation. It was a time of wild excitement, and he was not the man to use stinted phrases. He would echo and intensify the cry of the children :—

> "'How long,' they say, 'how long, O cruel nation,
> Will you stand, to move the world on a child's heart,—
> Stifle down with mailed heel its palpitation,
> And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?'"

This strong human sympathy gave a vital force to his words where the most ornate eloquence would have failed to impress. As a speaker, he had that impalpable quality which marks the orator born not made; and the native endowment had been rendered more opulent by long study, by foreign experience, and by familiarity with the language and literature of many lands. It may be doubted if any men ever wielded more powerful personal influence over the workfolk of the North than Fergus O'Connor, Richard Oastler, and the Rev. J. R. Stephens; and it might be a matter of difficulty to decide which of them was the most perfervid denouncer of those in authority. Stephens, who was a "little giant,"

with a voice that could reach—and influence—a crowd of 20,000 persons, was arrested in December, 1838, for seditious language. He was not tried until August, 1839; and his speech in defence, which for five hours held the attention of a crowded court, did not avail to save him from a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment, and the further necessity of finding sureties for his good behaviour in the five following years. The prosecution appears to have been a somewhat mean affair; and Stephens did not fail to show that between his own language and that of his political prosecutors there was not much to choose. In reality, he was less a Radical than a Tory-Democrat, and the "Tribune of the Poor," when the factory laws were amended, allied himself chiefly with the Conservative party. He never lost his hold upon the affections of the factory population, and during the Cotton Famine he came into prominence again, and was the stormy petrel of that troublous time. He cared but little for the machinery of politics; the passion of his life was for social justice. The people, among whom he laboured, loved and respected him; and in February, 1879, there were thousands of mourners in the Ashton district because this man was going to his long home.

As we have already hinted the scholarly aspect of Stephens' many-sided character is not shown in Mr. Holyoake's biography, and the loss or destruction of his extensive correspondence will prevent any adequate estimate of the variety and extent of his literary sympathies. It must not be forgotten that it was Joseph Rayner Stephens who inspired his younger brother with that love of Northern

literature which has borne such solid results in the great labours and enduring renown of Professor George Stephens, of Copenhagen.

It is proposed to erect a statue to Stephens in the park of Stalybridge. We have no wish to discourage the free expression of gratitude or respect; but surely to a man like Stephens, whose memory, if it lives at all, must live in the affections of those for whom he laboured, we may apply the words of Leopardi :—

> Che saldi men che cera e men ch' arena
> Verso la fama che di te lasciasti
> Son bronzi e marmi.

# ON THE STALK AS A SIGN OF CONTRACT.

La, la paille docile
Prend mille aspects nouveaux sous un main agile.
DELILLE. *Imagination.*

AMONGST the ancient deeds belonging to Captain Egerton Leigh, of the West Hall, High Leigh, which are being arranged by Mr. J. P. Earwaker, M.A., and some of which were exhibited at a meeting of the Manchester Literary Club in April, 1883, there is one dated 1413, of which this description is given:—"The seal attached to a deed dated 1413 is curious in this respect, that it is not heraldic, but seems to represent a sort of primitive beacon or iron cage mounted on a stand to hold a fire in, and round the seal, embedded in the wax, is twisted a portion of a reed. This," adds Mr. Earwaker, "is an example I have not previously met with, and I do not know the object for which this was done. I find, however, in the Arley charters that Mr. Beamont has met with one example of what he calls 'a straw seal,' which he states is number six in box nine, but unfortunately in his calendar of the deeds, this particular deed is not mentioned, so that the date

cannot be given. In the 'Eighth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts,' p. 638, I see that Mr. J. H. Bennett, writing of the deeds, &c., belonging to Bishop Bubwith's Almshouses at Wells, in Somersetshire, says, 'several of the seals of the fifteenth century have the peculiarity of a ring or twist of grass impressed into the wax around the edge of the impression.' The only explanation I have hitherto met with is that this piece of grass or weed was placed there to protect the seal, which is obviously incorrect, because it would be placed on all seals, which is not the case. The deed to which this curious seal is attached is a grant from William de Venables of Kynderton to Geoffrey de Mascy of Wymyncham (Wincham) of an annual rent of twenty shillings, payable during his life out of the lands of the grantor in Lacheford, dated 3rd July, 1 Henry V. [1413]."

It seems probable that this stalk or reed has some con-

nection with the old use of the *stipula* as a sign of sale or agreement. There has been some doubt and speculation as to the origin of the word "stipulation," but folk-lore has come to the aid of etymology, and offered a reasonable solution. The word *stipulatio* is used to signify a contract by question and answer. From an article in the New York *Nation* (Nov. 23, 1882) it appears that some of the Roman writers regarded it as derived from *stips*, a piece of money, although that certainly formed no necessary part of the contract. Justinian and Julius Paulus trace it to an adjective *stipulus*, meaning firm—a word of which there appears to be no other evidence. Isidorus, however, says that the Romans, when they made a solemn promise, broke a *stipula* (straw, or corn-stalk), and by joining the pieces together acknowledged the bargain. "How often," asks Canon Farrar, "do people, when they 'make a stipulation,' recall the fact that the origin of the expression is a custom, dead for centuries, of giving a straw *(stipula)* in sign of a completed bargain?" The custom of using a stalk as a sign of sale is wide-spread. It is found, says the writer in the *Nation*, "preserved amongst the Franks, Bavarians, and Alemanni in the phrases: 'Mit mund und halm,' 'mit mund, hand und halm!' Where *halm* corresponds to the breaking of the *stipula*, hand points to a Frankish 'There's my hand upon it,' and *mund* corresponds to the *interrogatio et responsis*, '*Spondesne? spondeo*,' which was all that in Justinian's time was left of the early ceremony." The authority for these statements is Grimm's "Wörterbuch." The same fact is evidently alluded to in the phrase, "Rompre le festu." To "break a straw" had the

meaning of a quarrel in England formerly. Thus in Udal's translation of the apophthegms of Erasmus we read :—"I prophecie (quoth he) that Plato and Dionysius wil erre many daies to an end break a strawe between them." (Davies: "Supplementary English Glossary," 1881, p. 629.) Dr. J. S. Warren, in an essay published at Dordrecht in 1881, has pointed out the former, if not the present, existence of the custom in India.

Hariśkandra, when he had lost everything, is represented as selling himself; and in offering himself for sale he places a stalk on his head (*śirasi t**rinam** dattvâ*). This can hardly be taken in the sense of t*rin*ikar, *vilipendere*, for he asks a lakh of gold pieces as his price. Dr. Warren thinks it is simply a sign that the king is a *bonâ fide* article of sale. This essay was noticed in the *Academy*, whence the above is taken. Hariśkandra's adventures are told in their fullest form in the Mārka*n*deya Purā*n*a (Dowson's "Classical Dictionary of Hindu Mythology," 1879, p. 118).

A correspondent of the *Nation* has pointed out an interesting passage in Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" which seems to imply the existence of a similar custom here in quite recent times. "The French ecclesiastic, in suggesting to Crusoe to marry the English sailors left on the island to the Indian women they were living with, is made to say 'yet a formal contract before witnesses and confirmed by any token they had all agreed to be bound by, *though it had been but the breaking of a stick between them*, engaging the men to own these women as their wives.'" The writer further adds:—"In a picture of Raphael's (I believe), of which engraved

copies are common enough, representing the marriage of the Virgin and St. Joseph, a young man who assists at the ceremony is represented as breaking a stick across his knee. I remember when a boy, fifty years ago, being told in explanation of this act that the breaking of a stick was an ancient form of attesting a contract, and the introduction of it into the picture points pretty clearly to such a custom in use, or at least well known in the painter's time and country." (*Nation*, No. 914, January 14, 1883.)

There are still traces of the survival of a form of the old stipulation, for Mr. Robert Brown says "that in the manor of Winteringham, North Lincolnshire, this custom, far from being dead, obtains at the present time. A straw is always inserted, 'according to the custom of the manor,' in the top of every surrender (a paper document) of copyhold lands there; and the absence of this straw would render the whole transaction null and void" (*Academy*, No. 498, November 19, 1881).

Dr. Augustus Jessop communicates the following curious document to *Notes and Queries* (6th S., vi., 534):—

"The Bill of Surrender made the Thirtieth day of April in the twentieth yeare of the raigne of our soveraigne Lord James by the grace of God King of England France and Ireland defender of the fayth &c., and of Scotland the five and fiftieth Witnesseth that Gilbert Nunnes of Leeds in the countie of Yorke Shomaker hath by the hands of George Cockill customarie tenant of the Mannor of Altoft surrendered and given up with a strawe into the hands of the Lord one rode of Arrable land more or lesse lyinge in a certain

feild called Twenetownes with all and singular the appurtenances in Altoft aforesayd being of the yeerly rent of two pence halfepenny of intent to make courting thereof To the use and behoofe of W^m^ of Freson of Altoft in the sayd countie of Yorke Esq^re^ and Margaret his wife and to theire heires and assignes for ever."

This has been supplemented by another correspondent, who says that "this is the custom to this day in the manor of Tupoates-with-Myton, which comprises much of the western part of the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, and belongs to the corporation of that town. The straw is affixed to the top of the paper on which the form of surrender is written, and the tenant surrendering holds the straw by the natural knot in the middle of it, for a straw having such a knot is always chosen. The new tenant receives possession by taking hold of one end of a rod offered to him by the deputy steward. In practice this rod is an office ruler." (6th S., vii., 218). The straw as a sign of surrender is shewn in this extract from Caxton's "Reynard the Fox":—"Then the King taking a *strawe* from the ground, pardoned the Fox of all his trespasses which either hee or his Father had euer committed: If the Fox now began to smile it was no wonder, the sweetness of life required it: yet he fell downe before the King and Queene, and humbly thanked them for mercy, protesting that for that fauour he would make them the richest Princes in the world. And at these words the Fox took up *a straw*, and profferred it to the King, and said to him:—My dread Lord, I beseech your Maiesty receive this pledge, as a surrender vnto your Maiesty of all the Treasure

that the great King Ermerike was maister of, with which I freely infeofe you, out of my meare voluntary and free motion. At these words the King received the *straw*, and smiling, gaue the Fox great thankes for the same." (*Notes and Queries*, 6th, s. vii., p. 253.)

An unpleasant reminiscence of the same form of contract is probably the origin of the phrase a "man of straw," which now denotes merely a worthless individual, either in a moral or a pecuniary sense, but at no very distant date indicated one who had descended to the lowest deeps of degradation. A man of straw was one who stood in the vicinity of the law courts ready to be bought sometimes as bail, sometimes as a witness, and to perjure himself by swearing whatever he was instructed to say. As a sign that he was on sale he wore a straw in his boot—not quite so prominent a symbol as that borne by Hariskanda, and yet equally significant; and, indeed, the mark of a baser slavery. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* says:—"We have all heard of a race of men who used in former days to ply about our own courts of law, and who, from their manner of making known their occupation, were recognised by the name of "straw shoes." An advocate or lawyer who wanted a convenient witness, knew by these signs where to find one, and the colloquy between the parties was brief, 'Don't you remember!' said the advocate (the party looked at the fee and gave no sign; but the fee increased, and the powers of memory increased with it), 'To be sure I do.' 'Then come into court and swear it.' And Straw Shoes went into court and swore it. Athens abounded in straw shoes" (vol. xxxiii.,

p. 344). Men waiting to be hired for farm service at statute fairs displayed a straw as a sign that their labour was on sale.

It seems possible, then, that the reed in the seal to this Cheshire document of four centuries ago may be connected with the ancient and widespread use of the stalk as a symbol of contract between two persons.

# THE GENIUS OF AVERNUS.

Al Sirat, the bridge, of breadth less than the thread of a famished spider, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* unto Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a *facilis descensus Averni*, not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger.

BYRON. *Giaour.*

ABOUT 1850 a small domestic altar was found in digging for sand at Great Boughton, Chester. The inscription was deciphered by Mr. C. Roach Smith, and is "Genio Averni Ivl Qvintilianvs." Of this Julius Quintilianus, who, by the side of British Dee, dedicated an altar to the Genius of Avernus, a lake far-off in Italian Campania, there is no other record. The name he bore is that of a patrician gens, whose memories went back to the earliest days of Rome.

Curiously enough, although dedications to the genii and local deities are amongst the commonest, no other instance is known of one inscribed to the presiding spirit of Avernus. Close by the place where this altar was found was another

offered by the valiant and victorious twentieth legion to the nymphs and fountains. The gods of the fields, and of the roads and ways, are invoked in other inscriptions found elsewhere. Near a clear spring, at the ancient Habitancum, an altar was found with a poetic dedication, which showed that its erection was due to a soldier's dream.

> Somnio praemonitus miles hanc ponere jussit,
> Aram quæ Fabio nupta est nymphis venerandis.

There are altars at Chester and elsewhere to the *genio loci.* The genius of Rome, of the land of Britain, of the Praetorium, &c., &c., have also been invoked, and there is one inscription dedicated "to the good of the human race."

Notwithstanding the facility with which the Romans adopted and manufactured divinities, the Genius of Avernus is known, as we have said, only by this solitary inscription. What would be the nature of this demi-god or supernatural being?

The Genius of the Classical world was a protecting spirit —not unlike the guardian angel familiar not only to the Christian, but to the Mohammedan world. Spencer has described the two forms of the Genius (Faerie Queen, II., xii., 47, and III., vi., 31):—

> xlxvii.
> They in that place him Genius did call:
> Not that celestial power to whom the care
> Of life, and generation of all
> That lives, perteines in charge particulare,
> Who wondrous things concerninge our welfare,

And straunges phantomes doth lett us ofte forsee,
And ofte of secret ill bids us beware:
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each in him selfe it will perceive to bee.

xlviii.

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call;
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envoyes to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall
Through guilefull semblants which he makes us see:
He of this Gardin had the governall,
And pleasures Porter was devized to bee,
Holding a staffe in hand for mere formalitee.

They seem, however, to have been associated vaguely with ancestral spirits, watching over the fortunes of their descendants. Every man had his attendant genius, or perhaps even a good and bad genius. The birthday festivities included the worship of the personal genius. The Genius of the Roman People is portrayed on the coins of Trajan. Places, as well as persons, had their genii. The genius of a place, when he made his appearance, took the form of a serpent. This is a relic of a very old form of symbolic worship.

The dedication—Genio Averni—would, therefore, be to the ancient Lacus Avernus, now known as Lago d' Averno. It is a small lake in the Campagna, occupying the crater of a now silent volcano. Its sides rise steeply above the waters, and in bygone ages were covered with dark and gloomy trees. This dismal and funereal aspect may have

helped the fancy that caused it to be regarded as the entrance to the infernal regions. The legend may have been localised by the Greeks, who settled at Cumae. It is first mentioned in a fragment of Ephorus that is cited by Strabo. The sulphureous vapours arising from the lake were said to be destructive of all animal life, even the birds as they flew over its surface were killed by the fumes. Hence the fanciful derivation of the name, Ἄορνος—as indicative of its influence upon bird life. "The surface of the lake," as Daubeny has observed, "screened from the access of the winds in every quarter, must have been covered with a thick stratum of unrespirable gas, which would be very slowly dissipated." (Description of Volcanoes, 2nd edition, 1848, p. 199). "There are now," he adds, "no mephitic exhalations, and the birds resort freely to the lake."

The ancient inhabitants of the lake are said to have been the Cimmerians of Homer, and the statement that they never saw the light of the sun is somewhat lamely explained as meaning that they lived in caves made in the rocks. Such habitations would be easily made out of the volcanic *tufa*. The road from the lake to Cumae was through a tunnel or grotto carved out of the *tufa* hill. On the southern side of the lake is a cave known as the Grotta della Sibilla. This will recall the passage in Virgil, which Conington has rendered thus :—

> There when you land at Cumae's town,
> Where forests o'er Avernus frown,
> Your eyes shall see the frenzied maid
> Who spells the future in the shade

Of her deep cavern, and consigns
To scattered leaves her mystic lines.
These, when the words of fate are traced,
She leaves within her cavern placed:
Awhile they rest in order ranged,
The sequence and the place unchanged.
But should the breeze through chance-ope'd door,
Whirl them in air 'twixt roof and floor,
She lets them flutter, nor takes pain
To set them in their rank again:
The pilgrims unresolved return,
And her prophetic threshold spurn.
So do not you: nor count too dear
The hours you lavish on the seer,
But, though your comrades chide your stay,
And breezes whisper hence away,
Approach her humbly, and entreat
Herself the presage to repeat,
And open of her own free choice
The prisoned flow of tongue and voice.
The martial tribes of Italy,
The story of your wars to be,
And how to face, or how to fly
Each cloud that darkens on your sky,
Her lips shall tell, and with success
The remnant of your journey bless.

When Æneas saw the Cumean Sibyl, he entreated her to aid him in his desire to see his father in the world of shades. She replies in a passage which either embalms or has given rise to a proverb:—

Sate sanguine Divum,
Tros Anchisiada, facilis descensus Averno;

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad aures,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

(Æneid vi., 201.)

The Sibyl, however, gives him directions that he may succeed if he can pluck the golden branch that is concealed in the wood :—

For so has Proserpine decreed
That this should be her beauty's meed.
One plucked, another fills its room,
And burgeons with like precious bloom.

The mystic tree is pointed out to the hero by his mother's mystic birds—two snow-white doves, and he hastens with the spray to the sibyl. Offerings of bulls, rams, and lambs are made to Hecate, Earth, Night, Proserpine, and Pluto, and as the morning dawns they hear the baying of the hell-hounds. The Sibyl now leads the way, and they enter the Nether World. He sees the disembodied ghosts waiting for the century that must elapse before Charon ferries them to the further shore. Æneas and his companion are taken over the river Styx, and he sees many of the heroes of the past in the Lugentes Campi, or Fields of Tears, a sort of purgatorial preface to the Elysian plains. He sees Dido, whom his faithless love had killed. Tartarus he did not enter, but the Sibyl gave him a vivid picture of the punishment inflicted by Rhadamanthus :—

Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere Divos.

Thence he is taken to the more genial regions of the

Elysian Fields, where the flowers bloom, and the trees give fruit, and a grateful odour fills the air. Here the immortals amuse themselves according to their several fancies. This is the home of the righteous dead.

> Here sees he the illustrious dead
> Who, fighting for their country bled;
> Priests, who while earthly life remained
> Preserved that life unsoiled, unstained;
> Blest bards, transparent souls and clear,
> Whose song was worthy Phœbus' ear;
> Inventors, who by arts refined
> The common life of human kind,
> With all who grateful memory won
> By services to others done;
> A goodly brotherhood, bedight
> With coronals of Virgin white.
>
> (Æneid, Book vi.)

Finally, the pious son sees his father Anchises, and from him hears in prophetic vision the fate of his descendants. It is needless to give further details of the Sixth Book of the Æneid, for common consent has declared it to be the masterpiece of Virgil's cunning hand.

Warburton regarded the narrative of the descent of Avernus as a figurative account of an initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries, a view rightly opposed by Gibbon. M. Eugène Lévêque compares it with the descent of Youdhichthira into the kingdom of Yama, as described in the Mahabharata, and some of the parallel incidents are certainly striking. ("Les Mythes de l'Inde." Paris, 1880. P. 382.) Their consideration would however lead us too far afield.

The Sixth Book of the Æneid is sufficient to show that the name of Avernus was a word of deep significance to a Roman mind. It was the seat of an oracle, and the lake itself was sacred to Proserpine or Hecate, to whom sacrifices were offered. Livy has recorded the visit of Hannibal to Avernus, the pretence, as he seems to think, being sacrifice, and the real object a descent upon Puteoli. (xxiv. 12-13.) Of the Oracle, we are told that the inhabitants had underground dwellings communicating with each other by subterranean passages through which they conducted the strangers who came to consult the Oracle, which was built far below the surface of the earth. These servants of the Oracle were all slain by a king whom its vaticinations had deceived or disappointed. (Strabo.)

The fact that the lake was sacred to Hecate and Proserpine would not prevent it from having a local genius. This may be illustrated by an extract from that elegant writer, the Rev. John Eustace, who says :—"At length, in the reign of Augustus, the formation of the Portus Julius dispelled the few horrors that continued to brood over the infernal lake; the sacred groves that still shaded its banks and hung over its margin were cut down ; the barrier that separated it from the Lucrinus was removed, and not only the waters of the latter but the waves of the neighbouring sea were admitted into the stagnant gulph of Avernus. This enterprise, however, was contemplated with some awe and apprehension : and the agitation of the waters of the lake, occasioned possibly by the descent of those of the former lake into the lower basin of the latter, was magnified into a tempest, and ascribed to

the anger of the infernal deities. The statue of one showed by a profuse sweat either its fear or its indignation; that of another leaped, it was said, from its pedestal; and recourse was had, as usual, to sacrifices in order to appease the Manes. In the meantime the port was finished, and Avernus was stripped of its infernal horrors, and ever afterwards ranked among ordinary lakes.

Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia."

*Sil. Ital.*

On the southern bank stands a large and lofty octagonal edifice, with niches in the walls, and with halls adjoining. It is vaulted, and of brick, and is supposed by some to be the temple of Proserpine, by others that of Avernus itself, whose statue, as appears from the circumstance mentioned above, stood in the immediate vicinity of the lake." ("Classical Tour," ii., 399.)*

To the Roman soldier or settler, far away from his southern home, the name of Avernus would recall many of the most characteristic features of his religion. He would see again in imagination the grim and terrible lake, over whose bosom no bright winged bird could fly, the steep, stern hillsides with their burden of funereal trees, whose gloomy boughs hid in their luxuriant growth the golden branch of Proserpine, and

* Mr. W. Thompson Watkin, the learned author of "Roman Lancashire," writes to me that the inscription to the genius of Avernus indicates that "the dedicator seems to have had a dread of impending doom, and has been highly anxious to avert it." Dr. J. C. Bruce concurs in this idea.

secluded the mighty elm that marked and yet concealed the entrance to the under-world.

> At Orcus' portals hold their lair
> Wild Sorrow and avenging Care ;
> And pale Diseases cluster there,
> And pleasureless Decay,
> Foul Penury, and Fears that kill,
> And Hunger, counsellor of ill,
> A ghastly presence they ;
> Suffering and Death the threshold keep,
> And with them Death's blood-brother, Sleep :
> Ill Joys with their seducing spells,
> And deadly War are at the door ;
> The Furies crouch in iron cells,
> And Discord maddens and rebels,
> Her snake-locks hiss, her wreaths drip gore.

Nor would his quick thoughts linger at this fearful gate, but rather would he the more earnestly follow the eager steps of Æneas into the land of pale and bloodless ghosts and the further regions beyond the parting of the ways, the one that skirts the walls of Dis, and leads to the Blissful Fields where dwell those favoured by the gods, and the other that conducts the sinners to Tartarus, the kingdom of pain. In the worship offered at the humble domestic altar of the Genius of Avernus there was a recognition of a supernatural influence in the affairs of the world ; of the moral responsibility of human nature for the evil and for the good of its actions. There was also some hope of immortality and peaceful rest in the asphodel valleys beyond the dark river of Death.

"To the Roman," says Mr. W. R. Alger, "death was a grim reality. To meet it himself he girded up his loins with artificial firmness. But at its ravages among his friends he wailed in anguished abandonment. To his dying vision there was indeed a future, but shapes of distrust and shadow stood upon its disconsolate borders; and when the prospect had no horror, he still shrank from its poppied gloom." ("History of the Doctrine of a Future Life." 10th ed. New York, 1878. P. 196.) Whatever we may believe as to this our Cestrian Julius Quintilianus all these centuries ago seems to have recognized that—

> There is no death; what seems so is transition.
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
> Whose portal we call death.

# TENNYSON'S "NORTHERN COBBLER": A CHESHIRE MAN.

It's what they call the dileck as is spoke hereabout, sir.
GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede.*

THERE are still a few superfine critics who disapprove of any representation of the common colloquial talk of the people, and who would restrict all literary representation of conversation to the most conventional book-English. Fortunately, our great writers have often, if not always, been disobedient to such pedantic regulations, and have felt as George Eliot puts it, that they were "not bound to respect the snobbish ignorance of those who do not care to know more of their native tongue than the vocabulary of the drawing-room and the newspaper."

The dialect-writers have found a powerful ally in the Poet Laureate. It is an evidence of Mr. Tennyson's superiority to vulgar prejudice that he, whose ordinary diction is marked by a curious felicity of expression, should have resolved also upon displaying the rough diamonds of provin-

cial talk. There are gems in the folk-speech, and Mr. Tennyson has placed some of them in a setting of fine gold.

Amongst the dialect poems of the Poet Laureate the most dramatic in form and the most intense in human interest is the "Northern Cobbler." The Methodist Shoemaker, who after a sad lapse into intemperance has found safety in total abstinence, is a fine and not altogether unfamiliar figure. The very energy of such a nature, when not wisely directed, is a source of temptation and weakness. After courtship and marriage he neglects his wife and child for the public-house, and his drunken habits are intensified by the reproaches of his sharp-tongued wife, who has developed into a scolding slattern, whilst he has been degenerating into a sot. As a matter of course, he loses custom by his drinking and fighting ways, and one night goes home in an alcoholic fury, and after smashing the furniture of his cottage kicks his wife, and then falls into maudlin slumbers.

An' when I waäked i' the murnin' I seeäd that our Sally went laämed
Cos' o' the kick as I gied 'er, an' I wur dreädful ashaämed ;
An' Sally wur sloomy an' draggle-taäil'd in an owd turn gown,
An' the babby's faäce wurn't wesh'd an' the 'ole 'ouse hupside down.

An' then I minded our Sally sa pratty an' neät an' sweeät,
Straät as a pole an' cleän as a flower fro' 'eäd to feeät :
An' then I minded the fust kiss I gied 'er by Thursby thurn ;
Theer wur a lark a-singin' 'is best of a Sunday at murn,
Couldn't see 'im, we 'eärd im a-mountin' oop 'igher an' 'igher,
An' then 'e turn'd to the sun, an' 'e shined like a sparkle o' fire.
'Doesn't tha see 'im,' she axes, 'fur I can see 'im ?' an I
Seeäd nobbut the smile o' the sun as danced in 'er pratty blue eye ;

An' I says 'I mun gie tha a kiss,' an' Sally says 'Noä, thou moänt,'
But I gied 'er a kiss, an' then anoother, an' Sally says 'doänt!'

An' when we coom'd into Meeätin', at fust she wur all in a tew,
But, arter, we sing'd the 'ymn togither like birds on a beugh;
An' Muggins 'e preäch'd o' Hell-fire an' the loov o' God fur men,
An' then upo' coomin' awaäy Sally gied me a kiss ov 'ersen.

Heer wur a fall fro' a kiss to a kick like Saätan as fell
Down out o' Heaven i' Hell-fire—thaw theer's naw drinkin' i' Hell;
Meä fur to kick our Sally as kep the wolf fro' the door,
All along o' the drink, for I loov'd 'er as well as afoor.

He resolves to reform, and brings a bottle of gin from the public-house and places it in the window by his stall, so that he may "face his enemy," and thenceforth successfully avoids the subtle cause that had blighted his happiness. Once more a sober and industrious workman his lost trade returns to him, and as his wife tells the story of the bottle of gin, the curiosity of the bucolic mind is excited and a general sense of respect is felt for the determined shoemaker who is so emphatically master of himself. The accidental differences of creed and rank do not prevent or hinder the recognition of his true manhood.

'Thou'rt but a Methody-man,' says Parson, an' laäys down 'is 'at,
An 'e points to the bottle o' gin, 'but I respecks tha for that;'
An' Squire, his oän very sen, walks down fro the 'All to see,
An' 'e spanks 'is 'and into mine, 'fur I respecks tha,' says 'e.

The cure is effectual and permanent, and the reformed inebriate begins to have another sort of liking for the bottle of gin and to rejoice in it as the evidence of a crowning mercy.

An' once I said to the Missis, 'My lass, when I cooms to die,
Smash the bottle to smithers, the Divil's in 'im,' said I.
But arter I chaänged my mind, an' if Sally be left aloän,
I'll hev 'im a-buried wi'mma an' taäke 'im afoor the Throän.

This may be daring symbolism, but there is essential truth behind. Since all must work out their salvation, what could be more fitting than that the Northern Cobler should desire to take with him the evidence of his struggle and conquest over the degrading sin that had nearly wrecked his life? The cobbler with his black bottle would, perhaps, pass through the narrow gate that might not open to a builder of churches, or even a wearer of lawn-sleeves.

We must not linger, however, over the ethical or literary aspects of the poem. The "Northern Cobbler," who would be out of place here but for the circumstance that the incident, on which Mr. Tennyson's Lincolnshire dialect poem is founded, is said to have actually happened in Cheshire. In some collections, and amongst others, in the Rev. E. Paxton Hood's "World of Moral Anecdote," there is an extract from a "Chester Gazette," of which the date is unfortunately not given. The story is thus told:—

"Henry Parker, at the age of seventeen, was, by the death of his Master, left alone in the world to gain a livelihood as a Shoemaker. He shouldered his kit, and went from house to house, making up the farmer's leather, and mending the children's shoes.

"At length a good old man, pleased with Henry's industry and steady habits, offered him a small building as a shop. Here Henry applied himself to work with persevering

industry and untiring ardour. Early in the morning he was whistling over his work, and his hammer was often heard till the "noon of night." He thus obtained a good reputation, and some of this world's goods. He soon married a virtuous female, whose kind disposition added new joys to his existence, and whose busy neatness rendered pleasant and comfortable their little tenement. Time passed smoothly on; they were blessed with the smiling pledges of their affection, and in a few years Henry was the possessor of a neat little cottage and a piece of land. This they improved, and it soon became the abode of plenty and joy. But Henry began to relax in his conduct, and would occasionally walk down to an alehouse in the neighbourhood. This soon became a habit, and the habit imperceptibly grew upon him until (to the grief of all who knew him) he became a constant lounger about the alehouse and skittle-ground, and going on from bad to worse he became a habitual drunkard. The inevitable consequences soon followed. He got into debt, and his creditors soon took possession of all he had.

"His poor wife used all the arts of persuasion to reclaim him, and she could not think of using him harshly. She loved him even in his degradation—for he had always been kind to her. Many an earnest petition did she prefer to heaven for his reformation, and often did she endeavour to work upon his paternal feelings. Over and over again he promised to reform, and at last was as good as his word—for he was induced to stay away from the alehouse for three days together. His anxious wife began to cherish a

hope of returning happiness; but a sudden cloud one day for a moment damped her joy. 'Betsey,' said he, 'give me that bottle.' These words pierced her very heart, and seemed to sound the knell of all her cherished hopes; but she could not disobey him. He went out with his bottle—had it filled at the alehouse, and, on returning home, placed it in the window immediately before him. 'Now,' said he, 'I can face an enemy.'

"With a resolution fixed upon correcting his pernicious habits, he went earnestly to work, always having the bottle before him, but never again touched it. Again he began to thrive, and in a few years he was once more the owner of his former delightful residence. His children grew up, and are now respectable members of society. Old age came upon Henry, and he always kept the bottle in the window where he had first put it; and often, when his head was silvered over with age, he would refer to his bottle, and thank God that he had been able to overcome the vice of drunkenness. He never permitted it to be removed from the window while he lived, and there it remained until after he had been consigned to his narrow home."

The Poet Laureate informs me that the story of the "Northern Cobbler" was current in Lincolnshire during his boyhood. It is one of those stories that would impress the imagination and thus acquire popularity. Tennyson found it an obscure village anecdote, and he has transformed it into a poem that has commanded a world-wide fame.

## THE KING OF THE CATS.

Care will kill a cat.

GEORGE WITHER. *Christmas.*

AS Cheshire is proverbially distinguished for the risible powers of its feline inhabitants it would have been strange indeed if the legend of the King of the Cats had been unknown within its borders.

The earliest English form of the story is in a very curious work entitled, "Beware the Cat," first printed in 1551. The edition of 1570 was reprinted by Mr. J. O. Halliwell in 1864, and there is a copy in the British Museum—12316 C 29. According to this, a man riding through Kankwood, in Shropshire, heard his name called by a cat. He made no reply, when pussy "spake to him plainly twice or thrice these words following:—'Commend me to Titten Tatten and to pus thy cattan, and tell her that Grimalkin is dead.'" When he got home and told his wife, "his cat, which had hearkened unto the tale, looked upon him sadly, and at last said, 'And is Grimalkin dead? then farewell, dame!' and therewith went her way, and was never seen after."

The regal estate of the cat monarch is described in a legend told to Gubernatis by a Tuscan story teller, who said that a mother had a number of children and no money; a fairy told her to go to the summit of the mountain, where she would find many enchanted cats in a beautiful palace, who gave alms. The woman went, and a kitten let her in; she swept the rooms, lighted the fire, washed the dishes, drew water, made the beds, and baked bread for the cats; at last she came before the king of cats, who was seated with a crown on his head, and asked for alms. The great cat rang the golden bell with a golden chain, and called the cats. He learned that the woman had treated them well, and ordered them to fill her apron with gold coins (rusponi). The wicked sister of the poor woman also went to visit the cats, but she maltreated them, and returned home all scratched, and more dead than alive from pain and terror. (See "Zoological Mythology," II vol., p. 62.)

Reverting to the story of the King of the Cats, Southey gives a version of the story at the end of the seventh volume of "The Doctor." It is one of the Troll stories. A peasant on his way home met a troll who thus addressed him :—

"Hör, Du Platt
Sag til din Katt,
Das Knurre—Murre Er död."

He told his wife, when the cat, sitting up on his hind legs, exclaimed, "What is Knurre—Murre, dead? then I may go home again"—and so vanished. (*Academy*, No. 587, August 4th, 1883.) The story is told of a troll by Thorpe.

("Northern Mythology," 1851, vol. ii., p. 133.) In this Scandinavian form the tale is called King Pippe is dead. M. Paul Sébillot has given a Breton variant of this curious story. (*Academy*, No. 586, July 23rd, 1883.) The version current in South Lancashire and Cheshire has been several times printed. (Cf. Harland and Wilkinson's "Lancashire Legends," p. 13; *Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, vol. x., p. 463; Dyer's "English Folk-Lore," 1878, p. 110.) The name of the dead cat is Doldrum, and that of the animal to whom the news is conveyed is Dildrum—two names irresistibly suggestive of Byrom's wonder that—

> Such difference should be
> Twixt twiddle-de-dum and twiddle-de-dee.

# MARY OF BUTTERMERE.

No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary the Maid of the Inn.

ROBERT SOUTHEY. *Mary the Maid of the Inn.*

THE celebrated "Beauty of Buttermere" was not a Cheshire damsel, but she linked her fate with a native of the county palatine, and the remarkable circumstances of that unhappy union give her a claim upon our attention.

Somewhere about the year 1759 there was born of poor parents at Mottram-in-Longendale, John Hatfield, who, under that and other names, acquired uneneviable notoriety in after years. His ability was greater than his honesty, and in early youth he left home somewhat under a cloud. He is next heard of as a "rider" for a linen-draper, and as the successful suitor for the hand of a natural daughter of Lord Robert Manners. With this young woman, who, until her sixteenth year, had supposed herself to be the daughter of the farmer at whose house she was brought up, he had a dowry of £1,500. Under this golden shower he blossomed

into a well-known habituè of a coffee-house in Covent Garden, where he talked by the hour of his noble relatives of the House of Rutland, and his estates in Yorkshire and elsewhere. These fabrications were soon seen through, and "lying Hatfield" eventually found his way into the King's Bench Prison for a debt of £160. One of his fellow-prisoners, Valentine Morris, an ex-Governor of the Island of St. Vincent, had as a visitor a clergyman whom Hatfield made use of in an ingenious manner. He assured the worthy parson that he saw before him a relative of the Duke of Rutland, and induced him to take a message to his grace asking that his debt might be discharged. The kind-hearted clergyman undertook this delicate mission, and was thunderstruck to find that the Duke had no knowledge of any such relative. After some trouble he remembered having heard Lord Robert Manners mention the marriage of his illegitimate daughter to a tradesman of the name of Hatfield. The ruse was, however, successful, for the Duke made some inquiries, and finally sent £200 for the release of the prisoner. When the Duke went to Ireland as Viceroy, Hatfield went over to Dublin, and imposed upon the innkeeper with whom he stayed, and others from whom he obtained goods by his pretensions of being a near relation of the Lord Lieutenant. Even when in the Marshalsea, he managed to have the best apartment there was, and to share the table of the keeper and his wife. The Duke paid his debts on condition he left Ireland, and sent a servant to see him safe off to Holyhead. Once more in England, he pursued his old courses, and was rescued from a debtor's

prison by a Miss Nation whom he married. His first wife and his three children he had deserted. In the interval he is thought to have been in America. He had the prospect of doing well in business in Devonshire, but fraudulent practices brought him into the bankruptcy court. A short time before, he had canvassed the borough of Queenborough as a parliamentary candidate! He evaded the impending trouble by deserting his wife and two children, who were at Tiverton, and continued an adventurous career of fraud and imposture.

In July, 1802, he made his appearance at the Queen's Head, Keswick, and announced himself as the Hon. Alexander Angus Hope, M.P., brother to the Earl of Hopetown. He scraped an acquaintance with the family of an Irish M.P., and paid assiduous court to his ward, a young lady who united a solid fortune to considerable personal beauty. She was not insensible to the charm of Colonel Hope's manner, but she had the good sense to insist that his proposals should be made openly to her family, and as he could not hope to satisfactorily answer their inevitable questions, he turned his attention to a lowlier victim. This was Mary Robinson, the "Beauty of Buttermere."

One of the earliest of the lake tourists was Lieutenant Joseph Budworth, of Manchester, one of the gallant heroes of the siege of Gibralter, whose martial ardour was equalled by his love of the picturesque. In 1792 he published anonymously, "A Fortnight's Ramble to the Lakes in Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Cumberland," which went through three editions. This little book, which gives a

curious account of the then almost unknown lake district, gives an interesting pen portrait of Mary Robinson. Her parents kept a small alehouse, the father in addition being one of the head quarrymen. Under the name of Sally of Buttermere, Mr. Budworth thus describes Mary at the age of fifteen :—"Her hair was thick and long, of a dark brown, and though unadorned with ringlets, did not seem to want them; her face was a fine contour, with full eyes, and lips as red as vermilion; her cheeks had more of the lily than of the rose; and although she had never been out of the village (and I hope will have no ambition to wish it), she had a manner about her which seemed better calculated to set off dress, than dress her. She was a very Lavinia,—

Seeming when unadorned, adorned most."

When Budworth revisited the inn in 1797, he was again waited upon by Mary, and told her that the inscriptions on the walls which celebrated her beauty in Greek, Latin, French, and English were "the probable reasons of the walls not having been lately whitewashed. Her denial too much crimsoned her face for me to believe her; and the next morning I saw that compliments in English were rubbed out." Before leaving he acknowledged that he was the writer of the "Fortnight's Ramble," and gave her some very good advice.

"Mary," he represents himself as saying, with phenomenal candour, "I wrote it, and rejoice at having had such an opportunity of minutely observing the propriety of your behaviour. You may remember I advised you in that book

never to leave your native valley. Your age and situation require the strictest care; strangers will come, and have come purposely to see you, and some of them with very bad intentions. I hope you will never suffer from them; but never cease to be on your guard. You really are not so handsome as you promised to be: and I have long intended, by conversation like this, to do away with what mischief the flattering character I gave of you may expose you to. Be merry and wise."

She thanked him, and with no foreboding of her coming misfortune added, "I hope, sir, I ever have, and trust always shall, take care of myself."*

When Hatfield first saw this lovely girl she was acting as a waitress in this little public house kept by her parents at the side of Buttermere Lake. In this humble fashion the old couple had accumulated some property, which though small was sufficient, unfortunately, to tempt the unprincipled impostor. The rashness of these worthy people was only equalled by their credulity, and they committed, apparently without any inquiry, the happiness and the fortune of their

* Joseph Budworth, F.S.A., was the son of a Manchester innkeeper, and distinguished himself at the siege of Gibraltar (about which he afterwards wrote a poem), and whilst on military duty in Ireland he married the heiress of Palmerstown, and assumed the name of Palmer. He had only one daughter, who was the mother of Mr. W. A. Mackinnon, M.P., the Duchesse de Grammont and the Countess of Dundonald. (See "Manchester Grammar School Register," i., 148; and Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," vol. iii., p. 334; vol. vii., p. 644.) Nichols said of him that "a braver soldier or a Christian of truer benevolence is rarely to be found."

daughter into the hands of the self-styled Colonel Hope. The ill-fated marriage was publicly celebrated at Lorton church October 2nd, 1802. It is to be remembered that the pretensions of "Colonel Hope" were generally admitted and that the error of these humble people was one that was shared by their wealthier and better informed neighbours. He received and franked letters in the name of Hope. The day before the marriage Hatfield obtained some money by a forged draft. The bride and bridegroom set off for a journey to Scotland, in order, as she supposed, to be presented to his aristocratic relations, but he found an excuse for returning to Buttermere after but three days' absence. A few days later he was arrested, but found means to escape on board a sloop off Ravenglass, and after a short stay in this refuge he took coach to Ulverston and was next seen at Chester. Soon after his evasion Mary of Buttermere made a discovery of a momentous kind. In the dressing case of her absent husband she found a secret drawer, and in it many letters, some of them addressed to him in the name of Hatfield by his wife and children. Later, a mass of correspondence was found in an old trunk. The advertisement which appeared in the public papers gives a graphic account of the Keswick Impostor.

"*Notorious Impostor, Swindler, and Felon!*—

John Hatfield, who lately married a young woman, commonly called the Beauty of Buttermere, under an assumed name: height about five feet ten inches; aged about forty-four; full face, bright eyes, thick eyebrows, strong but light

beard, good complexion, with some colour; thick, but not very prominent nose, smiling countenance, fine teeth, a scar on one of his cheeks near the chin, very long thick light hair, and a deal of it grey, done up in a club; stiff square shouldered, full breast and chest, rather corpulent, and strong limbed, but very active: and has rather a spring in his gait, with apparently a little hitch in bringing up one leg; the two middle fingers of his left hand are stiff from an old wound: he has something of the Irish brogue in his speech; fluent and elegant in his language, great command of words, frequently puts his hand to his heart; very fond of compliments, and generally addressing himself to persons most distinguished by rank or situation, attentive in the extreme to females, and likely to insinuate himself where there are young ladies. He was in America during the war, is fond of talking of his wounds and exploits there, and of military subjects, as well as of Hatfield Hall, and his estates in Derbyshire and Cheshire; of the antiquity of his family, whom he pretends to trace to the Plantagenets. He makes a boast of having often been engaged in duels; he has been a great traveller also, by his own account, and talks of Egypt, Turkey, and Italy: and, in short, has a general knowledge of subjects, which, together with his engaging manners, is well calculated to impose on the credulous. He had art enough to connect himself with some very respectable merchants in Devonshire, as a partner in business, but having swindled them out of large sums, he was made a separate bankrupt in June, 1802. He cloaks his deception under the mask of religion, appears fond of religious conver-

sation, and makes a point of attending divine service and popular preachers."

From Chester he went unrecognised to Builth, and was finally apprehended at some distance from Swansea, and committed to Brecon jail. Here he professed to be a descendant of an ancient Welsh family, and gave himself the name of Tudor Henry. Bow-street officers conveyed him to London, where he was examined as an absconding bankrupt, and also for forging post-office franks. On a second charge of forgery and bigamy he was committed to Carlisle assizes. There was great curiosity as to the man, and amongst those in court was the Duke of Cumberland. He was tried at Carlisle before Sir Alexander Thompson, August 15th, 1803, and the proceedings lasted from eleven in the forenoon until seven at night. The court was densely crowded, and the greatest interest was shown in the prisoner, whose coolness did not desert him even at this trying moment. Scarlett, who was the prosecuting counsel, opened in a manner that was studiously moderate, and indeed the evidence was so strong that there was no need of advocacy. It was proved beyond dispute that he had assumed the name of Hope, passed himself off as a Member of Parliament, and in that assumed character had forged franks to letters as well as a bill of exchange. The verdict of the jury was "guilty of forgery," and on the following day he was brought up for judgment. In the then state of the English law the punishment of forgery was death. The poet Wordsworth had an interview with him on the day of his condemnation, but Coleridge he emphatically declined to see. He had previ-

ously avoided Coleridge, probably thinking from the Devonshire name that he might have some previous knowledge of the life of fraud that had preceded "Colonel Hope's" visit to the lakes. To Coleridge, however, fell the task of examining the papers of the malefactor. They were chiefly letters from women whom he had victimised. Coleridge often said, "that the man who, when pursued by these heartrending apostrophes, and with this litany of anguish sounding in his ears, from despairing women and from famishing children, could yet find it possible to enjoy the calm pleasures of a Lake tourist and deliberately to hunt for the picturesque, must have been a fiend of the order which fortunately does not often emerge amongst men." (De Quincey: "Recollections of the Lakes," p. 87.)

In accordance with his sentence Hatfield was hung at the usual place of execution, an island formed by the river Eden at the north side of the town and between the two bridges. The precise annalist of the period is careful to inform us that Hatfield on his last morning read the *Carlisle Journal*, next breakfasted with two clergymen who afterwards prayed with him, then finished his correspondence, enclosing his penknife in one letter which he addressed to London. Guarded by the Yeomanry Cavalry he was taken in a carriage to the gallows, and with unconquerable coolness assisted the executioner in the final preparations. The words, "May the Almighty bless you all," were his last. Owing to his great weight when he fell his feet almost touched the ground, but he expired without a struggle. In his last moments he showed a courage and resignation worthy of a better prelude.

He had his preferences, and gave minute directions as to his coffin, which he desired to be large. He also expressed a desire to be buried at Burgh, but as the parishioners did not desire such a guest in the place where the rude forefathers of their hamlet slept, his grave was made in St. Mary's churchyard, "the usual place," says the polite annalist, "for those who come to an untimely end."

Was the "Beauty of Buttermere" beautiful? Opinions have varied. There is a portrait by Gillray which was professedly sketched from life in July, 1800, and therefore before sorrow and misfortune had affected her. ("Works of Gillray," No. 522.) The commentator on that artist observes, "Her beauty, it is said, has been very much overrated; but that her gracefulness, expression and accomplishments, were more than equivalent for any deficiency in form or feature." De Quincey allowed that she was good looking, but declared "*beautiful* in any emphatic sense she was not." He tells a curious story: "One lady, not very scrupulous in her embellishment of facts, used to tell an anecdote of her which I hope was exaggerated. Some friend of hers (as she affirmed), in company with a large party, visited Buttermere, within one day after that on which Hatfield suffered; and she protested that Mary threw on the table, with an emphatic gesture, the Carlisle paper containing an elaborate account of his execution." Against this may be placed the fact that neither Mary nor that other victim of Hatfield's villainy—the wife whom he had deserted at her greatest hour of need, could be induced to prosecute him for bigamy. The subsequent life of Mary of Buttermere is also a sufficient answer to the

slander. She resumed her former life, and had some help from those who pitied her misfortunes. "It was fortunate," says De Quincey, "for a person in her distressing situation that her home was not in a town: the few and simple neighbours who had witnessed her imaginary elevation, having little knowledge of worldly feelings, never for an instant connected with her disappointment any sense of the ludicrous, or spoke of it as a calamity to which her vanity might have cooperated. They treated it as an unmixed injury, reflecting shame upon nobody but the wicked perpetrator." Canon Parkinson, writing about 1842, says, "Mary died not long since, the mother of a large family, in a good old age, a subject of notoriety and curiosity to her dying day." ("Old Church Clock," 5th edit., 1880, p. 231.) In a happy second union, it may be hoped, she forgot the misery of her first matrimonial adventure. Her second husband was Richard Harrison, and some of her descendants are still in the Lake district. She died of cancer about 1844. (*Notes and Queries*, 5th, s. ii., 177.) We have also the fine testimony of Wordsworth, who in a passage of the "Prelude" addressed to Coleridge says,—

> Here, too, were "forms and pressures of the time,"
> Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy displayed
> When Art was young; dramas of living men,
> And recent things yet warm with life; a sea-fight,
> Shipwreck, or some domestic incident
> Divulged by Truth and magnified by Fame;
> Such as the daring brotherhood of late
> Set forth, too serious theme for that light place—

I mean, O distant Friend! a story drawn
From our own ground,—the Maid of Buttermere,—
And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife
Deserted and deceived, the Spoiler came
And wooed the artless daughter of the hills,
And wedded her, in cruel mockery
Of love and marriage bonds. These words to thee
Must needs bring back the moment when we first,
Ere the broad world rang with the maiden's name,
Beheld her serving at the cottage inn,
Both stricken, as she entered or withdrew,
With admiration of her modest mien
And carriage, marked by unexampled grace.
We since that time, not unfamiliarly,
Have seen her,—her discretion have observed,
Her just opinions, delicate reserve,
Her patience, and humility of mind
Unspoiled by commendation and the excess
Of public notice—an offensive light
To a meek spirit suffering inwardly.
From this memorial tribute to my theme
I was returning, when, with sundry forms
Commingled shapes which met me in the way
That we must tread—thy image rose again,
Maiden of Buttermere! She lives in peace
Upon the spot where she was born and reared;
Without contamination doth she live
In quietness, without anxiety:
Beside the mountain chapel, sleeps in earth
Her new-born infant, fearless as a lamb
That, thither driven from some unsheltered place,
Rests underneath the little rock-like pile
When storms are raging. Happy are they both—
Mother and child!—

The material for the biography of Mary of Buttermere and her scoundrel husband are the following:—1. "The Life of Mary Robinson the celebrated Beauty of Buttermere." Second edition. London, 1803. This has a portrait, which may be compared with that in the "Works of James Gillray." 2. "Trial of John Hatfield for Forgery." London, 1803. 3. "Recollections of the Lakes, by Thomas de Quincey." Edinburgh, 1863. Some inaccuracies in De Quincey's account are pointed out in an article in *Notes and Queries*, 1st, s. viii., 27. Cf 5th, s. ii., 114. 4. "The Mysterious Visitor; or, Mary the Rose of Cumberland." A Novel, by Henry Montague Cecil. London, 1805. 2 vols. A stupid novel, with some passages of doubtful morality.

# OLD EASTER CUSTOMS OF CHESHIRE.

Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.

MILTON. *L'Allegro.*

MANY curious customs marked the Easter season in former times. Some are now entirely obsolete, whilst others survive only in the remoter districts. These usages die hard, and it would, perhaps, be rash to say of any of them that they are entirely extinct. Some instances recorded are from Lancashire, and they refer to matters common of the two counties. Easter eggs are still in vogue. Formerly in Ashton-under-Lyne and Dukinfield, and other parts, the children went round holding in their hand a real or imitation bird's nest, and chanting in a monotonous tone:—

Pace-egg! pace-egg!
Other egg or haup'ny.

This is evidently but an abbreviated form of a longer petition for an egg, bacon, cheese, or an apple, "or any good thing that will make us merry, and pray you, good dame, an Easter egg." At Blackburn, fifty years ago, the juvenile

prayer, if briefer, was more emphatic,—"God's sake, a pace-egg," which was repeated from morn until night by a constant succession of young visitors. The pace-egg is, indeed, common throughout the north. The eggs are boiled very hard and coloured by infusion of herbs. A resident of Liverpool told William Hone that his servant, in 1824, presented his child with a beautifully mottled brown egg, and that this appearance had been imparted to it by being hard boiled within the coat of an onion. To some needy individuals the gift of a pace-egg would be a welcome addition to their dietary, but, as a rule, the lads and lasses valued them, not as articles of food, but as playthings, and rolling pace-eggs down hill is still one of the recognised amusements of childhood on Easter Monday at Preston and other places. At Blackburn the great point was to roll eggs against each other until they were broken. The word "pace" is of course derived from the name of the Paschal feast. The Christian festival and the Jewish *Pascha*, or Passover, were originally kept at the same time.

The name of "pace-egg" is also given to a species of rustic drama, once an invariable accompaniment of this season, and very popular in all parts of Cheshire and the adjoining counties. The construction was one that readily admitted of the interpolation of any new character that happened to come before the public. Thus, the spectators were treated to the somewhat anomalous appearance of Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, or any other popular hero, along with St. George of England and his redoubtable antagonist the Soldan of Babylon. Sometimes girls were

dressed up to enact male parts, whilst usually the "Bessy" —a very low comedy character—was undertaken by a youth. The "Fool," in addition to his other vocation, acted as a sort of master of the ceremonies, and in that capacity announced St. George in a lofty strain of appreciative names —some marking his valorous deeds—after which "enter Slasher," who is even more boastful than the patron saint, and, the two having fought, Slasher is wounded, but recovers by the care of a miraculous doctor. St. George next fights with the Black Prince of Paradine, whom he slays, and then the King of Egypt, the father of the dead Prince, brings forward Hector, who is also wounded. The Fool next challenges the Saint, and an appointment is made for a combat. They leave, and then the finale appears in the person of a diabolical personage, who firmly but respectfully remarks—

> Here come I, little Devil Doubt;
> If you do not give me money,
> I'll sweep you all out.
> Money I want, and money I crave:
> If you do not give me money,
> I'll sweep you to the grave.

The appeal for money was not made in vain, as the sweeping out demonstration was far too realistic to be pleasant. The libretto of the astounding drama of the "Pace Egg" appears to be some two centuries old, and many thousand copies of it have been sold as a chapbook from the press of a Manchester printer who dealt largely in such wares.

The clergy in the Middle Ages were frequent actors in

the performance both of miracle plays and mysteries, and it is possible that in St. George and Slasher we may have a degraded type of some mediæval drama intended to commemorate the heroic virtues of England's patron saint. Rude dialogues of this kind, plentifully interspersed with single combats, were common in many parts of England and Scotland. Several of them have been printed by different antiquaries, but they have not been collected or compared in detail.

Easter was one of the great seasons of the religious drama in the pre-Reformation period. Amongst the matters mentioned by the Commissioners of Henry VIII., as belonging to the Collegiate Church of Manchester, were "certain ornaments for the sepulchre." These were intended for use in the representation of the Easter Mysteries, in which the Resurrection was brought before the assembled people in a play wherein the actors were the priests and singing men of the church. In the Fylde of Lancashire the rustic drama was known as "Ignagning," a word of unknown meaning, which Thornber supposes to be *Ignis Agnae*, "a virgin and martyr who suffered at the stake about this time of the year."

Where the formal play was not acted it was still customary to have "Old Ball" or other Easter mummings. The young men were decorated with ribbons, and whatever could add to the supposed splendour of their appearance was lent by proud sisters, appreciative sweethearts, or indulgent parents. In the Fylde these youths were known as the "jolly boys." An important person in the crew was the old Tosspot, whose business it was to excite hilarity by his

fantastic fooling. "Old Ball" was supposed to be the representation of a horse. It was a rude hobby-horse, with a hideous head and jaws that could be moved about. The fantastic gambols of this weird figure not unfrequently excited terrified screams from the women and children. Sometimes the skull of a horse was procured and covered with calf-skin. In its ruder form, at all events, "Old Ball," though once well known in Swinton, Blackburn, Manchester, and elsewhere, has now disappeared.

"Lifting" survived until a few years ago. It was neither very pleasant nor particularly decent, and was retained as a means of annoyance or merely as a species of horse-play long after its original dogmatic significance was forgotten. In the year 1225 seven of the ladies of honour and other attendants of the Queen lifted King Edward I. whilst he was in bed on the morrow of Easter, and they extracted from him a gift of £14. An inhabitant, writing of Manchester in 1784, says:—"Lifting was originally designed to represent our Saviour's resurrection. The men lift the women on Easter Monday, and the women lift the men on Tuesday." The magistrates, he said, had in vain forbidden it by the bellman, "and the women have of late years converted it into a money job." Sometimes, and perhaps more commonly, the lifters joined hands across each other's wrists, and thus made a sort of throne on which was placed the person to be lifted. He was then elevated two or three times, and sometimes carried for a little distance. His descent was much less ceremonious. It will be seen that the high-born damsels of Eleanor of Castille in the thirteenth century,

and the plebeian girls of Manchester in the eighteenth century, with an equal eye to the main chance, saw the financial possibilities of the custom of lifting. Latterly, anyone by the payment of a small money fine escaped the indignity, but if this bribe were not forthcoming lifting proceeded, and the tormentors were not very particular as to the cleanliness of the ground on which the victim was finally desposited. Sometimes the lifting or heaving was done with the subject seated in a chair. The reward claimed from the girls was a kiss or a shilling. One or other form was common not only in Lancashire but in Cheshire, Shropshire, Warwickshire, &c. It is now universally discouraged, but occasionally re-appears. Thus the magistrates at Neston had a case before them at Easter of 1883, in which the old customs of lifting was in question. It would appear that on Easter Monday three men presented themselves at the house of the prosecutor, at Leswall, and told him that they had come to "lift" his wife. The prosecutor told the defendant to go away or he would kick him out, as he would not allow anyone to take such liberties. The defendant, by way of excuse, informed the bench that he was only endeavouring to carry out an old Cheshire custom. The men, he said, "lifted" the women on Easter Monday, and the women the men on Easter Tuesday. The magistrates replied that he had acted most improperly, and must apologise and pay the costs.

At Padiham and other parts of Whalley parish the game of the ring was common. A stick was used for tapping. The game of ring, usually without the stick, is, however,

a favourite amusement all over Cheshire and Lancashire at every holiday season. At Poulton fair, held on Easter Monday, the great ambition of the damsels was to show their power of endurance by long continuance at the dance.

> The dancing pair that simply sought renown
> By holding out to tire each other down

had many imitators, and the bystanders were not slow in showing their preferences, so that the lasses were encouraged by applauding voices. The humours of Knot Mill Fair will still be fresh in many memories. They formed no small part of the attractions of the season for the Cheshire and Lancashire folk of a past generation. After all, the chief glories of Easter Monday in old Manchester were the weddings at the Old Church, to which the candidates from various parts of Cheshire and Lancashire came in shoals. The wholesale marriage ceremony has often been described. The lads and lasses stood by dozens at a time, to be united in holy wedlock; nor was the admonition of the eccentric Joshua Brooks—that they should pair as they went out—a quite superfluous injunction in the confusion that sometimes ensued. It was perhaps by way of remembrance of that momentous event in their lives that the married ladies were in the habit of going to the communion on Easter Sunday in their wedding dresses. It was, however, regarded as essential to the good fortune of the year that each person should wear something new on Easter Sunday. The marriages at the Old Church are greatly reduced now, owing to the increased facilities afforded by the various churches in new parishes and the curtailment

of some of its old privileges. The Rev. Robert Lambe—the "Manchester Man" of *Fraser*—was once watching a wedding party at the Old Church. "Ay, but hoo's vast fou," (she is very plain) said a factory lass to her companion, pointing to the bride. "Hod thy din, wench," was the answer, "what's the odds? There never was a fou face but there was a fou fancy." This, as he points out, is the true Platonic theory that everything is double. A curious Easter Sunday belief is mentioned in the *Manchester City News* (31 March, 1881) by Mr. J. F. Robinson, who says:—"On Easter Sunday, when taking tea at a farmhouse at Alvanley, a lady remarked upon the fact that no rain had fallen during the day, and she regarded it as an excellent sign. So saying, she quoted the couplet—

> When rain falls on Easter Day
> We get no grass and little hay."

At Easter, the churches were in some instances decked with spring flowers, probably symbolical both of the physical and spiritual resurrection. But the ecclesiastical associations of Easter were not all of a pleasant nature. The freewill offerings made by the faithful in earlier ages acquired in time a coercive sanction, and "dues," "mortuaries," and other oblations were sometimes exacted in a manner that led to much bitterness. This was often the case where the right to levy these dues was leased, when the uttermost was likely to be exacted without mercy or consideration. The payment of Easter dues was an important feature of the season, at least for the ecclesiastics. The rolls for the parish of

Whalley in the years 1552 and 1553 have been printed. The jurisdiction of the convent extended over the Royal forests of Pendle, Trawden, Rossendale, Bowland, and Blackburnshire. The offences of the substraction of tithe, the withholding of Easter dues, and various other delinquencies were brought before a jury of laymen who were summoned from time to time. The Abbey had the dues from 1395, if not earlier, until the dissolution, when they became vested in the Crown. In 1688 Sir Ralph Assheton, who leased them, estimated their value at £120 yearly. In 1595 the Easter roll of Bolton produced £24 9s. 3½d. Thomas Battye, at the close of the last century, was in Manchester a vigorous opponent of Easter dues, which he declared to be illegal by the charter of the Collegiate Church. Some of the cases he narrates are sufficiently distressing, and argue a great want of charity in the person—a pawnbroker—who then farmed the tithes and oblations. A poor woman in Back Queen Street, who rented a garret at 9d. a week, was called upon for 5½d., and being in a distressed situation—having three small children, the youngest not a month old,—she pawned a gown for 1s. to pay him.

Archdeacon Rogers has left an interesting account of the Sheriff's breakfast at Chester in Easter week:—

"Being a most anchant custome there, on the said Monday in Ester weeke, the 2 sherifes of the cittie to shoote for a breakefast or dinner, of calves heads and bacon, the Mayor, Recorder, and Aldermen, takinge parte with on sherife or the other, and all other gent, yeomen, or good fellowes, that will there shoote on either side being chosen, doe shote

there 3 shootes, being bettered still by the winer's side; which 3 shootes being so wonne, they all take parte togeather of the same dinner or breakefast, the winner's side payeinge 11d. apeice, and the loser's side 4d. apeice, the originall whereof no man's memorie can remember. Of which anchant custome, the time being very fitting, the game being most lawfull, and the end being the comforte, societie, and recreation of the cittizens, it deserves not onlye greate praise and commendation, but also perpetuall continuance and manteynance."

The breakfast consisted chiefly of calves' head and bacon. The bacon was eaten in token of protest against Judaism. Another customary Easter dish was tansy made from the herb whose bitter properties were regarded as the fitting corrective of the fish diet then almost exclusively used in Lent. On Shrove Tuesday, and according to some on Easter Monday also, the Mayor of Chester, in great state, went to the Roodee, where the guild of shoemakers presented him with a ball, and then the game of football was entered upon with right good will. Nor were the ladies excluded from this somewhat unfeminine game. True they did not take part in the wilder sport on the Roodee, but they had a quieter game by themselves in another part of the city, and thereby hangs a good old love story. The Mayor's daughter was playing at ball in the Pepper-gate when her lover—no doubt a proper young man—made his appearance, and taking advantage of the detention of the city elders, carried off the young lady, whose resistance is not described as having been of a very strenuous character. When the angry father

heard of the elopement he ordered the Pepper-gate to be closed. This injunction is one of those touches of nature that make us all kin, and gave rise to the proverb, "When the daughter is stolen shut the pepper-gate." Football was a favourite game in Cheshire. In the fourteenth year of Edward II. John Budworth, a servant of the Abbot of Vale Royal, was killed "per fratres de Oldynton," and the murderers played football with his head. Archery was an important feature in the old-fashioned holidays, and long after shooting with the bow had ceased to be a matter of importance the memory of the bowmen of Lancashire and Cheshire remained as a tradition with their children.

At the Manchester Grammar School, Easter Monday was a festal day, and the school-room was decorated with banners and enlivened by merry strains from a band of music. The chief feature of the day was, however, what was called "artillery practice," which was really shooting with bows and arrows. The chief prize was a silver buckle; the second a dunghill cock. The procession from the school was headed by some of the clergy of the Collegiate Church, the masters of the school, and the churchwardens, and the contest was held in the vicinity of Tinker's Gardens, once a famous holiday resort, but now forgotten and unknown to the merry-makers of the present generation. On the return from the field of victory the younger boys were regaled with "furmity" at the Bull's Head, in the Market Place, whilst the same famous hostelry furnished more genteel though probably less nutritious "entertainment" to the elder boys and the official personages. This method of marking Easter

Monday is said to have been the work of the Rev. Jeremiah Smith, D.D.

At Preston, until the seventeenth century, the Corporation were expected to exercise a somewhat profuse hospitality. On August 26, 1612, they resolved upon a reform. The minute made on this occasion says that "heretofore of ancient tyme yt hath beene used and accustumed within this towne of Preston, that the Bailives thereof for the time being att the Feast of Easter yearlie, should to their greate and excessive charge, provide wine, beare, bread, cheese, ayle, and other bankettinge stuff and provisions, as well for the Maior of the said towne, and his brethren, the comon counsell of the same, and all other the burgesses for the time beinge, as also for all strangers, passengers, and neighbours repairing to the same towne, by reason whereof the concourse and assemblie of people att the same tymes did grow greater, very Turbulent, and unrulie." It was therefore ordained that in place of this miscellaneous festivity the bailiffs should jointly provide twenty marks for the payment of the schoolmaster. The example of the curtailment of municipal revels for the advancement of education is one that may still be commended to the notice of London, and, it may be, other corporations.

# THE CHESTER PLAYS.

The play's the thing.

SHAKSPERE.

IN the middle ages dramatic performances were often given on the Sunday. The church and the stage were in much closer union then than now, and the mystery and miracle plays were distinctly theological in their motive and teaching. Several collections of these dramas have come down to us. The performance of those played at Chester by the various trade companies usually began on Monday, and continued during the two following days of Whit-week. The mysteries were dramatic representations of scenes of Biblical history, or of matters intended to symbolise one or other mysteries of the Christian faith, whilst the miracle plays were founded on the legends of the wonder-working powers of the saints of the Church of Rome. The distinction between the two was not always very nicely observed. In their earlier and simpler form they were intended to impress religious ideas upon the minds of the monks, as they were performed in the open church, and

chiefly by the younger brethren. The dialogue was in Latin, but the chief points of the story were probably made intelligible by dumb show, and to that extent were capable of being understood and enjoyed by the lay folk who were allowed to witness the performance. The Englishman Hilarius, who was a disciple of Abelard, wrote in the twelfth century plays on the Raising of Lazarus, the History of St. Daniel, and the Miracle of St. Nicholas. As early as in the thirteenth century plays in the French vernacular occur, and in the next century we find that in England also it had been discovered that if anything were to be taught they must be spoken in a tongue that "was understanted of the common people." The performers were for the most part clerics, but in the fifteenth century laymen took part, and probably the greater share, in the representation. Chaucer, in describing Absolon, the parish clerk, tells us,

> Sometime to show his lightnesse and maistrie
> He plaieth Herod on a skaffold hie.

The last line points to a still further development of the *ludus*. The church was probably found to be inconvenient for such displays, alike for spectators and actors, and stages were erected for the purpose in the open air. Here in some green field, stretching by the side of a clear river, still unfouled by manufactures, the Thespians erected their scaffolds, or placed them upon carts, and constructed their sometimes elaborate arrangements for the separation of the scenes in heaven, earth, and hell. Amongst the payments

recorded at Coventry (Sharp, pp. 57, 73, 74) is that of 2d. "for mending the mouth of hell," and 5d. "for setting the world on fire." Amongst the stage properties at Coventry we find recorded a "girdle for God," a "seldall" or seat for God, which cost 12d., and a new "sudere" for God, bought for 7d. The latter was a *veronica* or handkerchief, upon which the portrait of Jesus was supposed to be imprinted by his bloody sweat. The faces of the performers were also disguised by masks and visors. The classical student will recall more than one analogy between these mediæval performances and the Thespian comedy of Greece.

The Chester plays belong to the later age of the mediæval drama, for although they were perhaps originally composed in the fourteenth century, they were not entirely discontinued until the commencement of the seventeenth century. The proclamation made by William Newall, "clarke of the Pendice," in 24 Hen. VIII., gives, in an argumentative form, the motives and justification of those who adopted this method of edifying the common people. "For as much as ould tyme, not only for the augmentation and increase of the body and catholik faith of our Saviour Jesu Christ, and to exort the mindes of comon people to good devotion and holsome doctrine thereof, but also for the comenwelth and prosperity of this citty, a play and declaration of divers storyes of the Bible, beginning with the creation and fall of Lucifer, and ending with the generall judgment of the world, to be declared and played in the Whitsome weeke, was devised and made by one Sr. Henry Frances, somtyme moonck of this monastrey disolved, who obtayning and gat

of Clemant, then bushop of Rome, a 1000 dayes of pardon, and of the bushop of Chester at that tyme 40 dayes of pardon, granted from thensforth to every person resorting, in peaceble maner with good devotion, to heare and see the sayd playes from tyme to tyme, as oft as they shall be played within the sayed citty (and that every person or persons disturbing the sayd playes in any maner wise to be accused by the authority of the sayd pope Clemant's bulls, untill such tyme as he or they be absolved thereof) which playes were divised to the honor of God by John Arnway, then maior of this citty of Chester, his bretheren, and whole cominalty thereof, to be brought forth, declared, and played, at the cost and charges of the craftsmen and occupations of the sayd citty, which hitherunto have from tyme to tyme used and performed the same accordingly.

"Wherfore Mr. maior, in the king's name, stratly chargeth and comandeth that every person and persons, of what estate, degree, or condition so ever he or they be resorting to the sayd playes, do use themselves peacible, without making any assault, affray, or other disturbance, wherby the same playes shall be disturbed, and that no maner of person or persons, which so ever he or they be, do use or weare any unlawfull weapons within the precinct of the sayd citty during the tyme of the sayd playes (not only upon payn of cursing by authority of the sayd Pope Clemant's bulls, but also) upon payne of enprisonment of their bodyes, and making fine to the king at Mr. maior's pleasure."

The selection of plays by the different trades must have been in many cases purely arbitrary, though occasionally

the eternal fitness of things is manifest in a quaint congruity. The tanners showed the Fall of Lucifer; the drapers the Creation and Murder of Abel; "the good symple water-leaders and drawers of Deey" told the story of the Flood; the barbers and wax-chandlers played the Sacrifice of Abraham; the cappers and linen drapers performed Balaam and his Asse, "and set it out lively;" the wrights had for topic the Legend of Octavian; the slaters exhibited the Birth of Christ; the painters and glaziers showed the Herald Angels appearing to the Shepherds; the vintners acted the part of the Wise Men of the East; the mercers showed the Babe in the Manger; the goldsmiths made "comely shewe" of the Slaughter of the Innocents; the smiths played Christ in the Temple; the butchers exhibited the story of the Temptation; the glovers had as subject the Raising of Lazarus; the corvisors showed the Entry of Christ into Jerusalem; the bakers set forth the Last Supper; to the fletchers, bowyers, coopers, stringers, and ironmongers was assigned the Representation of the Sufferings and Death of Jesus; to the cooks fell the Harrowing of Hell; the skinners performed the Resurrection; the saddlers and fusterers showed the Appearance at Emmaus; the tailors showed forth the mystery of the Ascension; the fishmongers had the pageant of the Holy Ghost to perform; after which the shearmen acted the Coming of Antichrist, whose overthrow was shown by the dyers and "hewsters," after which the weavers came on in the last scene of all the world's history, when good and bad alike should come to Doomsday.

These plays, it will be seen, present a sort of compendium

of the theological ideas then in vogue. How intensely anthropomorphic were the ideas entertained of the Deity in the middle ages can only be realised by the scenes in which the actor, assuming the character of God, rehearsing the works of the six days, says :—

> Tomorrow the seventhe day I will solempe,
> And of worke take my reste,

and proceeding to where Adam is supposed to have been created, and leading him, amidst the playing of the minstrels, into Paradise and to the tree of knowledge.

The purists of to-day are accustomed, and not always without reason, to lament the scanty dresses of the ballet, but what would they say to a "stage direction" like this? "Then Adam and Eve shall stande nakede and shall not be ashamed." Mr. Wright was inclined to think that this is "merely figurative," but there is no ground in the text for his charitable view. One of the incidents in the sixth play is even coarser. The language of the mothers of the Innocents slaughtered by the knights of Herod would now be thought vulgar in the lowest slum. The ranting speeches of the king gave rise to Shakspere's phrase of one who "outherods Herod." There are other indications of the coarse manners of the times, when the comic element in the dramas had to be supplied by rude pictures of domestic strife, or by grotesque *diablerie.* The wife of Noah figures as a comic "old woman;" she flouts her husband; joins in singing a "good gossip's song" with her neighbours; will not enter the ark until she has drunk a quart of "Malmsine,

good, and strong," and administers a blow on Noah's "nut" as soon as she is in the ship of refuge. In the history of Abraham the post of Chorus is occupied by an "expositor equitando," who explains to the "unlearned standing hereby" the significance of the scene. This function is sometimes discharged by a "godly doctor." The shepherds make a coöperative supper, consisting of new-baked bread, onions, garlic, leeks, butter that was "bought in Blackon," green cheese, Halton ale, hot meat, "a jannacke of Lancastershire," a sheep's head "sawsed in ale," a "grayne to laye on the greene," sour milk, "a gigges foote from puddinge purye," and other ingredients, making a *menu* not to have been expected on the green hill side, away from house and home. This scene, with its homely supper and stiff wrestling bout, must have been one of the earliest attempts at a realistic presentation of English common life. In the "harrowing of hell" the popular sentiment as to drunkenness is expressed by a "dear darling" of Satan, a woman who has been "of wyne and ale a trustie brewer."

> Mysspendynge
> moche maulte brewinge so theyne
> Selling small cuppes moneye to wyn.

It is curious to hear her accusing her master, "mighty Mahounde," of complicity in the dilution and adulteration of ale. Mahomet had another method of dealing with the troublesome problem of intemperance. It is probably an insular prejudice that causes the lady to denounce "newe made clarytte" as a cause of sickness and disease. The

lady's evil deeds win her the commendation of Satan, and an offer of marriage from the second demon, who says :—

> Welckome, dear ladye, I shall thee wedd,
> For manye a heavye and droncken head,
> Cause of thy ale were broughte to bead,
> Farre worse than anye beaste.

There is a certain rough vigour in the portrayal of the day of judgment, with the embodiment therein of the pope, the emperor, the king, the justice, and the merchant condemned to the fires of the hell. It must have required some courage on the part of the monastic dramatist to place a sovereign pontiff of Christendom amongst those who were suffering—and eternally—the penal fires. Mr. Ruskin's disciples may notice that one of the merchant's offences is thus described :—

> Occure [usary] I used wilfullye,
> Wanne I never so moche theirby.

In 1529 there was played at Chester a play founded on the story of King Robert of Sicily. In 1577 the Shepherds' Play was performed at the High Cross, and other triumphs at the Roodee, before the Earl of Derby and Lord Strange. In 1589 the play was the life of King Ebranke, an early British king, who is fabled to have had twenty wives, twenty sons, and thirty daughters.

On the Sunday after Midsummer, in the year 1563, the play of "Robert Cicell" was played at the High Cross, and on the corresponding festival in 1564 the story of Æneas and Dido was played on the Roodee, with much spectacular

display. ("Chester's Triumph," Chetham Soc. iii., p. vi., vii.) Sir Lawrence Smith was mayor in 1558, 1563, and 1570, and there is still extant an agreement between him and two artists who covenanted to paint and have in readiness, with all the furniture thereto belonging, "four gyants, one unicorne, one dromedarye, one luce, one camell, one asse, one dragon, six hobbye horses, and sixteen naked boys, and the same being in readiness, shall bear or carry, or cause to be borne and carried during the Watche" on St. John's Eve, &c. (Sharp, p. 204.) The giants appear to have been enormous figures made of hoops, deal boards, nails, pasteboard, and similar materials, fastened together partly by nails and partly by paste, in which it was necessary to put arsenic, to prevent the giants from being eaten by rats! The figures were covered with cloth, buckram, &c., and decorated with tinsel, gold and silver leaf, and similar ornaments. Archdeacon Rogers has left the following description of a performance, which took place in 1595. "The time of the yeare they were played was on Monday, Tuesday, and Wensedaye in Whitson weeke. The maner of these weare every company had his pajiant or parte, which pajiants weare a high scafolde with 2 rowmes, a higher and a lower, upon four wheeles. In the lower they apparelled them selves, and in the higher rowme they played, beinge all open on the tope, that all behoulders mighte heare and see them. The places where they played then was in every streete. They began first at the abay gates, and when the firste pajiante was played, it was wheeled to the highe crosse before the mayor, and so to every streete; and soe every

streete had a pajiant playinge before them at one time, till all the pajiantes for the day appoynted were played; and when one pajiant was neere ended, worde was broughte from streete to streete, that soe the mighte come in place thereof, excedinge orderlye, and all the streetes have theire pajiantes afore them all at one time playeinge togeather; to se which playes was greate resorte, and also scafoldes and stages made in the streetes in those places where they determined to play theire pajiantes."

In 1599 the Mayor of Chester, being "a godly and zealous man," broke the civic monsters that they could "not goe." They were set out again in 1601, but suffered sad eclipse in the civil war period. With the Restoration they were revived, but finally abolished in 1678.

## SUNDAY OBSERVANCE IN CHESHIRE.

. . . And you, when you have spent one day in idleness, think you have discharged the duties of religion.

JUSTIN MARTYR. *Dialogue with Trypho.*

THE performance of the mystery and miracle plays on the Sunday was not the only instance of dramatic performances on the first day of the week. Plays were not only acted in the theatres of London, but companies of actors went forth into the country, and performed at the great houses of the gentry for the entertainment of the host and guests. The first royal license was to the Globe Theatre, on the Bankside, in 1574, the actors being under the protection of the Earl of Leicester, and bearing his name. Other noblemen gave permission to these small itinerant guilds to wear their badge. The accounts of the Shuttleworths of Gawthorp, contain entries of gratuities paid to players and wandering minstrels between 1586 and 1617. There were players from Nantwich, Chester, &c. The piper of Padiham, the musicians of Chester, the waits of Halifax, are also mentioned as receiving gratuities. In the early

history of the drama the plays appear to have been acted upon Sundays only; after 1579 "they were acted on Sundays and other days indiscriminately."

Thomas Newton, of Chester, in a treatise touching dice play and profane gaming, remarks :—"Augustine forbiddeth us to bestowe any money for the seeing of stage plays and enterludes, or to give any thing unto players therein; and yet these kind of persons doe, after a sorte, let out their labour unto us, and their industrie many times is laudable."

Mr. John Bruen, of Bruen Stapleford, was a typical Puritan. Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Done and his wife were placed by her father as boarders with Bruen, whose house seems to have been a Protestant monastery. Young Done and his bride did not relish the dulness of the Bruen Stapleford Sunday, whereupon the Bruens "did conspire to do him good;" and ten of the family—the host being the last—enlarged upon the sanctification of the Lord's day. This must have been as terrible as the fate which Sidney Smith described as being talked to death by wild curates. Another of Bruen's guests was his cousin Dutton, "who being pressed and charged," says Bruen, "by some of great place to maintain his royalty of minstrelsy for piping and dancing on the Sabbath day,—my minister, my selfe, and my family were against it." They prevailed upon him to have the Sunday omitted. Done entertained King James in 1617, and was knighted by him. Mr. Bruen had a great horror of wakes and rushbearings; and to counteract "all riot and excesse of eating and drinking, dalliance and dancing, sporting and gaming, and other abominable im-

pieties and idolatries," was in the habit of inviting the best affected preachers in the diocese, who spent the greater part of the three days of Tarvin wakes in preaching, "so as the pipers, and fiddlers, and bearwards, and players, and gamesters had no time left them for their varieties."

Sir William Brereton, when travelling in Holland, entered Amsterdam on Whitsunday afternoon, 1634-5, and observes: "Here is little respect had to the sanctity of the Sabbath: the young children girls walked all the Sabbath in the afternoon with cups or tuns in their hands; they were about five or six years of age; other elder, about ten and thirteen and fourteen years of age, guided these little ones, and sung, screaming and squeaking and straining their voices. Such as they met gave them money, which they put into the cups, which was intended to buy a wassail-cup or carouse: this they continued all Monday."

Amongst the ejected ministers was Sabbath Clark, Minister of Tarvin in Cheshire. Dr. Cosin, at a visitation held at Warrington in 1643, had him "rebaptized, took's marke and call'd him Saturday." (Bardsley: "Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature," p. 180.) In 1634 Edward Burghal, Puritan Vicar of Acton, notes that a woman in Chester, "going upon the walls to get plums on the Lord's day fell down and broke her neck."

Samuel Clarke, in his "Mirror for Saints," says, "When I lived in *Cheshire* there was one Sir *T. S.*, a Paptist, and at that time in favour in the Court, who, coming into his Country, was much feasted and followed by the Gentry, and upon a Sabbath day was entertained and feasted at a

Knight's house, where many others were present: Towards evening they went to dancing, and in the middest of their sports there was one Sir *J. D.* that had a great blow given him on his leg, whereupon he quarrelled with another Knight for striking him on the leg with a joint stool: but the Knight denied it, and the others that were present testified that nobody struck him: but the blow given by an invisible hand made him lame for some time after. Not many years before, at a village in *Tarvin* Parish, in *Cheshire*, there fell out a great and sudden tempest of thunder and lightning: In which the bolt fell upon the chimney of an house in the said Town, there being an old man sitting in the chimney corner, and the woman of the house, with a child on her lap, sitting before the fire, and a dog sleeping at her feet: with the violent motion of the bolt the old man's head was so knocked against the wall that he fell into a swoon: the dog at the woman's feet was stricken dead: But to my remembrance neither woman nor child had any hurt, and the old man after a while recovered again: The bolt also breaking through the chimney strake a broad axe out of a Carpenter's hand that was squaring a piece of timber in the yard, yet hurt not the man: upon which mercifull deliverance the people kept an anniversary of Thanksgiving upon the same day for many years after: at which Master *John Bruen*, of *Bruen-Stapleford*, being their neighbour, used to be present." ("Mirror," pp. 501, 572.)

To Adam Martindale, when at Rostherne, fell the duty of seeing the execution of a stringent Lord's Day Act, made

in 1656. As there was a penalty of five pounds for any neglect to enforce their ordinance, worldly wisdom seconded puritanical rigour. One, whose name is not mentioned, did some action, not named, which Martindale thought to be within the meaning of the statute. The offender, when expostulated with, "roundly" retorted by a slanderous statement, that his Puritan reprover had robbed the poor box! This is probably a fair specimen of the difficulties that would occur in the carrying out of the law. ("Autobiography of Martindale," Chetham Soc., p. 123.) In the Sunday controversy, which now raged for several years, John Ley, pastor of Great Budworth, in Cheshire, took no unworthy part, presenting the Puritan view with candour and ability. He had the advice of Archbishop Usher in the compilation of his work, entitled "Sunday a Sabbath," published in 1641.

The Quakers had no special reverence for the first day of the week. On the 9th June, 1634, two Quakers came into the church at Acton, with a lantern and candles, whilst the Puritan vicar was preaching. Their design was to light the sheet of paper as a sign of God's anger burning against the nation. (Barlow's "Cheshire," p. 188.)

It was by the zeal of Beilby Porteous, then Bishop of Chester, that the celebrated Lord's Day Act of 1781 was passed. It did not arise out of the circumstances of his great diocese in Lancashire and Cheshire, but from a desire to free London of some novel institutions, which to the episcopal mind appeared alarming. Several meeting-places had been opened in the metropolis, where theological and

moral questions were open for debate by the company assembled. Admission was obtained by payment at the door, and very probably a good deal of nonsense was spouted at these Sunday debating societies; but it has never been shown that they had the slightest injurious tendency. An attempt to have put them down would probably have been unsuccessful if the bishop had not hit upon the device—more ingenious than candid—of coupling them with an institution of a very different character. This was the Carlisle House Promenade, which was also open on Sunday evenings, — nominally for refreshments, walking about, and conversation—but really as a gathering ground for improper persons of both sexes. This clever episcopal device was successful, and notwithstanding opposition in both Houses of Parliament, all places used for "public entertainment or amusement, or for publicly debating upon any subject whatsoever upon any part of the Lord's Day called Sunday, and to which persons shall be admitted by payment of money, or by tickets sold for money, shall be deemed a disorderly house or place. The keeper was subject to a fine of £200 for every day it was open, the managers to a penalty of £100, and the doorkeepers to a mulct of £50. The chief opponents of this stupid piece of legislation were John Wilkes and the Duke of Manchester. It is still on the statute book, and, though generally a dead letter, is occasionally revived for the hindrance of some educational institution. Porteous, in a sermon preached before the king, lamented the existence of gaming houses visited on the Sunday, the "numerous and splendid

assemblies" on that day in the mansions of the aristocracy, and the "pernicious amusements" admitted even into private families. He lacked the courage and honesty to attack the excesses of the rich, but was valiant enough against what he styled "strange extravagances in the lower classes of the people." It is only just to Porteous to say, that if he did not, with equal-handed justice, invoke the law against the rich as well as the poor, he expostulated with them on the profanation of the day. In 1805, when Bishop of London, he wrote letters of expostulation to three ladies of rank who had given musical entertainments on the evening of the first day. A lady at Bath, who used to give Sunday Concerts, one evening put off her entertainment because Sunday happened to fall on the 30th January—she was too genteel to regard the breach of the Lord's Day; but she could not think of being deficient in respect to the State Fast. ("Account of the English Stage," p. 549.)

The excesses of the French Revolution produced a great impression in England, and the abrogation of the Sunday gave a handle to the Sabbatarians, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. Southey has pointed out the curious fact that William Tindal, the translator of the Bible, had written these words:—"As for the Sabbath, we be lords of the Sabbath, and may yet change it into Monday, or any other day as we see need; or we make every tenth day holy day only, if we see cause why." Thus the French National Convention, who substituted a tenth for a seventh day of rest, might have quoted a precedent in the words of a founder of the English reformed church.

# EARLY REFERENCES TO THE JEWS IN CHESHIRE.

Well versed was he in Hebrew books,
Talmud and Targum and the lore
Of Kabala; and evermore
There was a mystery in his looks;
His eyes seemed gazing far away,
As if in vision or in trance
He heard the solemn sackbut play,
And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

LONGFELLOW. *Tales of a Wayside Inn.*

THE early references to the Jews in Cheshire are very scanty. There does not appear to have been a permanent colony of them in Chester as there was at York, but, doubtless, before 1290, the date of their supposed banishment from the kingdom, there would be a few in the district. There is a curious anecdote in Giraldus Cambrensis relating to the locality:—"In our time," he says, "a certain Jew, having the honour to travel towards Shrewsbury, in company with Richard Peché, (Sin) Archdeacon of Malpas, (Bad-Steps) in Cheshire; and a reverend dean, whose name was Deville: amongst other discourse,

which they condescended to entertain him with, the archdeacon told him that his jurisdiction was so large as to reach from a place called Ill-street, all along till they came to Malpas, and took in a very wide circumference of the country. To which, being more witty than wise, he immediately replied, "Say you so, sir? God grant me then a good deliverance! for it seems I am riding in a country where Sin is the Archbishop, and the Devil himself the dean; where the entrance into the arch-deanery is Ill-street, and the going forth from it Bad-Steps: alluding to the French words, Peché and Mal-pas." ("Itineracy of Abp. Baldwin in 1283.")

Henry III. began his reign with an indulgence to the Jews. The Earl of Pembroke, who was guardian during the king's minority, issued orders for the liberation of all imprisoned Jews, and, in the succeeding year, it was directed that in all the towns where the Jews chiefly resided, twenty-four burgesses should be elected for the especial purpose of protecting their interests, and securing their safety; a measure which very significantly intimates the danger of the objects, whose necessities demanded that they should be thus defended. In the writs sent for this purpose to the respective sheriffs the *pilgrims to Jerusalem* are mentioned by name, as a class whose insults are to be particularly guarded against: for it seems these meritorious individuals conceived they had a right to pay themselves the expenses of so long and arduous a journey out of the funds of the obnoxious Jews; to whose ancient land they were proceeding, and whose ancestors had originally been the cause of

pilgrimage. One of these Cheshire pilgrims was Thomas of Budworth, who executed a legal document that is still in existence. In this, Thomas, son of William, "*Cruce signati*," of Budworth, co. Chester, quit claims all his land in Buddeworth, with appurtenances, to Geoffrey, son of Geoffrey de Dutton, lord of Buddeworth. The witnesses to this deed are Sir (dño) Reginald de Grey, then justiciary of Chester, Sir (dño) Thomas de Orreby, Sir (dño) Richard de Wyb'-than, then Sheriff of Cheshire, Sir (dño) Geoffrey de Chedle, Geoffrey de Burñ, Robert de Hoxley', Alan de Li'me, Peter the clerk of the same, and many other persons. Of these persons Reginald de Grey was Justice of Chester from 1270 to 1273, and from 1282 to 1300, and Richard Wilbraham was sheriff of Cheshire in 1270 and 1271, which thus give 1271 as the date of this interesting Charter.

An earlier crusader was Randle Blundeville, who made the voyage to Jerusalem in 1218, but before going granted a charter in which he styles himself Ranulfus Comes Cestriae, and continues "Sciatis me Cruce Signatum." These deeds have been annotated by Mr. J. P. Earwaker, F.S.A. (*Manchester Quarterly*, ii. 180.) In the time of Henry III. a certain Robert Salemon had the vill of Withington, in East Cheshire, and he granted half of it with his daughter Mary on her marrying Roger, son of Vivian de Davenport. This charter is not dated. The seal to it was a rude cross fleury, and the inscription "Sigillum Robti Salemonis" or Salomonis. It is probable from his name that he was a Jew, but there is no other evidence. It is usually supposed that between 1290 and the Commonwealth, or later, there

were no Jews in the kingdom. That there were no casual visitors seems very improbable. Dr. S. R. Gardiner has pointed out a curious passage in a despatch of Agostini, the Venetian agent in England, of March $\frac{3}{12}$, 1643. He says that many persons in London having refused to pay the parliamentary taxation, their goods were seized, but when these were put up for sale purchasers could not be found, as those who had money to spend were afraid lest its production should call attention to their possession of it, so as to draw down on them fresh taxation. Accordingly the writer says :—"Si è per ciò trovato espediente di far venire alcuni Hebrei da Amsterdam, i quali vanne provedendo di denaro et estrahendo la mercantia a parte a parte." (*Academy*, March 4th, 1882.)

The late Mr. Richard Simpson included Jack Drum's Entertainment in his "School of Shakspere" (London, 1878, vol. ii.), which was not printed until the death of its lamented author, and in a note Mr. J. W. M. Gibbs argues that the character of Mamon was intended for a Jew. Jack Drum says of this extortionate personage :—

Let the Iebusite depart in peace.

On this Mr. Gibbs remarks, "By Jebusite, or native of Jerusalem, Jack Drum makes Mamon a Jew," and he strengthens his position by a further reference to another speech of Jack's :—

"I, for any Christian, but for a yawning Vsurer, 'tis but a bit," and to the three facts that Mamon lends at thirty in the hundred, is endowed "with a great nose," and in the treatment he gets at the hands of the dramatist bears some

resemblance to the "Merchant of Venice." An allusion to a wealthy Jew wooing the daughter of a City Knight in 1600 or 1616 would be an interesting addition to the scanty references we have on this subject. There is a speech of Mamon's later on that prevents us from accepting it as such. When he has had his bonds destroyed, and hears of the loss of his ships he cries "Villaines, Rogues, Iewes, Turkes, Infidels! My nose will rot off with griefe! O the Gowt, the Gowt, the Gowt! I shall runne mad, runne mad, runne mad!" ("School of Shakspere," ii. 181.)

There is one of the Cheshire place names that is strongly suggestive of the former presence of the Jews, though it may possibly be due to some fantastic transformation of a very different designation, or may be poetic fancy of quite modern days. The legend of "The Synagogue Well" has been told in some elegant verses by the late Mr. James Crossley, F.S.A., with which this note may fittingly end.

THE SYNAGOGUE WELL.

The Roman in his toilsome march,
Disdainful viewed this humble spot,
And thought not of Egeria's fount,
And Numa's grot.

No altar crowned the margin green,
No dedication marked the stone,
The warrior quaffed the living stream,
And hastened on.

Then was upreared the Norman keep,
Where from the vale the uplands swell,
But unobserved, in crystal jets,
The waters fell.

In conquering Edward's reign of pride,
Gay streamed his flag from Frodsham's tower,
And saw no step approach the wild
And sylvan bower.

Till once when Mersey's silvery tides
Were reddening with the beams of morn,
There stood beside the fountain clear
A man forlorn.

And as his weary limbs he laid
In its cool waters, you might trace
That he was of the wandering tribe
Of Israel's race.

With pious care to guard the spring
A masonry compact he made,
And all around its glistening verge
Fresh flowers he laid.

"God of my fathers!" he exclaimed,
"Beheld of old in Horeb's mount,
Who gav'st my sires Bethesda's pool
And Siloa's fount;

Whose welcome streams, as erst of yore,
To Judah pilgrims never fail,
Though exiled far from Jordan's banks
And Kedron's vale,

Grant that when yonder frowning walls,
With tower and keep, are crushed and gone,
The stones the Hebrew raised may last,
And from his well the strengthening spring
May still flow on."

# DR. MOFFAT AS A CHESHIRE GARDENER.

With reverent feet the earth he trod,
Nor banished Nature from his plan,
But studied still with deep research
To build the Universal Church,
Lofty as is the love of God,
And ample as the wants of man.

LONGFELLOW. *Tales of the Wayside Inn.*

THE announcement of the death of the venerable Dr. Moffat would not recall to the younger generation that sense of awe and wonder that clung in past years to the name of "Moffat the missionary," whose labours amongst the Bechuanas made him something of a hero nearly forty years ago. Dr. Moffat died at Leigh Kent, at half-past seven on Thursday evening, August 7th, 1883, after an illness which, though of a month's duration, had not prevented him from taking outdoor exercise during the previous week.

Robert Moffat was born at Inverkeithing, N.B., in 1795, but in his youth he was employed in the gardens at High Leigh. The story of the Cheshire period of his life is told

by a writer in the *Warrington Guardian*, who says, "Coming from Scotland about 1813, an educated working gardener, he found employment with the then family of High Leigh, and they were so charmed with the ability and attention of their young servant that they built him a cottage, young and unmarried as he was. He soon became a general favourite with all the household, and even at this long distance he is remembered for his efforts to make their evenings happy. About 1814, on visiting Warrington for such shopping as he needed, he observed a placard on the walls announcing a mission meeting. He stood and read it and re-read, he said, in telling the story to the present writer, until he was ashamed, for the meeting had been held three weeks before. He did his shopping, returned and read the placard, and commenced his walk of eight miles to High Leigh. On the way his mother's talk about missions and missionaries came vividly to his mind, and by the time he arrived at home he determined to be a missionary. He left High Leigh and was received into a missionary college at Manchester, then under Dr. Roby, working part of the day with his future father-in-law, who had nursery gardens near. In due time he was accepted at the missionary college at Gosport, and about 1816 he and the well-known John Williams, the "martyr of Erromanga," were solemnly set apart for the mission work, but not allowed to go to the same country, because, said the then well-known Dr. Waugh, "they are but laddies."

He was one of nine who were sent out in 1816 to convert the heathen of Africa and Polynesia. There was a meeting

of the London Missionary Society at the Surrey Chapel—a solemn dedication of the men to the difficult task they had undertaken. They were questioned in the face of the congregation as to their beliefs and intentions, and, after satisfactory answers, John Angell James, then at the height of his great Evangelical fame, presented each of them with a Bible. The youngest of the group of nine was John Williams, a man of pure but narrow piety, whose tragic death made him the martyr of Erromanga, and gave him a place in the annals of Samoa.

Moffat's sphere of action was in Namaqualand, and afterwards in the country of the Bechuanas. It was amongst these wild people that he spent his life, and there are few narratives more interesting than the story of his work there. This he has partly told in his "History of Missionary Labours in South Africa," which appeared as long ago as 1842. The Bechuanas were an ingenious race, being especially skilful in dressing skins, and showing some artistic taste in the manner of adorning their weapons and utensils. Their moral code was not highly developed, and their notions of the rights of property, especially when belonging to missionaries, were somewhat crude. Once some of the natives stole a cast-iron pot, which was warm and cracked in consequence of falling upon a stone. They resolved to break it up, and make it into knives and spears. When the hue and cry was over they took it to a native smith, who had provided a stock of charcoal. "The native Vulcan, unacquainted with cast iron, having, with his small bellows, one in each hand, produced a good heat, drew a piece from

the fire. To his utter amazement it flew into pieces at the first stroke of his little hammer." The repetition of this occurrence led to the conclusion that the iron pot had been bewitched. Like the Namaquas, the Bechuanas had little regard for human life, and the aged, the wounded, and the infirm were carried out of the camp, and left to live or die as it might happen. They had, however, good qualities; were industrious, persevering, and had a certain talent for the arts of peace. Their form of government is monarchical, but they have a sort of parliament or great council in which everything and everybody, including the King himself, are very freely criticised. Moffat has drawn a vivid picture of these primitive constitutional assemblies. "There is but little cheering," he says, "and still less hissing, while every speaker fearlessly states his own sentiments. The audience is seated on the ground, each man having before him his shield, to which is attached a number of spears. A quiver containing poisoned arrows is hung from the shoulders, and a battle axe is held in the right hand. Many were adorned with tiger skins and tails, and had plumes of feathers on their head. In the centre a sufficient space was left for the privileged—those who had killed an enemy in battle—to dance and sing, in which they exhibited the most violent and fantastic gestures conceivable, which drew from the spectators the most frantic applause." Silence was commanded to each tribe separately, and the King having introduced the business, exhorted each one to speak his mind. When they had done this with great freedom the King replied, urging them to war, and ending with an admonition

to the women: "Prevent not the warrior from going out to battle by your cunning insinuations. No; rouse the warrior to glory, and he will return with honourable scars, fresh marks of valour will cover his thighs, and we shall then renew the war song, and dance and relate the story of our conquest." This speech suited the temper of the Bechuana Chauvins, and the air was filled with the applause of those who regarded it as a model of patriotic kingcraft.

Dr. Moffat reduced the dialect of these tribes to a written language. His first effort was with the Gospel of St. Luke in the Sitlapi, a western idiom of the Bechuana tongue. This appeared at Cape Town in 1831, and the printing of it was personally superintended by the missionary translator. His next effort was a selection from the Scriptures arranged under the headings of doctrines, miracles, history, &c. A large edition was printed of this, and it remained for many years the chief school book. In 1841 the British and Foreign Bible Society printed Moffat's version of the New Testament and Psalms. No less than 5,050 copies of this version were printed. The preparation of this work necessitated a visit in 1837 to this country, which he had not seen since 1816. The visit was utilised by a series of addresses, in which the adventurous life of the African missionaries was displayed in a manner that excited vivid interest. It was one of Moffat's addresses that gave the weaver lad Livingstone the impulse that sent him out as a pioneer of Christianity. During this visit, amongst many other places, he re-visited Warrington. The "Farewell Services," which marked his departure from England, form

an interesting contribution to missionary literature. Not content with anything but the complete fulfilment of his work Moffat laboured at a Bechuana version of the remainder of the Old Testament, portions being printed from time to time at the Kuruman Mission Press. It was completed in 1867, when the entire Bible was made available for those of the Bechuanas who could read. Naturally, in this translation, the English authorised version was chiefly used, but it varies in some particulars, chiefly where Moffat had preferred the readings to be found in the Dutch version. It may be asked, What has been the result of this dissemination of the Bible? Moffat, even when only the imperfect version of Luke was available, had no doubts, and said, "I know *that* Gospel of Luke has been the means of leading many a wanderer to the fold of God."

Robert Moffat's daughter was the heroic wife of another famous Scotch missionary and traveller, Dr. David Livingstone, whose career was even more remarkable than that of his father-in-law. Dr. Moffat's missionary labours ended in 1870, when he returned to his native land. In 1873 the sum of £5,300 was presented to him in recognition of his South African services, and as a means of providing for his old age. In the following year he came to Warrington again, and stayed with Dr. Mackie, of the *Warrington Guardian*. He went to see the old cottage at High Leigh, saying, as the tears rolled down his face, "It was here the Lord revealed himself to my soul five and fifty years ago." Amongst the distinguished men who were his friends was the late Dean Stanley, at whose request he gave an address,

30th November, 1875, in the nave of Westminster Abbey, on the subject of African Missions. He apologised, in beginning, for any possible rustiness in his English, on the ground that for the last 50 years he had spoken little else than the language of the Bechuanas. His old age was passed in the peaceful retirement earned by a life-time of arduous labour, and sweetened by the love and affection of those who know and valued the courage and sincerity of the venerable missionary who had taken the light of Christian civilisation into the dark places of the dark continent.

# JOSEPH MOWBRAY HAWCROFT.
## IN MEMORIAM.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough.

MARLOWE. *Faustus.*

IT is difficult at all times for the hand of friendship to hold the critical balance with rigid severity, and, perhaps, most difficult of all to do so when the life under review is one that has run out so quickly that the consideration of that which "might have been" must have a large share even in the coldest judgment. Mr. Joseph Mowbray Hawcroft died at the age of thirty-six, and I who write cannot pretend to be uninfluenced in what I may say by the friendship that subsisted between us for more than twenty years, and by the ties of sympathy that bound us together during the whole period of his literary career.

Mr. Joseph Hawcroft, although in the later years of his life resided at Heaviley near Stockport, and other parts of Cheshire, was born at No. 22, Cheapside, Barnsley, on the

11th day of January, 1845, and was the eldest of nine brothers, of whom only one survived him. It was only on the death of one of these that he began to use the second name of Mowbray. In later years he frequently adopted the signature of Dalton Mowbray in his contributions to periodical literature. He was the son of Mr. Joseph Hawcroft, and of Mary, his wife, and grandson of the late Mr. Richard Mowbray, of Aldham, near Barnsley. He was educated at the Church Field Academy, then under the care of Mr. George Senior, and received the ordinary elements of an English commercial education. In his fifteenth year he was taken to Manchester, where he became an apprentice in the warehouse of Mr. John Bowden, afterwards Messrs. Kay, Lockyer, and Co., of Fountain-street. He was introduced to the firm by Mr. Clegg, of Patricroft, who took a kindly interest in the son of an old friend thus brought into the solitude of a great city. He found him suitable lodgings, and introduced him to Mr. J. C. Jones, the superintendent of Cavendish Sunday School. The business was afterwards transferred to Mr. Adolph Schwabe, and again to Messrs. Ramsbottom, Hopwood, and Co. In this house he continued until 1874, when there occurred a break in his commercial career. Some private speculations into which he had entered about this time also turned out unsuccessful, and caused him considerable trouble and embarrassment. In 1875 he entered the service of Messrs. Abel Heywood and Son, publishers, of Manchester, where he found a channel for the literary and commercial ability which he certainly possessed. His health, never strong, was

for the last six or seven years of his life very indifferent, and frequent journeys, in which he saw much beautiful scenery in England and France, did not appear to improve it. It was painfully evident that he was a doomed man, and his social qualities and conversational ability sometimes tempted him to jovial company and late hours, and formed a greater tax upon his energies than his strength could safely bear. His temperament was not equable. Sometimes the racking cough and other physical ills could not restrain exuberant spirits and conversational felicities, but at others it was painfully evident that the Horatian spectre—the black care which rides even behind the horseman—weighed heavily upon him. His mood, however, changed very quickly, and a trifling circumstance would be sufficient to recall him from his prison house of gloom back into the bright sunshine. There can be no doubt that the severity of the winter of 1880 greatly taxed his decreasing strength, and the disease which preyed upon his liver gained greater and greater power. In the following April he was advised by his friendly doctor that the end could not be far off, and warned against the peril of a long journey. He had, however, conceived the hope that a sojourn at Barmouth would help him to a renewal of strength, and so, in spite of the medical presage, he proceeded to that place, which was one of his favourite localities. But the hand of death was on him. He went to Barmouth on the fourth of May, 1881; on the sixth he burst a blood vessel and lost consciousness, and died on the seventh.

Such may seem a brief and uneventful personal history, and yet it had in it many lights of good and evil fortune, of

the hope of endeavour and the bitterness of failure. *Dum vivam vivamus* is capable of many interpretations, and into these years which fell short of two score were crowded the passion and fervour, the despair, sorrow, affection, and disease of more than half a century.

It is as a writer only that Mr. Hawcroft claims this memorial tribute, and unfortunately for his reputation his verses and essays lie buried, without an epitaph, in the huge grave of periodical literature. When he began to write it would be difficult to say, but his first verses were printed when he was seventeen. They were some lines on the "Advent of Spring," and were sent to the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., now of the City Temple, London, for insertion in a small magazine printed in connection with Cavendish Chapel, Manchester. Dr. Parker at once recognised their quality and the promise they gave of future excellence, and delighted the young poet by a kindly letter of judicious and encouraging praise.

In his nineteenth and twentieth year he was contributing verse of high quality to *Once a Week* and others of the best known periodicals of that day. One of his earliest poems was "In the Beck" (29th Oct., 1864), which furnished the theme of a charming drawing by Mr. R. T. Pritchett. The "Mill Stream" (23rd Feb., 1867) was illustrated by Mr. E. M. Wimpriss, and "At the Gate" (19th May, 1866) was the subject of one of Mr. Robert Bruce Wallace's well-defined pictures. It would be a needless task to chronicle his many appearances in print. His articles in *Once a Week* stretch over a period of at least seven years. Many of them were anonymous. Thus, in taking down some of the old volumes

we chance on "Janet, a North Country Idyll" (July 16th, 1870). There is no signature to this pathetic and tragic story, yet there is on it the absolute impress of his individuality, and we know it to be his.

In the early flush of the poetical enthusiasm that thus found expression he became a member, or rather was one of the founders of a small literary and artistic coterie known as the Manchester Crichton Club. It was formed of a group of young men of more than average ability, who have since pursued varied careers, and some of whom are achieving a certain distinction in literature and in art. These youngsters in 1865 and 1866 published Annuals containing, in spite of obvious juvenility, some notable work in prose and verse. To these two volumes Mr. Hawcroft was one of the chief contributors, and gave much editorial help in bringing them before the world. The first volume was printed at the *Barnsley Chronicle* Office. Mr. Ernest Jones, who had always a kind word for literary aspirants, became the president of the club, and several of his fine poems are printed in the annuals. They contain also some of the best work done by Mr. Hawcroft. Several of his happiest inspirations were due to his memory of the bleak hills and romantic dales of Yorkshire. One of these is

TROW GILL.

[At the head of Clapdale, a pretty glen nestling amid the hills round Ingleborough, North Yorkshire, is a precipitous ravine called Trow Gill. He who would venture to cross these hills on a dark and stormy night must be, indeed, a daring man.]

I.

"Thy bridal morn will brightly dawn,"
The good man said, and smiled,
"Across the hills the clouds are blown—
The clouds are blown by the north wind wild;
The moon is up, and the stars are shining,
And over the hills he comes—thy lover."

"Ah me!" she said, "the clouds o'erhead
Are heavy with rain, and black with snow;
The night is dark, down the river's bed
Madly the swollen streams wreathe and flow;
From the marsh on the moorland a mist arises,
And over the moors he comes—my lover."

O'er Simon Fell, round Bruntscar Hill,
The mist and the snow came slowly on;
The sad winds wailed across Trow Gill
And swept through the valley with deathly moan.
And the rain and the snow whirled over the moorlands,
While over the hills he came—her lover.

Down the bridle-road he firmly strode,
Laughing at wind, and hail, and snow;
Down the path which leads through the dark pine wood
Skirting the ravine that hangs below.
Unheeding the flapping of wings around him,
Down the path through the pine wood he came—her lover.

II.

The sun uprose o'er a waste of snows,
And it shone round the mist-encircled hill:
From the grey valley the sun uprose,
Brightening the cliffs that breast Trow Gill,
Through the dark ravine quietly stealing,
To where 'neath the crags he lay—her lover.

There is in this poem not only a melody of verse, but a power of compressed narrative that is very notable. The tragic story—one of those dark legends dear to gossips of the country side—is told without a waste word, and with a graphic power that brings up the final scene, and shows the glow and grandeur of nature in mocking contrast to human sorrow and despair.

Mr. Hawcroft contributed about this period to *Cassell's Magazine*, *The Broadway*, *The London Magazine*, *The Shilling Magazine*, *The People's Magazine*, *The Churchman's Shilling Magazine*, *The Sixpenny Magazine*, *The St. James's Magazine*, *The Day of Rest*, and other periodicals. He wrote also in some of the Manchester journals, and was on the staff of the *Sphinx* and the *Shadow*. His articles do not show any great range of subject matter, but are chiefly connected with English literature either in a critical or creative sense. For the *Social Reformer* he wrote eight essays on "Literature and its Professors," and his critical essays on John Clare and Alexander Smith show not only insight but a fluent and yet restrained power of expression. Among these prose essays are several efforts of minor fiction, but this was apparently an uncongenial field, and, with the exception of one or two bright sketches, they are not of much importance.

Towards the end of 1870 Messrs. Abel Heywood and Son issued a small "Christmas Budget," and to this Mr. Hawcroft was a most valued contributor. He not only joined at the introduction, but wrote "King Christmas," a song of the season; "The Ghost of Fern Hollow," and

"Eawr Kesmus Spree," which was his only attempt at writing in the Lancashire dialect. This annual was succeeded by "The Old Sparrow Hawk and its Christmas Guests," to which he contributed several pieces. He was also a contributor to the series of annuals issued under the conductorship of Mr. Ben Brierley, scarcely one of them being without something from his practised pen. "At the Seven Stars," in the volume for 1876, is a reverie calling up some old scenes of Manchester history. The "Seaside Annual" of 1878 contains a charming example of his lighter poems—one of those rare occasions in which he has given the rein to the playful fancy which often added a tinge of humour to his conversation, but is seldom reflected in his writings :—

IN A MANX GLEN.

Here, once more seated, where the dewy leaves
And sunbeams mingle,
I, musing, fancy every ripple grieves,
That I'm still single.

They murmur of the joys of years ago,
When I, poor dreamer,
The dice of fate would venture not to throw,
On board the steamer.

The dimpled sea, soft air, and bonny sky—
They might have aided;
My friends have taken that course—why did I
Not do as they did?

Nor yet, through many a happy moonlight walk,
Comes the suggestion,
Through the sweet current of our "spoony" talk,
To pop the question.

"The happy 'Yes' her sweet lips shall not pass,
Nor kiss exquisite,"
I said, "Until the glen at Ballaglass
We chance to visit."

And soon we rambled there one glorious morn—
I, Tom, and Harry;
Buoyed up with hope how could I feel forlorn?
With me was Carry!

We gathered flowers, sang songs, and filled the glen
With joyous laughter;
I lived on love, and could not foresee, then,
The dread hereafter.

By Fate beguiled, I took the river side;
Deeds piscatorial
Induced me to forget my longed-for bride.
Ah! sad memorial

Of that sad time is this loud mountain stream;
For when I wended
My way back to my friends I found my dream
Too rudely ended.

Dire was the blow: my darling, blithe and fair,
Engaged to Harry!
I sighed aloud, and said, with anguished air,
"Deceitful Carry!"

To which, in playful mood, she then replied,
"I knew your wishes;
But, when next time you want to win a bride,
*Neglect the fishes!*"

For the Christmas number of the same year he wrote "Our Little Church," and a graceful version of the old

German legend of the "Rose Garden." To the fifth issue—that of 1880—he contributed two pieces of verse: "My Cousin Kitty," and "Bill's Day Out," the latter hardly worthy of his powers, but the former still evincing his old skill in song-craft.

To the readers of *Brierley's Journal* he was perhaps best known as Dalton Mowbray. He began to write for that periodical in 1876, and continued on the staff until the last. His contributions were especially numerous in 1879, in which year appeared the following verses, which are full of the spirit of the sweet spring time :—

"CUCKOO!"

Just inland from the waste of sea
  Which languishes upon the shore,
In moments full of quiet glee,
I've loitered 'neath the greenwood tree,
  And the fair meadows wandered o'er,
  From whence the breeze this cry has bore,
    "Cuckoo!"

"Oh! haunting bird," I oft have cried,
  "Whose monotone breaks on my dream,
Why nestle by the country-side,
And, like the moaning of the tide,
  Prattle to me the self-same theme?"
  A voice replies, by wood and stream,"
    "Cuckoo!"

Tell me, will fortune be my lot—
  Will riches fall like golden leaves—
Will all past sorrow be forgot?
I question, still you answer not.

Embowered, amidst the bloom and leaves,
Your silence my sad heart deceives—
"Cuckoo!"

Will Love reward me with his smiles,
And fill my heart with memories dim,
As Beauty all my care beguiles,
And shortens life's long desert miles,
With many a joyous hymn?
There comes nought but the echo dim—
"Cuckoo!"

Ah, well-a-day, it needs must be,
From you no comfort can be heard;
Yet fail I not for lack of glee,
There's some one else to comfort me,
Most mocking, melancholy bird,
Behold, the dewy branches stirred,—
"Cuckoo!"

And o'er the daisied meadows sweet,
There comes, on this fair eve of spring,
My darling, with unwearied feet,
Alone her own true love to meet.
What care I now, you foolish thing,
If all night long you idly sing—
"Cuckoo!"

And here we close this brief record of one whose life ended too soon to redeem the bright promise of his youth. The harvest was not reached, and the summer grain did not fulfil the presage of the bloom of spring. Amongst the saddest of human laments are those which mourn for that which "might have been." A longer lease of life might

have brought a riper fruit and golden grain, but disease fettered the powers of the singer. Sufficient, however, remains to justify the admiration of his friends for what he accomplished, and their regret that an untimely death removed him before he had done full justice to his own talents. He had a keen eye for natural beauty, and an ear that was sensitive to melody. The subject matter of his verses was varied. Some of them recorded the impressions received amidst the wild grandeur of Yorkshire hills, or of the gentler beauty of brighter skies. At other times the annals of the past inspired him, and the storm and passion of Teutonic and Scandinavian love and hatred throbbed in his verse. A few of his rhymes reflect more playful moods, though several of these pleasant *vers de société* were written as a relief from the inroads of "loathed melancholy."

His personal characteristics are easily summed up. With a mind naturally open and unsuspicious he did not always discriminate between the true aud the false of actual life, and sometimes had to regret misplaced confidence. His impressionable nature was too open to influences that left a sting of bitterness behind. His mind was carefully cultivated by familiarity with the best that English literature contains. This was the solid basis of his culture, for he had little or no acquaintance with the writers of other lands. His conversation was often enlivened by playful sallies, and even in the midst of pain he would "jest at scars." I, who write these words, which can give to others so faint an impression of his individuality, look back over a friendship of more than twenty years. I recall long winter evenings

made bright by flashes of wit, and by keen and kindly judgments of men and books. I recall the rambles of summer time when the sunlight and the starlight were an inspiration. I recall many wanderings together in the stony-hearted streets of the great metropolis, where every house has its told and untold stories of hope and of heartbreak. I recall many gentle offices of a friendship that was unfalteringly constant and true. I leave, then, to other hands the duty of criticism, and am content to place on the grave of the departed this tribute of affectionate appreciation. He sleeps amid strangers, away from those who were near and dear to him, away from the place of his birth and the home of his adoption; but his memory will remain a sacred trust to those who knew him, and who will ever think of him as he was at his brightest and best. He had his share of the storm and trouble of life, its passions, its follies, its disappointments, its high hopes and endeavours, and now—the skilful brain has grown weary, the kindly heart is stilled, the voice of the singer is silent, and life-weary and death-smitten, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

# A FRAGMENT OF THE CHESTER PLAYS.

Seek, and ye shall find.

MATTHEW vii. 7.

THE importance of examining the covers of old books is now generally acknowledged by all bibliographers, and many curious finds have from time to time resulted. A fragment of parchment which once formed part of a binding was submitted by Mr. C. W. Sutton, the chief librarian of the Manchester Free Library, to Mr. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., who found it to be a fragment of a late fifteenth century MS. of the Chester Plays. It reads as follows:—

Heare Þeegynneth the Pagent which mencyoneth of the Resurrectyon of Chryste.

PYLATE:

Per uous, Sir Cayphas,
Et uous, e uous, Syr Annas,
Et syn Disciple Judas,
Quale treason fuyt,
Et graunde licyes de lucyte,
A moy par fite delyvere

Nostre dame fuit Iugge
Per lore roy escrete.

[1]

Yee Lordes and Ladyes, so lufle and lere,
Yee Kempes, yee known Knyghtes of Kynde (?),
Harcken all hetharwardes my hestes to here ;
For I am most fayrest and fresshest to fynde.
And most hyghest I am of estate.

[Eight lines missing, four of stanza 1 and four of stanza 2.]

They cryden on mee all with one voyce,
These Jewes on mee made pyteous noyse ;
I gave leave to hange hym on croyse ;
This was through Jewes redde.

[3]

I dreade yet least hee will hus greive,
For that I sawe, I may well leeue,
I saw the stones beegyn to cleeue,
And dead men vp ryse.
In this Cytty all abowte,
Was none so sturne nyfe so stowte
That durst once looke vp for dowbte ;
They balde so sore agryse.

[4]

And therefore, ser Cayphos, yet I dreade
Least theare were peryll in that deede ;
I saw him hange on roode and bleede
Tyl all his blood was shed.
And when hee should his deathe take,
The weddar waxed wonderous blake,
[Leate] thonder and earth beegon to quake ;
Thereof I an a-dred.

[5]

CAYPHUS:

And this was yesterday abowte none.

It will be seen that it is the speech in which Pilate accuses and excuses himself for having sentenced Christ at the request of his enemies. The Chester plays are described elsewhere in this volume. They were representations of scriptural subjects, and were acted by members of the trade guilds in that city on Whitsuntide. The "mysteries" were originally acted in churches, but afterwards stages—usually of three floors—were erected for the performance. The Chester plays were acted upon "a high scafolde with 2 rowmes, a higer and a lower upon 4 wheeles." The author of the plays, according to a late tradition, was "Randall Higgenett, a monk of Chester Abby." The late Mr. Thomas Wright edited these plays for the old "Shakspere Society" in 1847. The play of the "Resurrection" was enacted by the skinners. The fragment of only part of a leaf, now in the Manchester Free Library, nevertheless furnishes, as the *Academy* points out, "a few better readings than the printed text."

# SION Y BODDIAU.

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

SHAKSPERE.

SOME years ago, in the course of a delightful summer ramble through the beautiful vale of Clwyd, I came across a relative of St. George, whose name is little known outside the principality. Denbigh is a place to which a good deal of interest, both legendary and historical, attaches. The castle is the last place which held out for King Charles I. in the Civil Wars, and those who know the proverbial ingratitude of the worthless Stuarts, will readily understand that it was dismantled by order of his son. Inside the castle walls are the ruins of a chapel which was commenced by Robert, Earl of Leicester; but according to tradition, that which the mortals built up in the day, the fairies pulled down in the night. Whether these sprites were teetotallers the story does not say, but on what other theory can we account for the existence of a Goblin Well? There is also a Goblin Tower. From this it will be seen

that there is no lack of legendary lore connected with Castell Dynbych. Although there are two chapels within the castle walls the parish church is some distance from them. As it glimmers in the sunshine one can feel the appropriateness of its Welsh name, Eglwyseg Wen, or the White Church. It is a plain unornamented structure, internally, of late perpendicular Gothic. In the porch is a brass, representing Richard Myddelton and his wife, with their sixteen children, amongst them William, the gallant seamen, and Sir Hugh, the celebrated engineer :—

" Who, to quench the thirst of thousands in the populous city of London, fetcht water on his own cost more than 24 miles, encountering all the way an army of oppositions, grappling with hills, struggling with rocks, fighting with forests, till, in defiance of difficulties, he had brought his project to perfection." This brass is engraved in "The Lives of the Engineers," by Samuel Smiles, 1861, i. 96. There is a view of Whitchurch, p. 166, with Moel Fammau *(Mother of the Hills)*, surmounted by the Jubilee Tower, since blown down.

Whitchurch is, however, chiefly interesting as being the last resting-place of three Welsh worthies, Humphry Llwyd, of Foxhall, the antiquary; Twm o'r Nant (Thomas of the Valley), the only dramatist whom Cambria has produced, and who has, probably on that account, been called the Welsh Shakespere; and Sion y Boddiau. Leaving Llwyd and Edwards, let us devote a few minutes to John of the Thumbs. A large altar tomb at the far end of the church is ornamented with the recumbent effigies of Sir John

Salusbury and his wife; he is clad in armour, and her neck is ornamented with a great ruff. Sir John died in 1578, and ten years after, his widow erected this monument, and left a blank space for the insertion of the year and day of her own going over to the majority. This date has never been filled in. Sir John's feet rest upon a nondescript animal, which the unskilfulness of the artist and the ravages of time have combined to make indescribable, and an examination gives one the impression that he was endowed with two thumbs on each hand.

Upon these slender foundations a legend has arisen, which sets forth that in some remote age the district in which Denbigh now stands was infected by a monstrous animal, which worked unutterable woe upon the peaceful dwellers in Dyffryn Clwyd. Like the laidly worm of Lambton, it spared neither life nor property, and the fair vale would soon have become a howling wilderness if the good knight with the superfluous thumbs had not resolved upon the hazardous undertaking of destroying the *bych*. In this, after much hard fighting, he was successful, and emerging triumphant from the deadly conflict, he called out exultingly, "Dyn bych, dyn bych" (No bych). The people, grateful for their deliverance, immediately named the place Dynbych, the Welsh form of Denbigh. Unfortunately for this very probable etymology, although the present name is not the original one, it is some centuries older than the time of Sion y Boddiau, and the legend can only be regarded as another example of the identification of myths with particular localities. It would better fit the founder of

the Lleweni race. John Salusbury was a native of Chester, although his boyhood is thought to have been spent at Denbigh. He married Katharine Seymour, and was the father of Hari Ddu, the builder of Lleweni, and the ancestor of the family which gave so many worthies, soldiers, poets, and statesmen to Wales.

St. George must look to his laurels, for he has many competitors in the trade and mystery of dragon slaying. Mr. Baring-Gould mentions :—

"S. Secundus of Asti, Gozo of Rhodes, Raimond of S. Sulpice, Struth von Winkelfreid, the Count Aymon, Moor of Moorhall, 'who slew the dragon of Wantley,' Conyers of Sockburn, and the Knight of Lambton, 'John that slew ye Worme.' Ariosto adapted it in his 'Orlando Furioso,' and made his hero deliver Angelica from Orca in the true mythic style of George, and it appears again in the tale of 'Chederles.'"

The same writer mentions Perseus, Cenchrius, Menestratus, Pherecydes, Pythagoras, Heracles, Apollo, Sigurd, Siegfried, Boewulf, Indra, Mithra, Thraetana, Feridun, Grettir, amongst the goodly company of dragon-slayers. ("Curious Myths of Middle Ages," second series, 1868, p. 55.)

"It seems then," says Mr. Baring-Gould, "that the fight with the dragon is a myth common to all the Aryan nations. Its signification is this: the maiden which the dragon attempts to devour is the earth. The monster is the storm-cloud. The hero who fights it is the sun, with his glorious sword the lightning flash. By his victory the earth is relieved from her peril. The fable has been varied to

suit the atmospheric peculiarities of different climes in which the Aryans found themselves."

The fight with the dragon is by no means an exclusively Aryan myth. One of its most curious forms is in a Chinese story which is given in *Notes and Queries* upon China and Japan, vol. i. p. 148. In this legend we have the usual dragon with its *penchant* for young ladies. Nine maidens having been sacrificed to the cannibal tastes of the serpent, K'i, daughter of Li Tan, a magistrate, volunteered, and after some demur, was allowed to proceed to the monster's cave. She took with her a good sword, a dog that would bite at snakes, and several measures of boiled rice and honey, which she placed at the mouth of the cave. At nightfall the dragon came forth, "its head as large as a rice stack, and its eyes like mirrors two feet across." The savoury mess attracted its attention, and whilst it was eating, the dog attacked it in the front, and K'i hacked at it from behind, until it was wounded to death. "The maiden entered the cavern, and recovered the skeletons of the nine previous victims, whose untimely fate she bewailed. After this she leisurely returned home, and the Prince of Yueh, hearing of her exploit, raised her to be his queen."

Dupuis and Lenoir take the myth as emblematic of the victory of virtue over vice, and "when divested of every allegorical veil, as intimating the victory of the spring sun over the winter sun, and of light over darkness."

Salverte cautiously allows more than one origin for these mythical relations. He thinks that exaggerated reports of reptiles, which have attained uncommon growth, has given

rise to many of the dragon stories, and that others may be emblematic of ravages produced by inundations. In confirmation of this view he mentions various rivers to which the name Draco is applied. Dr. Brinton supplies a curious confirmation of this view :—

"Kennebec, a stream in Maine, in the Algonkin means snake, and Antietam, the creek in Maryland of tragic celebrity, in an Iroquois dialect has the same significance. How easily would savages, construing the figure literally, make the serpent a river or water-god!"

And he notes the Indian belief in an irascible serpent dwelling in the great lakes, and destroying men unless appeased by suitable offerings. ("Myths of the New World," by D. G. Brinton, 1868, p. 107.)

Salverte gives the dragon-myth an origin in an astronomical picture, to which an erroneous literal meaning became generally attached. ("Occult Sciences," from the French of Eusèbe Salverte, 1846, ii. 272.)

It is evident that a little ingenuity will accommodate the history of most of the dragon-slayers to any of these theories. Still, when I stood in Whitchurch, I must confess that the *bych* trampled beneath the feet of the stalwart Knight did not remind me very forcibly of a storm-cloud, and if Sion y Boddiau cannot claim the shining beauty of the sun god, he certainly looked stout and substantial for a mere myth of the dawn.

# MARK YARWOOD.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.

SHAKSPERE.

THE case of Mark Yarwood is one of those which show the remarkable power of adaptation possessed by man, so that the defects of the body are to a great extent obviated by the ingenuity of the mind. There is what appears to be a compensating law at work, and the absence of one power is repaired by the greater activity of those that remain. In fact it is merely necessity that has stimulated attempts to perform ordinary functions by unusual methods. Such cases have a certain philosophical value quite apart from the pathetic interest that must always attach to efforts to overcome disabilities imposed by nature, who, in some cases, seems rather a harsh step-mother than the bounteous mother of whom the poets sing.

Mark Yarkwood was a native of Ashley, in the parish of Bowdon, where his parents, poor but respectable, resided. He was born in the year 1812 without forearms or hands, but notwithstanding this managed to acquire considerable skill

in many operations that are usually supposed to involve a great amount of manual dexterity. When he was about twelve years old he was noticed by Dr. S. Hibbert-Ware, who was astonished to see him playing at marbles with great dexterity. It will be best to quote at some length the description then given of his physical peculiarities. "On each of the *ossa humeri* there are prominences which bear a faint resemblance in their appearance and situation to those of the external condyles, whence two prolongations, one on each arm, may be observed, is much more than an inch in length, while that of the limb is perhaps about a quarter of an inch longer than the one which terminates the right *os humeri*. As the bones of these prolongations feel as if they were bifid at their extremities they might possibly be each considered as the scanty rudiments, or even relics, of an ulna and radius, while their firm and immovable junction with the *ossa humeri* might be interpreted as the result of the process of anchylosis. But this view, though calculated to serve the purpose of anatomical description, meets with little countenance from physiology; there is not the least indication that a joint ever existed, nor are there any signs of demarcation between the *ossa humeri* and the short processes which form their respective terminations."

When Dr. Hibbert-Ware first saw him Mark was engaged in a game of marbles—at which he was a proficient, and had acquired the reputation of being the best player in the school. The two stumps, by a united effort, were made to do the work of a hand. All sorts of devices were employed by him to overcome the disadvantages imposed by nature.

When asked to thread a small needle he stuck it into a felt hat, and rubbed the thread with his stumps in housewifely fashion before insinuating it into the eye of the needle. Where an ordinary boy would use both hands Mark had to make much use of his mouth. In tying a common bow the tongue was made to do some work of a finger. In stirring the fire he held the poker between the defective stumps, and used his chin as a fulcrum. Things too big to be seized by the teeth were frequently held by the agency of the knees. His feet also were called into frequent service. He was sent to the National School at Bowdon, and the teachers, interested in his ingenious methods, made a successful attempt to teach him the art of writing. The paper was fixed to the table by a small weight, and the boy taking hold of the pen with his teeth fixed it between the stumps, and then, chiefly by the guidance of the left arm, was drawn easily along in the act of making the various characters used in writing. He made much progress in this manner. For some time he had great difficulty in pen-making—a very important art in the days that preceded the steel pen, and when the cutting of the quill needed much dexterity. His after life was not happy. For a time he is said to have gone about the country in a show. Afterwards he found employment as a clerk, but gave way to habits of intemperance, which he is said to have contracted from the many occasions when he was asked to drink by those who wished to see his dexterous fashion of holding the glass. In 1856 he was an inmate of Prestwich Lunatic Asylum, but died in Knutsford Workhouse about 1864.

The case of Mark Yarwood is not unparalleled, and some who have had to conquer even greater difficulties have attained still greater proficiency. Alexander Benedictus speaks of a woman born without arms, who could spin and sew with her feet. William Kingston, who had neither arms nor hands, is described by a writer in the *Calcutta Journal* for 1821. He was a farmer, and made his feet do the office of hands. With them he wrote, conveyed food to his mouth, milked the cows, cut his own hay, saddled and bridled his horse, and could do nearly anything with his feet that other men could do with their hands. His teeth were so strong that he could lift ten pecks of beans with them, and he could throw a great sledge hammer a considerable distance with his feet.

Roger Branagh, resident at Belfast in 1822, was born without arms, and yet could write rapidly and distinctly, thread needles, tie a knot, sew, play at marbles, drive a cart or carriage, and row a boat.

Of M. Charles Grandmagne there was a curious account in the *Daily News*, 16th September, 1868. He was born at Epenal in 1834 without arms or legs, and his father intended to keep him in utter ignorance, and to exhibit him as a wonder, but the boy had a passion for learning, and managed to acquire the arts of reading and writing, and to develop an extraordinary power of arithmetical calculation. He gave lectures on mathematics and similar subjects, and was the author of small treatises. His quickness in mental calculation was a frequent source of astonishment to those who saw him.

Matthew Buckinger, who was born without hands or feet in 1674, attained great repute as a caligrapher. Some specimens of his fine and minute writing are in the Bodleian, and in private collections. One of the best known is a portrait which he made of himself. The wig is made up of lines of writing, and contains Psalms cxxi., cxxvii., cxviii., cxx., cxlvi., cxlix., and cl., and the Lord's Prayer, which extends over four curls, beginning at the left shoulder. A reproduction of this portrait may be seen in Stoke's "Rapid Writing." (London, 1873, p. 113.) He was an expert draught player, and a skilful performer on several musical instruments.

An armless woman was married at Jevington, Sussex, in 1874, and a generation earlier the espousal of the "bride of Bury" was the subject of a *jeu d'esprit.* The lady, whilst one of the attractions of the fair, was married at St. James's Church, Bury, and as she had no arms the ring was placed on one of her toes!

How the deuce this Benedict court,
Is what I would fain understand?
For the lady had thought it but sport
If told that he looked for her *hand.*
And some men would think it unkind,
Nay queer and indecent to *boot,*
If on saying, "To wed I'm inclined,"
The fair, in return, gave her *foot!*

(Local Notes and Queries from *Manchester Guardian,* 1874, No. 394.)

Miss Sarah Biffin was born without hands or arms in

1754, at East Quantoxhead, near Bridgewater, and acquired some reputation as a miniature painter. She was taught by Mr. Dukes—with whom she remained for sixteen years at a salary of £5 per annum. In 1821 the Society of Arts awarded her a medal for one of her pictures. By the kindness of the Earl of Morton she received further instruction from Mr. W. M. Craig, and supported herself for a number of years by painting miniatures. She finally settled in Liverpool, and when the advance of age prevented her from the prosecution of her profession an annuity was bought for her by the exertions of Mr. Richard Rathbone. She died 2nd October, 1850, and there is a good account of her in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that day.

Perhaps the most extraordinary case on record is that of César Ducornet, who was born without arms, and with half legs only, the upper part, by a freak of nature, having been omitted. He had two feet, but only four toes to each of them. He was born at Lille in 1806. He distinguished himself by the quickness of his talent, and learned to write in a remarkably elegant fashion. The first project of making him a writing master was abandoned in consequence of his decided taste for art. His copy books began to fill with sketches, and on these being shown to Mr. Watteau, then director of the School of Art at Lille, obtained for "Four Toes" admission to the drawing class, and in eighteen months he had carried off all the prizes but one. He removed to Paris, and became the pupil of Gérard, obtained several medals, and a civil list pension. In 1829, at the age of 23, he obtained an equivalent to the second place in the Grand

Prix de Rome. In 1832 he painted the portrait of Louis Philippe. The physique of Ducornet was peculiar. He had a grandly formed head placed on a slender body not four feet high. He used his feet for holding the palette, brush, &c,, and with the right would grasp the hand outstretched to greet him. His voice was powerful, his conversation pleasant and somewhat humorous in its turn. In order to retain his delicacy of touch he had to abstain from walking, and his father, who attended him with a great devotion, was in the habit of carrying him to and fro. There is an interesting notice of Ducornet in the "Nouvelle Biographie Générale" of Harper. (Paris, 1856, t. 15, 26.)

The *Journal de Géneve* of October, 1883, announced the death of Mr. Jean Trottet at Arare, in the canton of Geneva. He was born in 1831 without hands and without feet. His short arms were pointed, and his legs were not available for progression. He was only able to move by twisting his body from side to side. Many offers from showmen were rejected by his parents, and when Jean was old enough he was sent to school. In writing he held the pen at the elbow, and as he grew older he took great interest in husbandry, became an active haymaker, used the reins with dexterity, and was so good a shot that he more than once carried off the first prize at the village *tirs*. He has left behind him a widow and four children amply provided for.

Another armless man, James Irving Johnston, was the schoolmaster of his native place, Annan, where he died at the age of 26 in 1848. He shaved and dressed his own hair by the dexterous use of his toes.

# THE FIGHT OF THE THIRTY.

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few.

SHENSTONE. *Judgment of Hercules.*

THE "Combat of the Thirty" is an incident that, although not of any great historical importance, impressed the age in which it occurred, and was for centuries traditionally remembered by the Breton peasant as one of the glories of his fatherland. Indeed it would probably be inaccurate to say that even now Brittany has forgotten the memory of the warlike deeds of her children who joined in this strange battle. The battle was fought on the vigil of Sunday, *Laetare Jerusalem*, 27 March, 1351, and it has not lacked enthusiastic historians. First, there is the sober narrative of Froissart, which remained unknown until it was rescued by M. J. A. C. Buchon, who published it in 1824, and also included it in his edition of the "Chroniques." (Paris, 1853, tome i., p. 293.) The same learned antiquary published in his collection of chronicles

a Breton *Lai* of the fourteenth century, giving a very detailed account of the combat. This song attracted the notice of the late William Harrison Ainsworth, who made a very spirited translation of it, which is included in his "Ballads."

The circumstances of the battle are sufficiently simple. There was a war of succession between the partisans of the widow of Jean de Montfort, and the wife of Charles de Blois. The struggle lasted from 1341 to 1364, when Charles de Blois was killed at the battle of Auray. In 1351 he was a prisoner, and his wife, Jeanne de Penthièvre, led his adherents against the troops, headed by the Comtesse de Montfort. In 1351 Robert de Beaumanoir was in garrison at Châtel Josselin, whence he sallied with a large array of men and arms to the town and castle of Ploërmel, which was held for the lady of Montfort by Sir Robert Bamborough. On his arrival he was disgusted to find that the English commander and his friends did not come out of their strong walls. He therefore suggested that they should have a joust of two or three with sword and spears. Sir Robert did not care for such play, but was willing that each should select from his fellowship twenty or thirty men who should fight in earnest on the open plain. This was readily agreed to, and the place selected was a level tract, near which stood a Mid-Way Oak. Hence the struggle is sometimes called the Bataille de Mi-Voie. The sixty, having dismounted, were drawn up in front of each other, and at a given signal the combat began, and the combatants fought until they were quite exhausted. When a rest was called,

four Frenchmen and two Englishmen were dead. The fight was renewed, and the issue of it would probably have been a victory for the English but for the conduct which, though crowned by success, appears to have been somewhat unfair. The knights were fighting on foot, and the English kept a steady unbroken phalanx, when one of the French Knights remounted his horse, and first drawing some distance away, rushed the steed with great force and impetuosity against them. Their ranks were thus broken, and those overthrown by this terrific charge were trampled under foot as a result of this manœuvre. Sir Robert and eight of his men were killed, and the remainder taken prisoners. Froissart himself saw one of the French combatants, and he testifies that his gashed and hacked visage showed plainly how stern had been the fight. The Oak of Mi-Voie has long disappeared, and so has a stone cross that formerly marked the spot, but in the present century a memorial of the fight was renewed. Amongst the English Thirty were two Cheshire knights. Sir Robert Knolles, who is sometimes described as of poor parentage in the county, but whose valour raised him from the position of a common soldier to that of a great commander. The other was Sir Hugh Calverley, of Lea, who, after a brilliant military career, founded a college at Bunbury, where he is buried.

Sir Hugh Calveley, for that is the form of the name preferred by Ormerod, was one of the soldiers of fortune of the fourteenth century. After his share in the battle of the thirty he had a pardon from Edward III. for all felonies committed by him and others, who are enumerated, in the

city of Chester. At the battle of Auray he consented, against his will, to take command of the rear-guard, and there did good service by his steady reception of a desperate charge from the foe. He was afterwards the leader of a horde of free lances and banditti, who first took arms for Henry of Trastamare, and then joined the opposite party of Pedro the Cruel. Sir Hugh distinguished himself at the battle of Navarete in 1367. His name occurs frequently in connection with the scenes of more than half predatory warfare. From the storm which wrecked the expedition to Brittany in 1380 he escaped with seven men only. The outrages committed by the men under his command and that of Sir John are a disgraceful characteristic of the age. Perhaps it was a sign of repentance for these ill deeds that led him in connection with two other English free lances, Sir John Hawkwood and Sir Robert Knolles (who is sometimes conjectured to have been his brother), to found a college at Rome. He died in 1394 at the college he had founded at Bunbury, where, says Dr. Ormerod, "his armed effigies still reposes in one of the most sumptuous altar tombs which his county can boast." There was a tradition, long faithfully believed, that he married a Queen of Arragon, but it seems more probable that the grim warrior remained unmated to the end of his days.

# OLD MYNSHULL OF ERDESWICK.

*Sir Fretful Plagiary:* Besides—I can tell you it is not always safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

*Sneer:* What they may steal from them—hey, my dear Plagiary?

*Sir Fretful:* Steal, to be sure they may; and egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

SHERIDAN. *The Critic.*

IN Major Leigh's collection of "Cheshire Ballads" there is one which professes to have been "found amongst the family papers in an old oak chest at Erdeswick Hall, one of the seats of the Mynshull family." This ballad has, however, no real claim either to antiquity or to Cestrian origin. The plagiarism or mystification—whichever it may have been—is a curious one. When Major Leigh's book appeared it was reviewed by the present writer in the *St. James's Magazine*, and this ballad, accepted as what it professed to be, was praised for its vivid portraiture of that chivalrous loyalty for which Cheshire—the seed plot of gentility—has always been remarkable. A copy of the magazine was sent to the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker,

one of the writer's literary correspondents. Hawker was then busily preparing for publication the collection of his poems which, under the title of "Cornish Ballads and other Poems," he issued in 1869. He recognised in "Old Mynshull" one of his own productions. From his characteristic letter some extracts may be given :—

"Morwenstow, February 16, 1868.

"My dear Sir,—I thank you sincerely for your Paper and Letter just now received, and most of all for your Photograph. When I can get one of myself I shall be happy to transmit it to you, but I have now not one copy. Our correspondence is, I fear, likely to be discordant if I may augur from one leaf of your Review of Major Leigh's Ballads. It reveals one of the most audacious deeds of plagiarism ever perpetrated even on myself, and I have been a painful sufferer from literary theft. The alleged Mynshull Ballad is a clumsy copy of one of my own on Sir Beville Granville, which I wrote many years ago, and which has been set to march music, and sung in the west of England for a long while. I enclose a copy, which I sent to *Notes and Queries* seven years ago, and by which you will perceive that all that is good in the Cheshire parody is mine, and all that is vapid is Major Leigh's. I have copied it into my MSS. for publication, and I shall add the date in my own defence. Luckily a friend of mine, Mr. Maskell, the well-known ecclesiastical writer, was aware of my composition verse by verse (he lived then near me at Bude), and he can attest my original writing if attestation be required. Only a year or

two ago I stopped a Mr. —— from publishing in the Royal Cornwall Gazette a *series* of my ballads as his own. From my remote and solitary abode I have been a more than usual victim to fraudulent writers. I shall be glad to hear what you say as to the case, wherein you have been unconsciously led to abet a dishonourable proceeding. I am receiving additions to my list every day, and my friends will soon be at the work of negociating with a publisher. I shall be very glad to see any criticism on my book, which you may publish; but there is one literary blotch which you will not be able to fix on me. One thing there is which cannot be fixed on me, and that is plagiarism.—I am, yours faithfully,

"R. S. HAWKER."

The resemblance between the two pieces is too great to be explained by any other theory than that of deliberate copying. We give first Mr. Hawker's poem, and then the imitation:—

SIR BEVILLE.—THE GATE-SONG OF STOWE.

Arise! and away! for the King and the land;
Farewell to the couch and the pillow:
With spear in the rest, and with rein in the hand,
Let us rush on the foe like a billow.

Call the hind from the plough, and the herd from the fold,
Bid the Wassailer cease from his revel:
And ride for old Stowe, where the banner's unrolled,
For the cause of King Charles and Sir Beville.

Trevanion is up, and Godolphin is nigh:
And Harris of Hayne's o'er the river;
From Lundy to Looe, "One and all" is the cry,
And the King and Sir Beville for ever.

Aye! by Tre, Pol, and Pen, ye may know Cornish men,
'Mid the names and the nobles of Devon;—
But if truth to the King be a signal, why then
Ye can find out the Granville in heaven.

Ride! ride! with red spur, there is death in delay,
'Tis a race for dear life with the devil;
If dark Cromwell prevail, and the King must give way,
This earth is no place for Sir Beville.

So at Stamford he fought, and at Lansdoune he fell,
But vain were the visions he cherished:
For the great Cornish heart, that the King loved so well,
In the grave of the Granville it perished.

Of the Cheshire version we may quote the following:—

OLD MYNSHULL OE ERDESWICK.

[A Royalist song found amongst the family papers in an old chest at Erdeswick Hall, one of the seats of the Mynshull family.]

Arise! and away for the king and y^e^ land!
Farewell to y^e^ couch and y^r^ pillow,
With spear in its rest, and with rein in hand,
Let us rush on y^e^ foe like a billow.

Call the hind from y^e^ plough, and y^e^ herd from the fold,
Bid y^e^ wassiles to take a long pull;
Then ride for Old Erdeswick, whose banner's unrolled,
For the cause of King Charles and Mynshull.

Ride, ride with red spur—there is death in delay,
'Tis a race for dear life with y^e^ devil ;
For if Cromwell prevail, and y^e^ King now gives way,
Our land must in slavery revel.

. . . . . .

There was death in each stroke, while old Mynshull thus spake,
And Roundheads fell off in a cluster ;
Such havoc he made, that his trusty old blade
Told a tale next day at the muster.

At Edgehill he fought, and at Worcester he fell,
But vain were the visions he cherished ;
For the brave Cheshire heart that our king loved so well,
In the grave of y^e^ Mynshull's lies perished.

. . . . . .

May his sons prove as true to their church and their king,
And act like their sire with decision,
And firmness whenever the foe's on the wing ;
For from heaven they get their commission.

Mr. Hawker was a man of singular habits, but of remarkable poetical power. His ballads are simple, direct, vigorous, and full of dramatic force, whilst his religious poems are full of strange mysteries—expressed in very highly ornate verse. There is a good account of his writings in *Notes and Queries*, 5th s. v.

# NIXON, THE "CHESHIRE PROPHET."

. . . like a red-faced Nixon.

DICKENS. *Pickwick.*

THE fame of Nixon has spread far and wide, but like other modern prophets, the real foundation is very slight for the reputation reared upon it. The mysterious figure eludes the grasp, and the keener the search the greater is the disappointment. It would be a mistake to suppose that the belief in his vaticinations is extinct. Few events of an unusual character occur without it being supposed that they "fulfil" some vague words attributed to Nixon. Sometimes a waggish antiquary writes some doggerel darkly anticipating the modern wonder.

When sober inquiry is made as to Nixon we are met with the preliminary difficulty that there is absolutely no evidence that he existed at all! His first biographer was John Oldmixon, the historian, who published, in 1714, "The Cheshire Prophecy, with historical and political remarks." There was another account by W. E., issued in 1719.

There was also an anonymous "Life and Prophecies of Robert Nixon, of Bridge House." He has been noticed by Ormerod, Halliwell-Phillips, Egerton Leigh, Mr. Worthington Barlow, and Mrs. Wilbraham. The present writer has collected and edited the varying versions of the prophecies. An examination of the data shows that his birth is variously stated as having occurred in the reign of Edward IV. and James I. It is Oldmixon who placed him under the Stuarts, and yet we have a circumstantial account of the manner in which he foretold the result of the battle of Bosworth-field. This should be compared with the passage in which Aubrey tells us that when he was at school, he heard a tradition that when the battle of Bosworth-field was being fought, a man of the parish of Warminster in Wiltshire, took two sheaves in one of the great fields, "crying (with some intervals) now for Richard, now for Henry; at last lets fall the sheaf that did represent Richard; and cried, now for King Henry, Richard is slain." As no manuscript copy of any antiquity exists of the prophecy, and the first printed edition only dates from 1714, it might occur to the sceptical that they were dealing with a modern forgery or *jeu d'esprit.* This however does not appear at all likely. Oldmixon's pamphlet refers to many instances in which the sayings of the prophet were held to have been realised, and although some of these are of a very trifling character they are stated with exact circumstance as to the persons and places indicated. The pamphlet was frequently reprinted, not only in London, but in various parts of the country, and it is very improbable that

it would have remained uncriticised and uncontradicted unless it had embodied substantially the floating traditions then current in Cheshire.

When the prophecies are examined it is seen that they consist of rhymes and jingle, such as in former ages were current in England. Such doggerel lines are now either a matter of lingering superstition or of purely antiquarian curiosity, but there was a time when prophecy was a powerful political engine. Mysterious rhymes, usually breathing of death or slaughter, were constantly in circulation amongst our ancestors. The "Whole Prophesie of Scotland, England, and some parts of France and Denmark," which was printed by Waldegrave in 1603, contains forebodings, to which the names of Merlin, Bede, Thomas the Rhymer, and others are attached. The collection was one in which a number of the popular prophecies then floating about were combined into one narrative, which was continuous if not intelligible. In this we find some of the most characteristic portions of the Cheshire prophecy.

We may smile at these fancies now, but even in the reign of Elizabeth it was found desirable to prohibit by law any "fond, fantastical, or false prophecy."

Vaticinations were industriously circulated by the contending parties in the State, and a prophet must have been at least as important as a poet laureate. When the event had falsified the prediction it could easily be altered so as to meet the new exigencies of the case. Some of these dusky rhymes found more than one local habitation. The same or similar sayings are attributed to Thomas the

Rhymer, to Mother Shipton, and to Robert Nixon. For this reason, whatever be the truth or falsity of the details as to his life, the rhymes of the Cheshire Prophet will remain as curious and interesting documents in the history of the county.

# CHESHIRE MARLING.

Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.

POPE. *Essay on Man.*

THE use of the peculiar natural manure called *marl* appears to have been known in Cheshire as early as the time of Edward I., in whose reign leases granted contained clauses obliging the tenants to make use of it. An early description of the method in which it was employed was contributed by "the ingenious Mr. Adam Martindule" to the well-known "Collection of Letters for the Improvement of Husbandry and Trade," published by John Houghton, F.R.S. These letters are referred to in the autobiography of Martindale, published by the Chetham Society in 1845. He also communicated to Mr. Houghton's periodical a note on the improvement of "mossie land by burning and liming," with which we are not now concerned. Mr. Martindale's first letter appears in the number published May 18, 1682. He mentions "these old bald verses:—

He that marles sand may buy land,
He that marles moss shall suffer no loss;
But he that marles clay flings all away.

But these general rules are not so universally true as to hold without exceptions," &c. Mr. Martindale was an enthusiastic advocate of marling, and returned to the charge in the number published November 9, 1682, in which he gives a minute account of the system of marling. There are five kinds of this fertiliser:—1. "Cowshut marl, so called, as I suppose, for its resemblance in colour to stock-doves, or queoca, which the vulgar in this country call *Cowshuts*." 2. Stone, or shale marl. 3. Peat, or delving marl. 4. Clay marl. 5. Steel marl. He then describes the characteristics of the localities in which it is usually found, the method of removing the stratum of soil that usually covers the marl, "for which purposes labourers make use of *pixes*, spades, shovels, wheel-barrows, and sometimes carts, if the pit be broad. This is "*feying the marle*." That which is to be removed is, "by a general name, called *feigh*." After the preparation of the ground comes "getting the marle from the pit to the field." "First the workmen must always be four fillers, and so many *howers* as will get them work enough ready for filling, which are ordinarily three. * * In Peate-Marle, instead of Howers, there must be Diggers, or, as they are usually called, Delvers. * * These sorts of workmen have usually 14d. per diem, finding themselves necessaries." If the marl was spread immediately it required "two to set and spread," at about 1s. a day. If deferred until winter, "as heretofore

was usual, one man, at 8d. per diem, might suffice very well." The cost of cartage was next examined. "In some places of Lancashire they have used, and possibly may still use, a sort of single carts called tombrellis, whereof each is drawn by one horse." * * Then follows a paragraph upon the arrangement and rotation of crops :—"First year with Pease or Oats upon one Furrow, then three years together with Barley upon three Furrows (or thrice Plowing), yearly; after these years (wherein we expect our greatest profit), we use to sow it with Pease (or Beans if the ground be not over dry for them), and sometimes Oats for one year, and Barley another by turns; or, if it grow weedy or grassie, we sometimes fallow or *summer-work* it." Some, when "the strength of marle is worn out by long tillage, strengthen it with a new supply, but then they ordinarily set it thin, which they call *skittening*." This letter of Mr. Martindale's is interesting, not only as an early description of Cheshire agriculture, but from the number of dialectal words it contains. These are italicised in the foregoing extracts. They all escaped the notice of Mr. Roger Wilbraham when compiling his "Cheshire Glossary." The description by the old Cheshire farmer may be compared with that given by Colonel Leigh in his Marler's Song. (Ballads and Songs of Cheshire, p. 217.) This song is supposed to be sung by a band of labourers :—

For them who grow a good turmit,
We are the boys to fey a pit,
And then yoe good marl out of it.

Various processes are described, concluding with—

When shut the pit the labour o'er,
He whom we work for opes his door,
And gees to us of drink *galore*,
For this was always Marler's law,
Chorus : Who-whoop, who-whoop wo-o-o-o-o.
(Three times repeated.)

Colonel Leigh says:—"I read the above lines to an old tenant, a marler of former days, as a marling song; and he said, 'It's all reet, it's all reet, but I wonder au never heard *that* song before.'" This reply would lead one to conclude that he had heard other marling songs, but, alas, they have escaped the recording quill.

# CHESHIRE PROVERBS.

No hay refran que no sea verdadera.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote.*

THE interest in proverbs is not confined to those who share the somewhat exaggerated estimate of their veracity expressed by Cervantes. Most of the Cheshire proverbs gathered by Wilbraham, Higson, and others, are to be found in Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's "English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases" (second edition: London, 1882), and are sufficiently curious. Some of them may be true, but have their truth hidden in mystery. Why should the *Cheshire* cat be specially addicted to the vulgarity of grinning? The picturesque brevity of this word portrait is extended in another version to "Grinning like a Cheshire cat chewing gravel." ("Lancashire Legends," 1873, p. 194.) The explanation usually given is, that the phrase takes its origin from the unsuccessful efforts of some wandering artist whose rampant lions were humorously suggestive of the more domestic animal. The crest of the Egertons when placed over the door of a public-house as in some places

causes the inn to be better known by the design of "The Romping Kitling" than by the title of the signboard. The "Cat at Charlton" is another hostelry whose name has come from a popular misconception of sign-painters' heraldry.

Another county phrase, "A Stockport chaise" is explained to mean but two women riding sideways.

Congleton rare, Congleton rare,
Sold the Bible to pay for a bear.

This charge has also been brought against another place:—

Clifton-upon-Dunsmore, in Warwickshire,
Sold the Church-Bible to buy a bear.

Fashion has so much to do with "sport" that we are hardly fair judges of the past. It may well be that our descendants will regard some popular diversions of both high and low in the present day as being not less brutal than the bear-baitings that in the past gave a fierce joy to the Congletonians and earned for them the grotesque appelation of "Congleton bears." Even this designation is not more satirical in its intention than the title of "Holt lions," formerly given to the people of Holt, for their frequent quarrels. The village satirist who invented the phrase manages at the same time to impute to them a want of real courage.

Hoole is one of the merry triad celebrated in the rhyme—

Hulton an' Huyton,
Ditton and Hoo',
Are three of the merriest towns
That ever a man rode through.

Mirth is not always provident, and to those who lead a merry life may sometimes be applied that warning against extravagance conveyed in the words:—"If thou hadst the rent of Dee mills, thou wouldst spend it." The mills for the city of Chester might well convey to the rustic mind an idea of "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." The Miller of the Dee has been celebrated by rhymesters old and new, and may be contrasted in his fine bourgeois prosperity with the unlucky person of whom it is said:—He feeds like a freeholder of Macclesfield, who hath neither corn nor hay at Michaelmas. "Maxfield," observes John Ray, "is a market-town and borough of good account in this county [Cheshire] where they drive a great trade of making and selling buttons. When this came to be a proverb, it should seem the inhabitants were poorer, or worse husbandmen, than now they are." Those who are disposed to be stingy may attribute this evil case to "Maxfield [Macclesfield] measure, heap and thrutch."

Nor are these proverbs about places all depreciatory. Thus there is "To lick it up like Lymon hay," which refers to the village of Lymm, on the river Mersey, and which had acquired a great reputation for the excellence of its hay. "To tear Lymm from Warburton," is a phrase relating to the past ecclesiastical relations of these two places. "Through the pass of Halton, poverty might pass without peril of robbing," is a phrase in "Piers Ploughman," and probably refers to Halton, in Hampshire, which "is on the direct route from London to the great Weyhill Fair, near Winchester." Halton in Cheshire can hardly be intended

for Halton Castle, which stands on a rock in the midst of a long, marshy district, and could never have afforded shelter for robbers in the manner and extent named.

There is one Cheshire proverb that pleasantly illustrates the Shaksperian adage that love will find out a way, and is at the same time illustrative of the boasted wisdom of our ancestors. "When the daughter is stolen, shut Pepper-gate." Pepper-gate was a postern on the east side of the city of Chester. The mayor of the city having his daughter abducted by her lover through that gate, while she was playing at ball with the other maidens, "his worship, out of revenge, caused it to be closed up."

The power to see ourselves as others see us is not always conducive to happiness. The people of the neighbouring counties declare—

> Cheshire bred:
> Strong i' th' arm,
> Weak i' th' head.

The same uncharitable statement has been made of Derbyshire men, and by one of their writers indignantly denied. Perhaps the better plan is to oppose to such scorn the magnificent self-consciousness shown in the phrase, "Cheshire, chief of men." "Say not," remarks quaint Thomas Fuller, "that this proverb carries a challenge in it, and our men of Kent will undertake these chief of men, for engrossing manhood to themselves. And some will oppose to this narrow county proverb, an English one of greater latitude, viz., 'No man so good, but another may be as good

as he.' For rather than any difference shall arise, by wise and peaceable men, many chiefs will be allowed." Fuller goes on to pay a tribute to the valour shown by Cheshire men on the battlefield, and ends with a curious reference to the failure of the Cheshire rising of Sir George Booth, and the subsequent restoration of Charles II. :—"And to shew that this should not be man's work, God suffered both the men of Kent, and Cheshire chief of men, to fail in their loyal endeavours, that it might only be God's work, justly marvellous to our eyes."

"Neither in Cheshire nor Chowbent" is an emphatic form of proclaiming the absence of person or thing. The tendency to equalization in the affairs of life takes form in the statement that "There is more than one yew-bow in Chester." There is perhaps a recondite meaning in "To look a strained hair in a can." There is some picturesque force in the picture of a messenger who is "Good to fetch a sick man sorrow and a dead man woe."

The most Terentian motto finds an opposite in the careless exclamation :—"For my peck of malt set the kiln on fire." "This," says Ray, "is used in Cheshire and the neighbouring counties. They mean by it, I am little concerned in the thing mentioned. I care not much, come on it what will."

Agriculturists will be able to test the validity of the assertion that "Hanged hay never dōes cattle."

A proverb, dealing with a Cheshire speciality, declares :—

> If you will have good cheese, and have old,
> You must turn him seven times before he is cold.

Mr. Hazlitt states that in the Cheshire-cheese dairies it is always usual to continue turning the cheeses while they are maturing, so that one side may not remain too long down; and the same practice may prevail perhaps in the Gloucestershire and other farms.

The genius of the proverb is usually satirical. "You been like Smithwick, either clemmed or brossten," is a picture of alternating extravagance and poverty. With him may be contrasted "Peter of Wood, church and mills are all his." Such a position is no doubt to be desired, but it is well for aspiring persons to remember that "Every man cannot be vicar of Bowdon," and therefore some must be content with lesser dignities and smaller emoluments.

Those clothed with a brief authority are not spared by the rustic rhymer:—

> The mayor of Altringham and the mayor of Over,
> The one is a thatcher and the other a dauber.

Nay, it is even said that "The mayor of Altringham lies in bed while his breeches are mending." The proverb is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in a characteristic passage which has been annotated by Mr. Alfred Ingham in his History of Bowdon and Altrincham. The corporation of Altrincham is one that survived the reforming zeal of fifty years ago, and though never possessed of executive functions, it has maintained some social usefulness, whilst its chief officers have been very different persons from what a believer in proverbial philosophy might suppose. Of the slanderer it

could not be truthfully said, "He stands like Mumphazard, who was hanged for saying nothing."

The rustic muse is not always depreciatory, and the Cheshire folk have proverbially celebrated the pretty face and pure heart of one of their famous women. "As fair as Lady Done," and "O, there's Lady Done for you," was the furthest limit of commendation for man or wife. Nurses, as they dangled their charges, called the girl, "Lady Done," and the boy, "Earl of Derby." Sir John Done, knight, hereditary forester and keeper of the forest of Delamere, entertained James the First in the progress of 1607, at Utkinton, etc. He married Dorothy, daughter of Thomas Wilbraham, Esq., of Woodhey, who left behind her the fame for housewifely virtues that still clings to her name. How different from the wife of whom it is said, "She hath broken her elbow at the church-door," which, says Ray, is "spoken of a housewifely maid who grows idle after marriage." Different in other fashion from the dame of whom we are told, "She hath been to London to call a strea a straw, and a waw a wall." The country folk are—or were—conservative of their folk-speech, and resent the pretensions of those who, although "to the manner born," profess to despise it. Lady Done, too, was an example of the good result of following the Cheshire proverb that bids lads and lasses to marry at home, "rather over the mixon than over the mire." This advice has been largely followed, so that the Cheshire gentry are all akin. "Marry come up, my dirty cousin," we are told is "spoken by way of taunt to those who boast themselves of their birth, parentage, or the like." A

Cheshire alliance has given rise to a Welsh proverb :—"Efe a aeth ya Glough"; i.e., He is become a Clough, a very rich Cheshire family descended from Sir Richard Clough, a merchant in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and a friend of Sir Thomas Gresham. Lady Done was as virtuous as she was beautiful, and would, we may suppose, avoid all scandal, and "Well, well, word of malice." As a thrifty house-wife she would not in her well ordered household have "Nichils [nothing] in nine pokes, or nooks."

# THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1777.

An earthquake reeled unheededly away.

BYRON. *Don Juan.*

ON Sunday, 14th Sept., 1777, the worshippers at various churches and chapels in the two counties of Lancaster and Chester were disturbed from their devotions by the unwonted experience of a shock of earthquake. The vibration of the earth was sufficiently strong to set the bells ringing at the parish church of Manchester, and at St. Mary's in the same town. In the *Manchester Mercury* it is stated to have been felt, not only in Manchester, but "at Preston, Warrington, Wigan, Chapel-le-frith, Macclesfield, Stockport, Chawesworth, Mottram, Staley-Bridge, Knutsford, Middleton, and Ashton-under-Lyne. At all these places the shocks were equally violent and attended with nearly the same effect." Mr. John Poole, a farmer whose MS. journal, extending from 1774 to 1778, is now in the Manchester Free Library, writes under the date of Sept. 14th:—"Fair and very fine wind east, but very mild and hot. At a few minutes before eleven I was attending divine service in

Middleton Church, just as the Rev. Mr. Ashton was making prayer in the pulpit prior to the text, when a most sudden and violent trembling of the floor, which encreasing shooke the whole fabrick in a terrable manner, so that the church was expected to fall upon and burie us all in the ruins. Most of the congregation ran into the church-yard. It lasted 10 [?] seconds, half [deleted] a minute. Thank God, little or no damage was done. This was the most terrable earthquake that can be remembered. Betwixt nine and ten there was seen in the element streamers darting and clashing in a most surprising manner to the great astonishment of the beholders, The element was very serene at after this dismal catastrophe; such dismal looks appeared in every one's countenance attended with a stupifaction."

The interest excited was great, and the opportunity was too striking to be allowed to pass by "unimproved." Both lay and clerical exhortations appeared. The lay voice took form in a pamphlet whose title page is here transcribed:— "Observations and Reflections on the late Earthquake; or, more properly called, an Airquake; which happened in this Town and Neighbourhood, on Sunday, the 14th day of September, 1777, and an attempt to investigate the Causes of these dreadful Harbingers of divine Vengeance to Mankind. By a Gentleman of this Town. Manchester: Printed by Charles Wheeler, 1777. Price Six-pence."

From this essay we may quote the following passage:— "The dismal Catastrophe which happened here on Sunday the 14th Inst. during the Time of divine Service impressed the Minds of all Ranks of People with the most awful

Anxiety and Distress, and presented a Scene truly deplorable and affecting! But while Humanity contemplates the remembrance of this terrible Day, let us not forget to be thankful to the Almighty for his kind Care and Protection over us, who so little deserve this partial Deliverance in the Hour of Distress. Agitated with the gloomy idea of immediate Dissolution, every one sought safety from Flight by which many Accidents happened. The Churches being much crowded, increased the Confusion, and for a while the Mind seemed depressed by an insensible Surprise, and to be lost in the dreadful Apprehension of a general ruin. Words can but faintly describe the Feelings of the Heart in such Distress, and very few can recollect their disordered sensibility in this critical Moment. The Soul eclipsed with horror had lost the Power of Thought, and for awhile shrunk back on herself, and startled at the secret Dread of falling into nought!

> Earth felt the wound, and Nature, from her Seat,
> Sighing, thro' all her works, gave Signs of Woe.
>
> MILTON.

Let not the Father forget his Feelings on this Occasion, nor the fond Mother her anxious Solicitude and Distress: and while Children remember it with every Idea of Terror, let the Sinner begin an early Repentance and Virtue. So severe a Shock of an Earthquake was never before remembered in this Town and Neighbourhood, and though we have escaped the present Calamity, who can insure his future Safety; or from former Examples not feel every Emotion of Pity for

the ruin of some distant Part of the Globe? Whether the late Convulsion was local, and confined to this Town and Neighbourhood, is not yet ascertained, though from all Enquiries it seems to have extended to no great Distance from us. Easterly it was not felt at Liverpool, and to the West, Sheffield prescribed its limits. To the North, Halifax and Leeds felt the Shock more slightly, though at Preston it was severe, and Southerly beyond Derby they were scarce sensible of it. Still this is no Proof that the effect was confined to this Neighbourhood, since we find that the dreadful Earthquake, which destroyed the City of Lisbon in the Year 1755, and buried in Ruins so many other Cities and Villages in Europe and Africa, was but slightly felt at London, and not at all in this Neighbourhood, though they were sensible of the Shock in several other Parts of England and Ireland."

The clerical utterance was of a higher order, for the earthquake was followed by a communication from the Bishop of Chester, who addressed "A Letter to the Inhabitants of Manchester, Macclesfield, and adjacent parts, on occasion of the late earthquake in those places." This epistle general is dated 10th October, 1777, and was printed at Chester by J. Poole, Foregate-street, in an octavo pamphlet of twenty-four pages. Naturally enough this tract was bought with avidity and read with curiosity and interest. It ran through eight editions, and is included in the collected "Tracts on various Subjects" of Bishop Beilby Porteous. In this epistle he endeavours to "improve" the unwonted occurrence. After arguing that the earthquake was a direct

interposition of the "Great Governor of the World," he proceeds:—"Let me not, however, be understood to infer from hence, that, because the earthquake was principally felt in your towns and neighbourhood, you are therefore more wicked than the rest of your countrymen; such a conclusion would be equally rash and unchristian. We are told, that even those 'upon whom the tower in Siloam fell,' were not sinners above all others. But we are all of us, God knows, sinners great enough to stand in need of frequent warnings and corrections; and whether your present situation may not peculiarly require such dreadful monitors as you have lately had, it behoves you very seriously to consider. By the flourishing state of your trade and manufactures, you have for many years been advancing rapidly in wealth and population. Your towns are every day growing in size and splendour, many of the higher ranks among you live in no small degree of opulence; their inferiors, in ease and plenty. What the usual fruits of such affluence as this are, is but too well known. Intemperance and licentiousness of manners, a wanton and foolish extravagance in dress, in equipage, in houses, in furniture, in entertainments; a passion for luxurious indulgences and frivolous amusements; a gay, thoughtless indifference about a future life, and everything connected with it; a neglect of divine worship, a profanation of the day peculiarly set apart for it, and, perhaps, to crown all, a disbelief and contempt of the gospel; these are the vices and the follies which riches too often engender, and which, I am sorry to add, they have with a fatal profession disseminated over this kingdom. What proportion of these may

have fallen to your share, I have hitherto had no opportunity of knowing; and it would therefore be as unjust, as I am sure it would be painful, for me to become your accuser. Let me rather, with the sincerity of a friend, and the tenderness of a guardian over you, entreat you to be your own judges in this important question. You have had a loud call to recollection. 'Judge therefore yourselves, brethren, that ye be not judged of the Lord.' Examine your own hearts thoroughly, look well, extremely well, if there be any wickedness in you, that if there be you may turn from it into the way everlasting."

The literature of the earthquake of 1777 however creditable to the piety of the writers says but little for their scientific knowledge.

# THE SUSPECTED SPY.

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print ;
A book's a book although there's nothing in't.

BYRON. *English Bards.*

AMONGST the minor rarities of Cheshire literature may be classed the "Suspected Spy," a little volume of which a brief retrospective review may not be without nterest.*

The story opens with the address beneath the village oak of the schoolmaster, who shared and expressed the discontent of the time with the ruling powers. One of the auditors, a stranger to the place, reproved him for the manner in which he had spoken of the army, and the complacent pedagogue immediately begged pardon, having a shrewd suspicion that the unexpected hearer was a spy, such as the government was then known to send from time to time to such assemblies of the people. He, however, gladly

* The Suspected Spy, or, The Mysterious Stranger. By William Axon. Chester: Printed by E. Bellis, Newgate Street, and may be had of all Booksellers. 1844. 12mo, pp. 132.

accepted the stranger's invitation to drink, and the pair adjourned to the Trotters Arms, where they drank each other's health in champagne. After the schoolmaster has gone home, and narrowly escaped being thrashed by his termagant wife, the story takes a step backwards for ten years, when the village was electrified by a fire at the vicarage. The minister had escaped from death by the somewhat hazardous expedient of leaping from the bedroom window, but his son was still inside, and for a time no one would risk life and limb in an endeavour to rescue him; but at last this was accomplished by Joseph Welter, the future schoolmaster, who was dreadfully scorched in accomplishing his heroic act. The fire was believed to be the work of an incendiary, and suspicion fell on Frederick Hopefull; and the general opinion of his guilt was confirmed by his abrupt departure from the place. A reward was offered for his apprehension, but without avail. Some years later, an old man on his death-bed confessed that he, and not Hopefull, was the perpetrator of the crime. Meanwhile the persecuted youth had enlisted, and by good conduct had gained the sergeant's stripes, and was afterwards presented with a lieutenant's commission by the colonel of the regiment, whom he saved from drowning. Whilst serving in the Peninsular war he rescued a Spanish lady from a French assailant. This damsel, Donna Estifania de Bonilla, he afterwards marries, and his bride brings both beauty and wealth as her dower. His possessions were further increased at the death of the Colonel, who, having no near relatives, left his money to the lucky Hopefull. Anxious to see again the home of his infancy he

returned to England with his wife and child, and was in fact the stranger who had interrupted the schoolmaster's treasonable oration, and whom the foolish villagers regarded as a spy. He learned from the gossip of the pedagogue that the real origin of the fire had been brought to light, and that the cloud formerly resting on his good name had, in his absence, been dissipated. He rescued his parents from the poor-house, bought an estate in the neighbourhood, and became the model Squire of the district.

Such is a rough outline of "The Suspected Spy," and it may at once be admitted that many of the volumes to be found at Mr. Mudie's are not much nearer the modesty of nature in the structure of their plots. The chief peculiarity of this novelette, however, is the extraordinary style in which it is written. From the preface we learn that it was the work of a boy of sixteen, and he appears to have industriously rummaged the dictionary for words of portentous length and unfamiliar sound. The following long-winded sentence is a favourable example of this sesquipedalian genius :—

"Now, since preface writing is considered by some as an indispensable duty on a young author, and by others, as an obligation he is under to his kind patrons and subscribers, I, a mere scribbler, have been induced to write this preface with the intention of informing my readers a few data connected with the work, and, if possible, to prove the incongruity of certain animadversions, which have, so unfeelingly, been propagated throughout this city, by several ill-natured and malicious youths, who grieved that they are not competent to undertake *even* a work of this kind, have mutually

resolved to tarnish my fair fame, and do all in their power to impede its circulation, by stating that it is not of my composition, but is merely a compilation, or a series of extracts, taken from the writings of various authors, and by me analytically described; after which, they say, I conglobated the analects into a readable form, and hence, kind reader, the strange, and, I may truly add, wonderful manner in which a few doltish youths of common place abilities, alledge the 'Suspected Spy' was written."

This charge of plagiarism is indignantly denied and was doubtless baseless. The book is unique in its style, and cannot have been copied from any other. Amongst the words and phrases which the author uses with a conscious delight, are "stultiloquence," "scrine," "brown peepers," "pearl-like masticators," "obstropulous," "cognomination," "opiparous," and so forth. The moon behind a cloud is thus described:—

"This discovery was attended with fresh evils; for the storm had before considerably abated, and the 'pale orb of night' had once more appeared in the spangled Heavens, and with reflected light illumined the path our weary traveller was plodding.

"But this refulgence, like most terrene things, was but transitory; for soon, alas! it was hid beneath the film of a passing cloud, and instantly all was dark and dreary. Now, the rain descended with redoubled violence, and then the storm burst out afresh, and with devastating powers, vented its fury on the unsheltered head of our belated friend—Hopefull."

# SIR GAWAYNE AND THE GREEN KNIGHT.

The gentle Gawain's courteous lore.
SIR WALTER SCOTT. *Bridal of Triermain.*

IT has not been noticed by local antiquaries that the "Grene Knight," the doughty adversary of Sir Gawayne, was a Cheshire man. In Sir F. Madden's "Sir Gawayne" he prints a text in which this verse occurs after a description of the arming of the "Greene Knight" before his quest of Gawayne at Arthur's Court :—

Yt time at Carleile lay our K[ing] :
Att a castle of Flatting was his dwelling
In the forrest of Delamore ;
For sooth he rode, the sooth to say,
To Carleile he came on Christmas day
Into yt fayre countrye.

Dr. Ormerod has nothing to say of the castle of Flatting. Probably it is a *châutea en Espagne.*

# BOOK RARITIES
# OF THE WARRINGTON MUSEUM.

Every library should try to be complete on something if it were only the history of pinheads.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. *The Poet at the Breakfast Table.*

THERE are few provincial libraries of the same limited extent which possess so many notabilities as the Warrington Museum. It has been fortunate in the addition to its stores of the interesting collections made by the late Mr. John Jackson and Dr. Kendrick, but the general library is, itself, well worthy of examination. The following rough notes are the result of an opportunity afforded by the librarian, Mr. Charles Madeley, of seeing many of its more note-worthy possessions. First, as to the books relating to Warrington itself. "Let every man adorn his own Sparta" is the significant admonition of one of the first of living bibliographers. He would be pleased to see how faithfully the injunction has been acted upon at Warrington. It seems appropriate and fitting that each library should mirror the intellectual activity of the locality to which it ministers,

should conserve the fame of its great men, should preserve the high strains of the real poets, and the wayside songs of the humbler bards. Yet in very few cases has this been done in any systematic fashion. The founders of the noble Chetham Library in Manchester missed the opportunity of making it the repository of all the local literature of Lancashire, and some modern foundations show an equal carelessness which future generations and students will lament. It is therefore gratifying to see that Warrington is mindful of the names that have given it lustre, and has a corner of its library devoted to the literary history of the town. It has a history which justifies honourable pride in the past, and should be provocative of excellence in future. The interval between Friar Penketh and Mr. Beamont is filled by the names of the Aikins, Belsham, Carpenter, Ferriar, Percival, Mrs. Gaskell, Owen, Gilbert Wakefield, Priestley, Kendrick, Robson, Marsh, and many others. Few persons will care to test now Penketh's claim to understand the writings of Duns Scotus better than the writer himself. Those adventurous spirits will find something "craggy to break their minds upon" in the fine old folio, which leads off the show of the Warrington books: "Duns Scoti Quæstiones Quodlibetales, purgatæ per Thomam Penketh."—(Venetis?) 1474. Penketh is the only Warrington man named by the "immortal bard," who has preserved his infamy by naming him in conjunction with Dr. Shaw, another tool of the wily, and ambitious Richard III. Equally interesting and more intelligible is a Warrington book of much later date, in which John Howard exposed the state of our English

prisons when the last century was waxing elderly, and when the votaries of social science, who take an æsthetic delight in testing treadmills and taste prison fare as an experimental addition to a luxurious dinner, were as yet unheard of. It needed courage then to enter the abodes of darkness, into which laws singularly harsh and sanguinary thrust poor wretches who were as often sinned against as sinning. There are many works relating to the history of the district generally. Here, for instance, is an interesting volume for the local antiquary:—

"The Difference of Hearers; or an Exposition of certaine Sermons, at Hyton, in Lancashire. By William Harrison, His Majesties preacher there. Together with a postscript to the Papists in Lancashire." London, 1614. His Majesty's preacher shows us that ever as one goes further back the "good old times" still recede. He grows eloquent over the degeneracy of the times, groans with Puritan fervour over the singing and piping then to be heard on the "Sabbath," and laments—"That it is not consecrated as holy to the Lord, but kept as a feast of Bacchus and Venus."

There is also the "Castra Borealia" of Beamont, the "Characteristic Strictures" of Seddon (1779), the English edition of Abbadie's account of the Lancashire Plot (1696), the books on Furness, by Beck and West, the publications of the Chetham Society; the publications of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire; Hardy's "Charters of the duchy of Lancaster"; the "Ducatus Lancastriæ"; Aikin's "Country round Manchester." The Cheshire History of Dr. Ormerod, should also be named. There is also

the original edition of one of the rare Amicia tracts of Sir Thos. Mainwaring.

The works relating to art are not specially numerous. First among them we should name the "Galeria Giustiniana," two splendid folios of plates showing the glories of that ancient collection. There are Bewick's ever delightful volumes in which the British Birds and Quadrupeds are delineated with the spirit of an artist and the fidelity of a naturalist. Here we may name the "Picturae Virgiliani Codicis Vaticani," (Romae 1782.) Fergusson's remarkable work on "Tree and Serpent Worship" is notable. Mr. Ruskin's "Modern Painters," an uncut copy of the original issue, and "Stones of Venice," should not be omitted. Hamerton's "Etching and Etchers" (first edition) and "Graphic Arts" claim mention.

Amongst the scientific books are the publications of the Ray Society and of the British Museum. There are many books which may be claimed equally by Science and Art. Thus we have Sowerby's "Botany," Baxter's "British Flowering Plants"; the "Flora Londinensis," of Curtis; the "Flora Peruviana," of Ruiz and Pavon; the "Thesaurus Imaginum Testaceorum," of Rumphius, and other works.

The only shorthand book is the following:—"The New Testament, with Dr. Guyse's Recollections, &c., written in Dr. Byrom's shorthand, by John Lloyd, Bath, 1782." This is a small but curious MS. showing that there were students of Stenography long ago in Bath, which, now the residence of Mr. Isaac Pitman, may be looked upon as the Mecca of that labour saving art. "There is no Shorthand but Phono-

graphy and Isaac Pitman is its prophet." The warm praise which is due to Byrom can be given without disparagement of Pitman's great service in giving philosophical accuracy and simplicity to Stenography. An enthusiastic notice of Byrom, in which justice is done to his piety, literary abilities, and genial temper, has been written by Mr. J. E. Bailey, F.S.A., and appears in the second volume of the Papers of the Manchester Literary Club.

The antiquary and the historical student will find an extensive series of the works of Grævius and Gronovius, the "Harleian Miscellany," the Rolls and Record publications, and the books of the Surtees Society. There is also a series of interesting publications relating to the trials of Coleman, Ireland, Pickering, and Grove (1679); of Sir J. Fenwick for high treason (1606); of Father Garnett, (1606); of Green, Berry, and Hill, for the murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey (1679) and of the Earl of Strafford (1640).

Perhaps a completer notion of the riches of the library will be afforded by a brief list of the books it possesses which were printed before the beginning of the last century.

Ælfredi Magni Vita à Spelman, 1678.

Allot (R.) England's Parnassus, 1600. This is a memorable volume of elegant extracts from Chapman, Churchyard, and other Elizabethan poets, amongst them Shakespere.

Ammianus Marcellinus à M. Accursio mendis quinque millibus purgatus.—Augsburg, 1533. The first complete edition of this author.

Angler's Vade Mecum, n.d., and 1689.

Arcana Aulica, or Walsingham's Manual, 1652.

Argumentum Anti-Normanicum, 1682. The author seeks to prove that William the Norman's title was not by conquest, but from the election of the people. This, when the book was written, had more than a speculative interest, for the right divine of Kings to govern wrong was strenuously asserted.

Aristoteles de Poeticâ, 1696.

Art of Contentment, 1694.

Bacon (Lord). Essays, 1639. Essays and Wisdom of the Ancients, 1696; History of Henry VII., 1641; Speeches, 1657; Sylva Sylvarum, 1635 and 1658.

Bacon (Nicholas). Uniformity of the Government, 1647.

Baron (R). Mirza, a tragedie.

Bate (John). Mysteries of Nature and Art, 1654. This work was first printed in 1634, and, being popular, was re-issued in 1635, 1638, and 1654. In some limping verses addressed to the "ingenious J. B.," by Jas. Bernard, we are told that the book served a seven years' apprenticeship, in which the author's "wrong" blasted the buds of his "ratheripe nature,"—a Shakespearian word. J. B. leads off with water works, and tells us how the ingenious artist may construct a "conceited pot out of which, being just filled with wine and water, you may drink pure wine apart, or pure water, or else both together," and if none of these "three courses" suit, then must you be hard to please. He teaches, moreover, a device "whereby several voyces of birds cherping may be heard," and another, "whereby the figure of a man, standing on a basis, shall be made to sound a trumpet." There are directions for making a "conceited" lamp,

weather glasses, a water clock with a skeleton pointing to the hour with a dart, water mills, windmills, and "calls" for imitating various birds and animals. These "calls" were then imported from France, and usually sold in "long white boxes," each box containing instruments for imitating the sounds made by a "cuckoo, a peacock, a bittern, a levrat, a stag, a quail, a small bird, a hare, a drake, a hedgehog, and a fox." J. B., fired with a patriotic ardour, tells how each of these may be made. "An Irishman I have seen, which I much wonder at, imitate with his mouth the whistling of a blackbird, a nightingale, and lark, yea, almost every small bird as exquisitely almost as the very birds themselves; and all by his cunning holding the artificial blade of an onyon in his mouth." Escaping from the watery division of his book we are next invited to behold J. B.'s fireworks, and wheels, drakes, balloons, &c., are seen fizzing away. Then taking us into his studio, he shows ingenious persons the art of "drawing, limning, colouring, painting, and graving." The tools for the last were to be made of "good crossebow steele." The work is illustrated with woodcuts, some of them poor enough, but others vigorous alike in design and execution. We turn to see what J. B. has to say on wood engraving. He complains that it is tedious, and has many difficulties, but "for those inconveniences an artist may finde in the practice thereof, this one commodity he shall gaine: he shall be private in his designes; for he himself may print them when they are cut; nor shall they be exposed to the view of every stationer that frequent upon all occasions the housen of common

workmen, whereby one receiveth much injury and vexation." The last section, teaching the "manner of printing your wooden pieces" looks as though it were addressed not to artists, but to amateur poets or dramatists. The fourth part is called the "Booke of Extravagants." These are recipes and suggestions of every sort. One recommends a candle fixed in a glass vase and sunk under water. The effect of this is supposed to be that "all the fishes neere unto it will resort about it, as amazed at so glorious a sight," and so are easily taken with "a cast net or other." Another tells "how to make birds drunk so that you may take them with your hands." For bleeding at the nose a live toad may be hung about the patient's neck: he will then (not unnaturally) "be in a sodain fear." If you happen to wear a felt hat, and also happen to cut yourselves, the remedy is easy; a piece of your hat burnt to a coal and beaten to a powder will staunch the bleed, if we may credit J. B. For rupture he recommends powder made from nine snails baked alive. Ignorance and quackery are always cruel.

Bede. History of the Church of Englande. Antwerp, 1565.

Biondi (Sir Francis—*i.e.*, Gio Fr. Biondi) History of the Civill Warres of England between the two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke, written in Italian in three volumes. Englished by the Right Honourable Henry Earl of Monmouth. Lond., 1641, folio. The author was a Dalmatian protégé of James I., and came into England with Marc Antonio de Dominis. Biondi was the author of other works which were thought worthy of being Englished. Like their

author, whose conversion was rewarded by a pension, they have passed out of the sight of the busy world.

Blondel (David), Pindar and Horace compared, 1696. This is the translation by Sir Edward Sherburne.

Blount, (Sir T. P.) Remarks upon Poetry, 1694.

Boate, (G.) Ireland's Natural History, 1652.

Boethius. Consolations of Philosophy, 1695.

Boyle (Hon. R.) Motives to the Love of God, 1661; Style of the Holy Scriptures, 1663.

Burnet (Gilbert). Four Discourses, 1694.

Burnet (T.) Theory of the Earth, 1691.

Casaubon (M.) De Quatuor Linguis, Part I., 1650.

Casimir's Odes. Translated by G. H. Hils, 1646. Few readers will now obey the injunction :—

> "List then to the all quickening lyre
> Of Horace and of Casimire."

So far as the last-named is concerned, Horace lives, but the name of Casimir, as his equal in poetry, will not occur to many. Matthias Cassimir Sarbiewski was a Jesuit of the sixteenth century, whose "Odes" led Urban VIII. to select him for the task of correcting the hymns in the new Breviary. He became a professor at Wilna, and at his reception as doctor, Ladislas V., who was there, took a ring from his finger and presented it to the poet, who soon after became the King's preacher. His conversational powers made him a great favourite with the prince. His poems are sometimes ridiculous, and his epigrams appear pointless. He died in 1640, fortunately before completing a projected epic in twelve

books. The former reputation of an indifferent versifier like Casimir, and the utter forgetfulness of posterity regarding him are suggestive. How many of the popular literary idols of the present day will escape for two centuries from the surging waves of oblivion?

Charles I. Eikon Basilike, n.d., Pious Politician, 1684.

Chaucer (G.) Works, 1602. This is the second issue of the edition put forth by Thomas Speight.

Clarke (S.) Lives of eminent persons, 1683. fo.

Coke (Sir E.) Institutes, pt. 3., 1660.

Cressy (H. P. S. de) Church History of Brittany, 1668.

Dennis (John) Remarks on Blackmore's "Prince Arthur," 1694. An equal fate has come upon the stupid epic poetaster and his irate critic.

Drake (Thomas). Bibliotheca Scholastica Instructissima, or a treasury of ancient adagies and sentatious proverbs, selected out of the English, Greeke, Latine, French, Italian, and Spanish, 1654. It was first issued in 1633, and though not of such value as the work of Florio is still a very interesting collection.

Drayton (Michael). Poems, 1630. Polyolbion, 1613.

Dryden (J.), of Dramatick Posie, 1688.

Duns Scotus. Questiones Quodlibetales purgatæ per T. Penketh, 1474. This has already been mentioned.

Euclid. Elements. Rudd, 1651.

Eusebius. Chronicon, Iatine, Venetiis, 1483.

Fairfax (E.) Godfrey of Bulloigne. 1600.—This is the first edition of the finest translation of Tasso.

Fanshaw (Sir R.) II Pastor Fido of Guarini. 1647.

Fenwick (Sir J.) Proceedings against, 1698.

Fer (N. de) Introduction à la Fortification. fo. [1691.]

Florio Second Frutes, London. 1591.—Good John Florio is said to figure in Shakspere's Love's Labours Lost as Holoferness, the delightful pedantic Dominie ingenuously boasting that he has "simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions; these are begot on the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion." There must in the conversation of that golden age have been many "mellowing of occasions" for some of the six thousand Italian proverbs of this volume. One of the very few authentic autographs of Shakspere is on a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne: from which the great dramatist, it is supposed, took one of the passages in the "Tempest." Florio was also the author of a dictionary notable for its copiousness.

Foord (Emanuel.) Famous History of Montelion, 1695.

Ford (J.) Broken Heart, 1633.—This is the first edition of this famous play.

Gazophylacium Anglicanum, 1689.—This has been the autograph of Narcissus Luttrell, who was its owner in 1691. The book is one of the earliest of our English Etymological Dictionaries.

Gerarde (J.) Herball, 1636.—This fine work, although belonging to an age when scientific botany scarcely existed, will always have an enduring interest. It contains careful woodcuts and striking word paintings of many of the plants, and all kinds of information respecting their folk lore and uses.

Glanvil (R.) Tractatus de Legibus et Consuetudinibus regni Anglie, n.d.

Grævius (J. G.) Thesaurus Antiquitatum Romanorum, 1694-9.—With the companion work of Gronovius on Greek Antiquities and continuations respecting Italy and Sicily, making altogether 47 volumes in folio.

Greene (R.) Never too late, [1616.]

Grotius (H.) Rights of Peace and War, 1682. Truth of Christian Religion, 1686. This famous treatise 'done' into verse!

Harrison (W.) Difference of Hearers, 1614. Already named.

Harvey (G.) Anatomy of Consumptions, 1666.

Head (R.) Proteus Redivivus: or the Art of Wheedling, 1765—The subject matter of this work has by no means passed, as my Lord Verulum phrases it, from the bosoms and businesses of men. De Quincey wrote a suggestive essay on murder as one of the fine arts, but how much more striking are the claims of wheedling to that distinguished position. Who has not recognised the fact when the subject of some skilful operation of a master hand?

Heinsius (D.) Histoire du Siege de Bolduc, 1631.—This is one of the few examples of the Elzevir press in the library. In place of being one of the pretty little books which they delighted in printing it is a folio.

Herle (C.) Wisdomes Tripos, 1655.

Herrick (R.) Hesperides, 1648.

Historians Guide, [circa, 1690.]

Hollar's (W.) Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus, or the

Severall Habits of English Women, from the Nobilitie to Country Woman, as they are in these times, 1640.—This is Sayer's re-issue of Wenceslaus Hollar's famous plates. Like all the work of the engraver it is full of character, and apart from its artistic interest it shows us our great-great-great grandmothers in their habit as they lived. The persistent attempts of the daughters of Eve to disguise their beauty by unbecoming dress are not more conspicuous than the manner in which Nature defeats their efforts. The plates show us the use of the mask as a not unusual article of costume. These black vizards call up fair Hero or Rosalind, and the Princess of France, wittily flouting their disguised lovers.

Homer.—Chapman's translation, 1616; Hobbes' translation, 1686.

Hooke (R.) Micrographia, 1665.

Horace.—Poems, 1666; translated by Fanshaw, 1652.

Howel (W.) History of the World, 1680-5.

Hugo de S. Victore de Sacramentis. Argentine, 1483.

James I. Works, 1620 (?)

Jenkin (D.) Works, 1648.

Juvenal and Persius—translated by Holyday, 1673.

Keepe (H.) Monumenta Westmonasteriensia, 1682.

Kyd (T.) Spanish Tragedy, 1633.

Lucan. Pharsalia—translated by May, 1631.

Luther on Galatians, 1602.

Mainwaring (Sir T.) Reply to an Answer to the Defence of Amicia, 1673.

Marzioli (F.) Precetti Militari, n.d.

May (T.) Reign of Edward III, 1635.

Meres (F.) Wits Commonwealth, n.d.

Miége (G.) Great French Dictionary, 1687.

Milton (J.) Paradise Lost, 1678; Poems, *first edition* 1645, 1673; Defence of the People of England, 1692; History of England, 1670. The library has also some interesting works relating to Milton. There are the fine edition printed by Baskerville, the impudent publication in which Lauder, on the evidence of forged documents, brought a ridiculous charge of plagiarism against the dead poet, and the books by Toland.

Monro (R.) Expedition with the Scots Regiment, 1637.

Nalson (I.) State Affairs, 1682-3.

Negociation de la Paix, Avril et Mai, 1575. Paris, 1576.

Nuntius a Mortuis : or a Messenger from the dead. That is a stupendious [sic] and dreadfull colloquie distinctly and alternately heard by divers, betwixt the ghosts of Henry the Eighth and Charles the First, both kings of England, who lye entombed in the Church of Windsor. Wherein (as with a pencill from heaven) is liquidly from head to foot set forth, the whole series of the judgment of God upon the Sinnes of these unfortunate Islands. Translated out of the Latin copie by G. T., and printed at Paris MDCLVII.—This curious title may bring to mind the ample promise to be seen outside the dramatic booth of a country fair. The tract is one however of considerable interest, and has been reprinted in the quarto edition of the Harleian Miscellany. The imprint is fictitious.

Novum Testamentum Bezae, 1686.

Osborne (F.) Works, 1683.

Otway (T.) Venice Preserved, 1681.

Ovid. Metamorphosis, translated by G. Sandys, 1656.

Paul. Historie of the Council of Trent, 1620.

Plautus. Comedies, translated by Echard, 1694.

Pliny. Historie of the World, 1601.

Poole (J.) English Parnassus, 1677.

Quarles (F.) Enchiridion, n.d.

Raleigh (Sir W.) Arts of Empire, 1692. History of the World, 1621, 1666.

Ross (A.) History of the World, 1652. Muse's Interpreter, 1648. View of all Religions, 1653.

Rushworth's Historical Collections, 1689.

Rymer (T.) Short View of Tragedy, 1693.

Sadeur (J.) New Discovery of the Southern World, 1693.

Sandys (G.) Travels, 1673.

Scobell (H.) Acts and Ordinances of Parliament, 1658.

Selden (J.) Table Talk, 1689.

Seneca. Morals, translated by L'Estrange, 1688.

Shakspere. Poems, 1640.

Shirley (J.) Poems, 1646.

Sheppard (W.) Office and Duties of Constables (circa 1650.)

Speed (J.) Historie of Great Britain, 1623.

Whole Practice of Chirurgery, 1687.

Tacitus. Opera, 1629. Annales, translated by Greeneway, 1598. End of Nero, &c., by Savile, 1598.

Tamerlane the Great, Life of, 1653.

Taylor (J.) Holy Dying, 1651.

Talor (T.) Works, 1659.

The Way to Make all People Rich; or Wisdom's Call to Temperance and Frugality.—By Philotheus Physiologus. London, 1685.—We may well ask is Saul among the prophets when we find the value of the book has received a glowing testimonial from Mrs. Aphra Behu, who is not usually reckoned as one of the Wise Virgins. Her Muse declares regret for

> That happy golden age when man was young,
> When the whole race was vigorous and strong;
> When nature did her wondrous dictates give,
> And taught the noble salvage how to live.

The "noble salvage" we have come in this Iron Age to regard as an impostor, nor are we much more charitable to Mrs. Aphra, whose books, it is credibly asserted, were once read by ladies without blushing. Very different was the character of the enthusiast whom the "fair moralist" commends. Thomas Tryon was almost as great a puzzle to his contemporaries as Roger Crab, the English Hermit, and like him, was a modern Pythagorean of the vegetarian school. Of course the destructive critics assert that the great Greek did not avoid flesh meat. At all events, Tryon did, and wrote many books, most of them wise according to the wisdom of the time, and some of them beyond it.

Ussher (J.) Body of Divinitie, 1647.

Venables (R.) Experienced Angler, 1638.

Vindication of the Friendly Conference against Ellwood, 1678.

Virgil's Eclogues Translated into English. By W. L. Gent, 1628.—This version is attributed to William L'Isle, who avers that he kept it in MS for three times the Horatian period. This would place its execution at the commencement of the 17th century.

Waller (E.) Poems, 1668.

Walton (I.) Life of Sanderson, 1678.

Warrington (Earl of.) Works, 1694.

Winstanley (W.) Lives of English Poets, 1687.

Wither's Motto, 1650.

Wotton (Sir H.) Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, 1651.

The oldest relic of the typographic art in the Museum dates from 1461, and consists of two leaves from the Bible, supposed to have been printed in that year.

The list is one which will be read with varying interest. Some of these books are pure ephemerals, and are now of value only so far as they indicate the manner in which our forefathers thought and expressed their thoughts. Others have an abiding interest for all lovers of our mother tongue, and the glories of literature which it contains. The least imaginative may find something to move the great deeps of thought when holding in his hands a volume which Milton or Shakspere may have held in the same manner. It is well then that libraries should aim at possessing books in those forms in which they are the living voices of the age, but also in their original dress. Some of these children of the brain have survived their creators four hundred years. Being dead they yet speak.

## THE UNDUTIFUL CHILD PUNISHED.

Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land.

EXODUS XX. 12.

HERE is a greatly promising title, given in Mr. Halliwell's "Notices of Fugitive Tracts," p. 52 :—"The Afflicted Parents, or the Undutiful Child Punished, showing how a gentleman living in the city of Chester had two children, a son, and a daughter who was about two years younger than the son ; how the girl gave good advice to her brother, how he rejected it, and knocked her down, left her for dead, and then went away ; how an angel appeared to him, and how he discovered the murder, was taken up, tried, cast, and condemned to die ; showing how he was executed with two highwaymen, hung, cut down, put into his coffin, carried home, and, preparing for his funeral, how he came to life again ; how he sent for a minister, and discovered to him several strange things, which, after he had related, was executed a second time for a warning to all disobedient children." Let us hope they all took warning by his sad fate. The prospect of two hangings must have been the strongest form of the "deterring influence" of capital punishment.

# DR. JOHN FERRIAR.

By medicine life may be prolonged, yet Death will seize the doctor too.

SHAKESPERE.

AMONGST those born or adopted sons of the cotton metropolis who have shed lustre upon Manchester, and redeemed it from the guilt of an utter Philistine pursuit of gold, we may give an honourable place to Dr. John Ferriar. He was born at Chester in 1764, and died at Manchester in 1815, *annus mirabilis*. When we add that he was for many years physician to the Manchester Infirmary, the biographical details remaining to us of his busy career are almost exhausted. The real life of our author must be sought for, and will be found in his books. From these we may picture him to have been a man of well-balanced mind, with a keen practical intellect, and a memory well stored with learning, much of which was of a recondite nature.

He was the author of a drama published or printed about 1788. This we have never seen; but, as it was merely an adaptation of "Oronooko," it cannot have had any very great importance.

His "Theory of Apparitions" appeared in 1813, and is a sensible essay on a subject which, by its obscurity, has been an El Dorado to designing individuals who have traded upon the credulity of mankind. The illusions of "prophets," visionaries, and seers; "of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire," are intelligently and intelligibly explained.

His "Essay on Foxglove" (Manchester, 1799) has only a medical interest. His "Medical Histories" (1792-1798, 3 vols.) were of course chiefly intended for the members of his own profession, but incidentally they are valuable as showing the commencements of sanitary science. The epidemic fevers arising from the wretched manner in which the poor were housed at a time when cellar dwellings were the refuge of improvidence and impecuniosity, and when factories were managed with little or no attention to the physical well-being of those employed in them. The kind-hearted doctor saw and deplored the evils around him, and some of his suggestions have since been advantageously carried out. His essay on the treatment of the dying (vol. iii., p. 191) may well be epitomised in the words he has selected as its motto :—"Disturb him not—let him pass peaceably." Like Montaigne, he doubts the terrors of death, and thinks that with many dissolution is preluded by a wish for absolute rest.

> Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
> Ease after war, death after life doth greatly please.

There is an odd opinion of the vulgar that it is necessary for

the happy despatch of a lingering patient "to drag the bed away, and to place him on the mattrass." The "Medical Histories" were reprinted in 1810.

Ferriar courted the muse, and is one of the first amongst the poets of the Bibliomania. The epistle which he addressed to Richard Heber, the famous collector, will long retain a warm corner in the hearts of collectors. The quality of his verse, on a theme so dear to bookish men, may be judged from the following lines ;—

> Ye towers of Julius, ye alone remain
> Of all the piles that saw our nation's stain,
> When Harry's sway opprest the groaning realm,
> And Lust and Rapine seiz'd the wav'ring helm.
> Then ruffian bands defaced the sacred fanes,
> Their saintly statues and their storied panes.
> Then from the chest, with ancient art embost,
> The Penman's pious scrolls were rudely tost ;
> Then richest manuscripts, profusely spread,
> The brawny churl's devouring oven fed ;
> And thence collectors date the heavenly ire,
> That wrapt Augusta's domes in sheets of fire.

(The Bibliomania. An epistle to Richard Heber, Esq. London, 1810. 4to.) The book by which he is best known is the "Illustrations of Sterne," which originated in a series of papers read before the Literary and Philosophical Society. (Several interesting papers of his, relating to Science and Archæology, are printed in the early volumes of the Memoirs of that Society.) The Sterne papers were expanded, and form agreeable reading, even for those who are not specially interested in tracking the thefts of Sterne, and

restoring to their rightful owners the gems and the indecencies he appropriated with so liberal a hand. They were printed in 1768, and again in 1812. We have used here the earlier edition.

The essays which follow the illustrations to Sterne illustrate the depth and variety of the author's acquirements. They unite the knowledge of the pedant to the ease of the man of the world. The paper on "Certain Varieties of Men" relates to the stories of pigmies, monsters, and tailed men, which have been the property of the Munchausens alike of ancient and modern times. The Church having affirmed or implied the existence of these human horrors it may be thought wrong to doubt. The learned Bishop Majolus determines the important question, *An monstra salutis æternæ capacia?* in the affirmative, on the strength of an assertion of St. Augustine, that he had "preached to a nation without heads, and with eyes in their breasts." This reference to the Acephali, Dr. Ferriar says, has been retrenched in the modern editions of the great Latin father. On Monboddo's tail theory he has some sensible remarks, and keenly asks: "Do we not want good observers rather than new facts?" His Menippean essay on the English historians, and his short disquisition on genius, show the same measure of acuteness and learning. The volume closes with two poems, one of which claims a place in the literature of Tobacco. It is an elegy on Knaster, and is thus introduced:—

"The following elegy was written to rally a particular friend on his attachment to German Tobacco and German

literature. It is well known to the learned that the Tobacco chiefly smoked by philosophers in Germany is denominated Knaster; but it may be necessary to apprise the reader that when this poem was composed the fragrant weed was sold in covers, marked as low-priced tea, for the purpose of evading the excise laws. The subject did not appear considerable enough to excite the sympathy of the public, till I found that Professor Kotzebue had founded the distress of a serious comedy on a similar incident. In his "Indians in England" (see the *German Miscellany*, by Mr. Benjamin Thompson) he represents an amiable baronet overwhelmed with affliction from the want of a pot of porter and a pipe of Tobacco. Convinced of my error by the approbation with which his work has been received I have ventured to draw my elegy from the heap of my papers, and to produce it, with some slight alterations, and with the suppression of all personal allusions.

Deep in a den, conceal'd from Phœbus' beams,
Where neighb'ring Irwell leads his sable streams,
Where misty dye-rooms fragrant scents bestow,
And fires more fierce than love for ever glow,
Damætas sate; his drooping head opprest
By heavy care, hung sullen on his breast:
His idle pipe was thrown neglected by,
His books were tumbled, and his curls awry.
Beneath, the furnace sighed in thicker smoke,
Each loom return'd his groans with double stroke;
In mournful heaps around his fossils lay,
And each sad crystal shot a wat'ry ray.
"Ah, what," he cry'd, "avails an honoured place,
Or what the praise of learning's hectic race.

In vain, to boast my well-instructed eyes,
I dip in buckets, or in baskets rise;
Now plung'd, like Hob, to sprawl in dirty wells,
Now bent, with demon forms, in murky cells,
Or where columnar salts enchant the soul,
Or starry roofs enrich the northern pole.
Not me th' adjacent furnace can delight
That cheers, with chemic gleam, the languid night;
In vain my crystals boast their angles true,
In vain my port presents the genuine hue;
Nor spars nor wine my spirits can restore,
My Knaster's out, and pleasure is no more.
To German books for refuge shall I fly?
Without my Knaster these no bliss supply.
Here in light tomes grave Meinirs, prone to pore,
Like thin bank-notes, confines a weighty store;
Here Bürgher's muse, with ghostly terrors pale,
Runs "hurry-skurry" thro' her nursery tale;
Here Huon loves, while wizard thunders roll,
Here Gorgon-Schiller petrifies the soul.
Crell's sooty chemists here their lights impart;
Here Pallas, skilled in every barbarous art.
In vain to me each shining page is spread,
Without Tobacco ne'er composed, nor read;
Who Knaster loves not, be he doomed to feed
With Caffres foul, or suck Virginia's weed.
At morn I love segars, at noon admire
The British compound, pearly from the fire;
But Knaster, always Knaster, is my song,
In studious gloom, or 'mid th' assembly's throng.
Let pompous Bruce describe in boastful style,
The wondrous springs of fertilising Nile.
Fool! for so many restless years to roam,
To drink such water as we find at home,

And know, to end his long, romantic dreams,
That Nile arises—much like other streams.
Far other streams let me discover here,
Of yellow grog, or briskly-sparkling beer!
But more my glory, more my pride, to see
My Knaster cas'd, with pious fraud, like tea;
Glad soars the muse, and crowing claps her wings,
At my discovery, hid, like his, from kings.
Some chase the fair, some dirty grubs employ,
And some the ball, and some the race enjoy.
Cooper the courting sciences denies,
And from their envied love to bleaching flies.
Let serious fiddling nobler mind engage,
Or dark black-letter charm the studious sage;
I'd envy none their rattles, could I sit
To feast on Knaster and Teutonic *wit*."
Lo, while I speak the furnace red decays,
And coy by fits the modest moonbeam plays,
Which thro' yond' threat'ning clouds that bode a shower,
Just tips with tender light the old church tower;
Now wheels the doubtful bat in blund'ring rings,
Now "half-past" ten the doleful watchman sings.
To-morrow Bower supplies my fav'rite store—
My Knaster's out, and I can watch no more.

Farewell, good doctor! If we may not admire him as a great poet, we can at least reverence him as one who did the duty nearest hand, and was earnest in his endeavour to take from the life of the poor man some of its dreariness and danger.

# CHESHIRE AND LANCASHIRE DIALECTS IN THE EARLIER PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Rude am I in my speech.

SHAKESPERE.

WHEN engaged in the compilation of a bibliography of works in the Lancashire dialect I was not aware of the existence of some remarks on the differences between the folk speech of the county of Tim Bobbin, and that of Cheshire, in one of the many publications of Charles Hulbert. As his "Cheshire Antiquities" (Shrewsbury and Providence Grove, 1838) is not very common now it may be worth while to transfer his observations. "Of the Cheshire and Lancashire dialects the editor of the present work can speak experimentally, having from many years' residence in each county, a practical knowledge of their respective peculiarities; the chief distinction in the dialects of the two counties which he had observed are, viz., in the former county, Cheshire—the *Hou* in House is pronounced *Aye* very hard, as in the

adverb Aye, being *Aye-ee.* In Lancashire the same is pronounced *Heawse*, the *Hou* being pronounced *Heaw.* The same difference occurs in *Cow*, *Now*, *House*, &c. In the vicinity of Halton, *Cows* are called *Keigh*, or, *Keye*, whereas they are Keaws in Lancashire; in pronouncing Calves, *Kawves*, they both agree; so in Head, *Yed;* Hand, *Hond;* Belly, *Bally;* Rightly, *Gratheley;* aching, *Wartching;* Water, *Weyter;* Father, *Feyther*, &c., &c.

"Their customs at Easter, Christmas, marling-time, wakes, &c., very nearly resemble each other, exhibiting much of the Saxon character, notwithstanding the great Norman influence, which for ages existed, especially in the county of Chester.

"The following short dialogue between a farmer's servant maid, a native of Cheshire, and a young man, her fellow servant, but a native of Lancashire, will more particularly illustrate the distinction which exists, and also the very considerable distance each particular dialect appears to be from the present English language. But all these Provincialisms, and remains of Antiquity, are fast hastening to oblivion; education will eventually destroy the ancient distinctive character in the dialects and habits of the two counties. All who have seen or known but little of the lower orders in each, must have observed that a considerable degree of archness, or rustic wit is prevalent among the labouring classes in Cheshire and Lancashire, and also in all the adjoining counties: seldom is conversation continued without some joking, or quizzing, relative to courtship and marriage.

DIALOGUE.

*Servant Maid.*—Hey, hey, Dick, where arr e gooink e sitch o hurry, wot connot e stop a minnit? Aye, yone bin aye-t oth Haye-ce au neet, cooarting Meg Midgley, I con see beh yor een.

*Servant Man.*—Neaw, I anno bin eawt oth Heawse afore neaw,—aum gooink after the Keaws and Kauves, that an brocken into eawer messter's kurn feelt. Theau may cut my yed off, if e ha put my hond on Meg o Midgley, sin au clipt thee.

*Servant Maid.*—That's lung sin—au seen o better mon than thee,—thaygh thinks Meg's feythur has Keigh and Kawves, so tha shannet tutch me ogen, goo after the Keigh.

TRANSLATION.

*Servant Maid.*—Ah, ah, Dick, where are you going in such a hurry, what, cannot you stop a minute? Yes, you have been out of the House all night, courting Margaret Midgley, I can see by your eyes.

*Servant Man.*—No, I have not been out of the House before now,—I am going after the Cows and Calves which have broken into my master's corn fields. You may cut my head off if I have put my hand on Margaret Midgley, since I put my arms around you.

*Servant Maid.*—That is long since—I have seen a better man than you—and you think Margaret's father has *Cows* and *Calves*,—so you shall not touch me again—go after the *Cattle*."

It will be noticed that the girl alludes to an old custom—now thought to be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, of courting by night. This had considerable analogy with the "bundling" formerly in vogue alike in Wales and New England.

# SAMUEL HIBBERT-WARE.

With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.

POPE. *Moral Essay.* Ep. v.

AMONGST those connected by residence, though not by birth, with the county of Chester, we must include the name of Dr. Samuel Hibbert-Ware. Although his name is not familiar to the present generation he was a man whose substantial work alike in archæology and in science deserved a memorial. He was a native of Manchester (where he was born 21st April, 1782), but passed many years of his life in Edinburgh, when the intellectual brilliance of its social coteries earned for it the title of the Modern Athens. In the course of a long and busy life he did much—very much—to elucidate the history and archæology of his native county; he made some important discoveries in geology, one of which proved to have commercial as well as scientific interest; and he put forth a carefully considered theory of apparitions. As a writer he was con-

scientious and painstaking; and, perhaps as a consequence, much of his work has not suffered by the lapse of time, which sometimes makes such cruel havoc of that which once was highly valued. It is, therefore, satisfactory to find that a notice of his life has been undertaken by reverent and loving hands. ("The Life and Correspondence of the late Samuel Hibbert-Ware." By Mrs. Hibbert-Ware. Manchester: Cornish, 1882.)

The first part of Mrs. Hibbert-Ware's book will be chiefly interesting to her readers in Lancashire and Cheshire. Thus she gives so much information as to the social condition of Manchester and its district from the close of the rebellion of 1745 to the beginning of the present century, that the birth of the hero is not recorded until we reach the ninety-third page. This is not a subject for complaint, as the matter is good and well stated. While at school, Samuel Hibbert formed the acquaintance of a man who to the visible occupation of a handloom weaver added the unstated but probably more lucrative practice of poaching. The old fellow told the boy wonderful stories, of which he had an ample store, and in return listened with intense interest to his boyish companion as he read chapter by chapter the entrancing narrative of the "The Pilgrim's Progress." When a young man, Hibbert had thoughts of the army, and served for some years in the militia. Then he studied medicine at Edinburgh, and, after graduating, discovered the presence of chromate of iron in the Shetland Islands, which gained him the gold medal of the Society of Arts, and involved him in some unpleasant disputes. He became secretary of the

Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and engaged in a great variety of archæological and scientific investigations. He was thrice married; and in his second wife found an intelligent and enthusiastic fellow student, especially in his favourite science of geology. His latter years were spent at Hale Barns, in Cheshire. It was there that he had the misfortune to read in the *Times* of the dreadful death of his son, a young and promising surgeon in the Bombay Army. Dr. Hibbert, who assumed his mother's name of Ware, died at Hale Barns on December 30, 1848, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Mrs. Ware's narrative is easy, flowing, and eminently *readable.* She succeeds in impressing the reader with the individuality of the subject of her work, so that we know him not only as the grave historian and the penetrating man of science, but as the absorbed scholar, usually as careless of the external world as Dominie Sampson himself. Of this some ludicrous examples are given.

"One day he had been working very hard, quite uninterruptedly except at meal-times—for literary men, like all other men, must eat—and, when supper-time arrived, he was called down. Mr. Golland's family were already seated round the table when he walked into the room and took the seat left vacant for him. Mrs. Golland helped him to what he liked, and his plate was placed before him; but, instead of taking up his knife and fork, he sat gazing wistfully at the smoking viands. Mr. and Mrs. Golland looked wonderingly at him for a few moments. At last Mr. Golland said, 'Doctor, won't you put down those books and papers and take your

supper?' The spell that bound him was at once broken. He had come down from his room with a lot of books and papers under his arm, and thus encumbered had sat down to supper, but so absorbed in his work was he that he could not tell what prevented him handling his knife and fork" (p. 285).

Beyond his scientific papers, Dr. Hibbert-Ware's most important writings were his "Description of the Shetland Islands" (Edinburgh, 1822); "Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions" (Edinburgh, 1824); "Customs of a Manor in the North of England" (Edinburgh, 1822); "History of the Foundations of Manchester" (Manchester, 1828-48, 4 vols.); "Memorials of the Rebellion of Lancashire in 1715."

Considering that Dr. Hibbert was the friend of Sir Walter Scott, of the other great lights of the Northern capital, and of many men eminent in literature and science, the correspondence now printed is hardly so important as might have been expected. The letters relating to scientific subjects should have been submitted to some friendly revision. As the impression has been limited to 250 copies, the work is one that must always be, in a certain sense, rare, and it will be sought for by those who are interested in the social history of Manchester and of Edinburgh.

After all critical deductions have been made, Mrs. Hibbert-Ware's book is a pleasant record of a man whose strong individuality sometimes verged on eccentricity, whose ability was shown by important work in very diverse fields, and whose life—which nearly reached the span of three score years and ten—was devoted to the advancement of science and learning.

# A CHESHIRE CHESTERFIELD.

A moral, sensible and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.

COWPER, *Conversation.*

THE inner life of society in all ages is governed by a code not less real because often impalpable and unexpressed. New-comers and those not to the manner born inevitably betray themselves. There are common principles which must govern the intercourse of all classes from the lowest to the highest, but when the claims of courtesy and consideration have been satisfied there remain many things which in one circle are permitted and in others tabooed. The anxiety to know the "manners of good society" is sufficiently attested by the publication of numerous manuals intended to initiate the neophyte into all the niceties of the methods of that narrow section of humanity, which styles itself, and is styled, the world.

Whether such publications, from Chesterfield downwards, do prevent infractions of the "social law" may perhaps be

open to doubt, but they form curious documents in the history of manners. For this reason it is worth while to call attention to some hints written by a Cheshire nobleman of the last generation.

It appears that some fifty years ago, Mrs. Patterson-Bonaparte, with a view to obtaining the best guidance possible, induced Lord Cholmondeley to draw up a series of rules for the guidance of those who wished to avoid whatever was then thought, in the best English society, to be vulgarity. The document has been carefully preserved, and was printed in the New York *Nation* (June 28, 1883). It is as follows:—

Say *shooting*, and not *gunning; coachman*, not *driver*. Say *drive*, not *ride*, if it be in a carriage. Say *drawing-room*, not *parlour*. Say *glass of water*. Say he *doesn't*, not he *don't; apple tart*, not *apple pie*. You must not say, "I have dined off ham," or off anything. Say give me some Madeira or sherry," but never add wine. It is not vulgar to say "port wine." Never utter the word *victuals*. Avoid the word *elegant* on all occasions. No one ever says *genteel*, *dashing*, or *elegant*—words entirely excluded from good company. Be sure you never send your knife and fork when you send your plate to be served a second time. Do not put your knife into your mouth. Do not carve with your own knife. Do not put your knife into the butter or salt, or anything which is destined for another. Do not ask for a piece or slice or cut of anything; say, "May I trouble you for some of the beef, ham, turkey," etc. Hunting means

riding after hounds; shooting, killing with a gun. Never say "people of quality," but "persons or people of rank." Never say "My Lady," it is never used except by footmen. Avoid saying Sir, Ma'am, or Madam—you may say it in a public coach or in the street. Do not call a surgeon "Doctor," but "Mr." in speaking to him or of him; you may call a physician "Doctor." You must not say "send for a doctor," but "send for a physician."

Eat fish, fruit, and vegetables with a fork. Break your bread at dinner; never cut it. Say a fortnight, not *two weeks.* Say autumn not *fall.* Say "I shall get cold," not I will, etc. Say a lady-like or gentleman-like, or nice, or agreeable person, but never use the expression *genteel person.* Say clergyman, never parson. Parson is never used but as a term of ridicule when applied to Methodists, etc. Say lilac, not *laylock.* Say a pain in the chest, not a *pain in the breast.* Say ill, unwell, indisposed, never *sick.* Direct your letters to Thomas Brown, Esq., never to Mr. Brown, unless he is a tradesman. If you do not know his Christian name make a dash, thus: —— Brown, Esq. Seal with wax, never with wafer, unless you are writing to low people. Use blotting-paper, never sand. Do not ask people how their brother, father, mother, son, sister, daughter is. Speak of them by their names or titles. Say hall, not passage, unless it be a back one. Say street door, not *front door.* Do not laugh loud or rub your hands or show turbulent symptoms of any kind. Never use the word God; do not say devil or devilish. Do not spit on the floor or in the chimney; if obliged to spit let it be in your pocket-handkerchief. Do

not pick your nose. Do not sit close to or touch any one in any way. "May I trouble you?" or "I will trouble you" for the salt. Never say "Please help me" to anything. Never say "I guess," or "I expect," for believe or suppose. Do not empty your egg into a glass. Do not crowd different things on to your plate. Expression of wonder or any great show of emotion is ungentlemanlike. Never pour your tea or coffee into the saucer. Do not put your spoon into your tea-cup to signify you have done. Say James not Jeames. Never say old Mr. or old Mrs. Anybody. Do not speak through your nose, as most Americans do.

The writer in the *Nation* very pertinently observes, that "Many of these instructions cannot have been of much use to Mrs. Bonaparte or her friends; and most of them relate to such minute points that no one could possibly remember them all, unless they came to him as part of an inherited tradition. Some have no meaning out of England, as the distinction between physician and surgeon, and the instance upon apple "tart." Such rules could not have been applied as practical tests of good manners here, and cannot now. Most of them would not be recognised in England as furnishing infallible criteria. No Lord Cholmondeley of the present day would ever dream of sketching out such hard-and-fast tests as to details of behaviour. Refined people clearly perceive that vulgarians have rights in society which should be respected, and one of these is that their lives shall not be made miserable over such contemptible trifles as the trick of asking for 'a drink of water,' confusing 'will' with

'shall,' or of putting their spoon in their tea-cup to show that they are 'through.'"

There is happily less disposition now to insist upon unimportant matters as the criteria of good manners, and greater play of individuality is tolerated, if not encouraged. The root of the matter lies in that fine saying of Emerson's, "good manners are made up of petty sacrifices."

# RIDING THE STANG.

I love everything that's old.
GOLDSMITH. *She Stoops to Conquer.*

SOME fashions of the past would be deprecated by even the most enthusiastic antiquary if they were current now. Amongst these we may class the form of lynch law known as "Riding the Skimmington" in some districts of England, but in Cheshire and the northern counties better known as "Riding the Stang." Hulbert, in his "Memoirs," p. 42, gives the following account of the observance of this custom at Northenden, about 1790:—"This custom I only once witnessed in the parish of Northen, and that was in consequence of Alice Evans, my deliverer from drowning, having chastised her own lord and master for some act of intemperance and neglect of work. This conduct (of hers) the neighbouring lords of the creation were determined to punish, fearing their own spouses might assume the same authority. They therefore mounted one of their body, dressed in female apparel, on the back of an old donkey,

the man holding a spinning wheel on his lap, and his back towards the donkey's head. Two men led the animal through the neighbourhood, followed by scores of boys and idle men, tinkling kettles and frying pans, roaring with cows' horns, and making a most hideous hullabaloo, stopping every now and then while the exhibitioner on the donkey made the following proclamation :—

> Ran a dan, ran a dan, ran a dan,
> Mrs. Alice Evans has beat her good man ;
> It was neither with sword, spear, pistol, or knife,
> But with a pair of tongs she vowed to take his life.
> If she'll be a good wife and do so no more,
> We will not ride stang from door to door.

Readers of Samuel Butler will remember the description of this folk-ceremony in "Hudibras." The custom is said to have prevailed in places as far distant as Spain and Scandinavia.

# WILLIAM BROOME, LL.D.

The poet must be alike polished by an intercourse with the world as with the studies of taste; one to whom labour is negligence, refinement a science, and art a nature.

D'ISRAELI. *Literary Character.*

POPE'S "Homer" is almost as widely known as the English language itself; but few think of the name of William Broome in connection with it. He was, however, a coadjutor with Pope in the translation of the "Odyssey," and it is on his fine rendering of the eight books entrusted to him that his fame as a poet chiefly rests.

William Broome was born of poor parents, at Haslington, in Cheshire, 3rd May, 1689. They, however, succeeded in sending him to Eton, and afterwards to St. John's, Cambridge, where he matriculated as a sizar in 1708. He received the degree of LL.D. in 1728, on the occasion of the visit of George II. to the University.

He soon made his appearance in the literary world as the translator of Homer's "Iliad" into prose, in conjunction with Ozell and Oldisworth. Ozell boasted that this transla-

tion was, in Toland's opinion, superior to that of Pope, and soon gained his confidence and esteem. When the success of the "Iliad" gave encouragement to a version of the "Odyssey," Pope, weary of the toil, called Fenton and Broome to his assistance, and gave four books to Fenton for translation, and eight to Broome. These were the 2nd, 6th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 18th, and 23rd, together with the task of writing all the notes. The price at which Pope purchased this assistance was three hundred pounds paid to Fenton, and five hundred pounds to Broome, with as many copies as he wanted for his friends. Broome, however, considered himself unfairly treated by this arrangement, and a coldness sprang up between him and his employer. Some little mutual recrimination was the result, but it was not of a very rancorous nature, Pope being the most bitter of the two, calling Broome a "proficient in the art of sinking," and "a parrot who repeats another's words in such a hoarse, odd tone, as to make them seem his own." They were, however, afterwards reconciled.

In 1728 Broome was presented to the rectory of Pulham, which he held for about seventeen years, and at the same time had the living of Oakley Magna, in Suffolk. He married a "wealthy widow" and had two sons and two daughters.

Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," thus speaks:— "Though it cannot be said that he was a great poet, it would be unjust to deny that he was an excellent versifier; his lines are smooth and sonorous, and his diction is select and elegant. What he takes he seldom makes worse, and he

cannot be justly thought a mean man whom Pope chose for an associate, and whose co-operation was considered by Pope's enemies as so important that he was attacked by Henley with this ludicrous distich :—

> Pope came clean off with Homer, but they say
> Broome went before, and kindly swept the way."

The following is a fair specimen of Broome's powers as a poet :—

THE ROSEBUD.

Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose !
The beauties of thy leaves disclose ;
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently thro' the sky ;
The lark, sweet warbling on the wing,
Salutes the gay return of spring ;
The silver dews, the vernal show'rs,
Call forth a blooming waste of flow'rs ;
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are cloth'd with green, or swell with buds;
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose !

Thou beauteous flow'r ! a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast,
Shalt grace her hand or deck her hair,
The flower most sweet ! the nymph most fair !
Breathe soft, ye winds ! be calm, ye skies !
Arise, ye flow'ry race ! arise,
And haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose !

But thou, fair nymph ! thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day ;

Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail;
Swift as the short-lived flower they fly;
At morn they bloom, at evening die,
Tho' sickness yet awhile forbears,
Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name;
Time must indent that heavenly brow,
And thou must be what they are now.

This moral to the fair disclose,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose.

Later in life he was a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which appeared his translation of the Odes of Anacreon. These had the signature of "Chester." He died of asthma, at Bath, and was buried in the Abbey church there, 16th November, 1745.

His poems are included in the collected editions of the poets by Johnson (who wrote his life); Chalmers, Anderson, and others. His "Poems on several occasions" appeared in 1727, and there have been several later editions. The first complete notice of his life is a Memoir of William Broome, LL.D., by T. Worthington Barlow. Manchester: J. G. Bell, 1855.

# DEAN ARDERNE.

Piety, whose soul sincere
Fears God, and knows no other fear.
WILLIAM SYMTH. *Cambridge Installation Ode.*

THE family of Arderne is one of great antiquity in Cheshire, and forty-five quarterings are sufficiently indicative of estate and consideration. The seat of the family was at Harden Hall, near Stockport, and at that mansion, now a ruin, James, son of Ralph Arderne, of Harden, was baptised 12th October, 1636. He entered Christ's College, Cambridge, on the 9th July, 1653, but afterwards removed to St. John's, and took his B.A. in 1656, and afterwards M.A. Two years later he went to Oxford, and became M.A. in 1658. He was apparently afterwards resident in London, for he is stated to have been a member, in 1659, of a coterie that met nightly at the Turk's Head, New Palace Yard, Westminster, under the chairmanship of Harrington, the author of "Oceana." The Restoration brought him within sight of preferment. In

April, 1666, he was curate of St. Botolph, Aldersgate, and held that post until 1682. Another of his preferments was Thornton-le-Moors. From the double inducement, we are told, of the public library and the society, he became a fellow commoner of Brasenose, and in 1673 was elected D.D. This degree he is also said to have had from his first *alma mater*. He was chaplain to Charles II., and his ministrations to that monarch procured him the rectory of Davenham in 1681, and the deanery of Chester in 1682. He is said to have had the promise of succession to the Bishopric of Chester, but the events of the Revolution prevented James II. from giving him any further promotion. His writings are the following:—

"Directions concerning the matter and Stile of Sermons, written to W. S., a young deacon." By J. A., D.D. London, 1671. [British Museum.]

"True Christian's Character and Crown": a Sermon. London, 1671.

"A Sermon preached at the Visitation of John [Wilkins] Lord Bishop of Chester." London, 1677. [British Museum.]

"Conjectura circa 'Ενωνομξν D. Clementis Romanio Cui subjiciuntur Castigationes in Epiphanium et Petavium de Eucharistica, de Cœlibatu Clericorum et de Orationibus pro vitâ functis." Autore Jacobo de Ardenna. 1683. [Bodleian.]

"Dean of Chester's Speech to His Majesty." August 27th, 1687. London, 1687, folio, one leaf. [Bodleian.]

Arderne, if a courtier, was of the better type, and although the exile of the Stuarts precluded him from further ambition, it did not lessen his attachment to the Jacobite cause.

Indeed his devotion to the King is said to have brought him affronts in his own district so vexatious as to have shortened his life. He died in 1691, but the date of his death is variously given as August 18, September 15, and September 18. He was buried in the choir of his Cathedral with a monument, on which, in accordance with his will, was inscribed: — "Here lies the body of Dr. James Arderne, brother of Sir John Arderne, awhile Dean of this church; who, though he bore a more than common affection to his private relations, yet gave the substance of his bequeathable estate to the Cathedral, which gift his will was, should be mentioned, that clergymen may consider whether it be not a sort of sacrilege to sweep away all from the church and charity into the possession of their lay kindred who are not needy?" The particular intention of Arderne in this bequest was the foundation of a public library. The property was not then large but was increased by the reversion to the younger branch of the Ardernes of the property of Mrs. Jane Done. Ormerod, in printing the Dean's will, observes that it is one "which the dean would certainly never have executed if he could have imagined that, from subsequent contingencies, it would have been the means of wresting from his family a very large share of one of the most ancient estates in the county, and have involved the representatives of two of his brothers in a series of law expenses which compelled them to alienate a considerable portion of Mrs. Jane Done's bequest, the successive terms of presentation to the rectory of Tarporley."

In the will he desires that the maps of Ortelius should be

returned to Sir John Arderne, who had only lent the book for his life-time. He mentions his collection of the fathers of the first three hundred years, and the common-place book which he had made from them of controversies. This he desired to be placed in the Chapter-house for the use of the dean and prebends. A portrait of him is preserved in the deanery.

# SIR THOMAS ASTON.

The King commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills, and far away.

FARQUHAR. *Recruiting Officer.*

SIR THOMAS ASTON, a good type of the Cheshire cavaliers, was the heir of an ancient family which had been settled at Aston in the county for many generations, and showed undoubted descent from the time of Henry II. Several of these early Astons were knighted, and one of them was treasurer to Philippa, the wife of Edward III., and joined in the wars in Spain. Thomas Aston was born 29th Sept., 1600. His father, John Aston, who had been sewer to the wife of James I., died in 1615, and presumably his children remained under the care of his widow. Thomas was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford.

There was nothing to indicate that his life would be different from that of an ordinary prosperous country gentleman. He was made a baronet by Charles I. in July, 1628, and served as High Sheriff of Cheshire in 1635. In this

year died his first wife, Magdalene, daughter of Sir John Poulteney, but their four children all died young. She lies buried in the family chapel at Aston Hall, with an epitaph which may have been the work of her husband, and is certainly characteristic of the period.

> Heere reader, in this sad but glorious cell
> Of death lyes shrind a double miracle,
> Of woman and of wife, and each soe best,
> Shee may be fame's fayre coppy to the rest;
> The virgin heere a blush so chaste might learne,
> Till through the blood shee virtue did discerne;
> Heere might the bride upon her wedding day
> At once both knowe to love and to obey,
> Till she grewe wife so perfect and refynd,
> To be but body to her husband's mynd;
> The tender mother here might learn such love,
> And care as shames the pelicane and dove.
> But fame and truth, no more, for should you fynd
> And bring each grace and beauty of her mynd,
> Wonder and envy both would make this grave
> Theyr court, and blast that peace her ashes have.

In 1639, Sir Thomas took as his second wife, Anne, the heiress of Sir Henry Willoughby, and his only son, Willoughby Aston, who became the second baronet, was named after his maternal grandfather.

He was a staunch churchman, and loyally attached to the monarchy, and in the civil and ecclesiastical troubles he took his part. The portentous rise of Nonconformist sentiment excited alike fear and anger. When what was known as the Cheshire petition against Episcopacy was in

circulation, Sir Thomas and his friends set about the preparation of a counter petition of remonstrance. Sir Thomas was attacked as the framer of the document in an "answer" which he denounces as the work of "some brain-sick Anabaptist," and this appears to have provoked him to the hasty compilation of a quarto, which will be sufficiently described by a transcript of the title-page :—"A Remonstrance against Presbytery, exhibited by divers of the nobilitie, gentrie, ministers, and inhabitants of the County Palatine of Chester, with the motives of the Remonstrance, together with a short survey of the Presbyterian discipline, showing the inconveniences of it; and the inconsistency thereof with the constitution of the state, being in its principles destructive to the laws and liberties of the people, with a brief review of the institution, succession, jurisdiction of the ancient and venerable order of Bishops, found to be instituted by the Apostles, continued ever since, grounded on the lawes of God, and most agreeable to the law of the land. By Sir Thomas Aston, Baronet, &c., &c. Printed for John Aston, 1641. [British Museum 4to.]" Sir Thomas includes in his book the petition to which it is an answer, and also "certain positions" maintained by Samuel Eaton, in his sermons at Chester and Knutsford. Eaton had been resident in New England, and had brought from thence a keen appreciation of the Congregational discipline form of church government. Sir Thomas argues against the popular element. He also argues against the popular element in church, and declares that those who opposed episcopacy would also oppose the monarchy. He makes merry over the notion of ruling

elders—mechanics interpreting the laws and traditions of the church—and fortifies himself by numerous citations from the works of his opponents and from the fathers and other ecclesiastical writers. He also made "a collection of sundry Petitions presented to the King's most excellent Majesty, as also to the two Houses now assembled in Parliament, and others already signed by most of the gentry, ministers, and freeholders of several counties." 1642. [Bodleian.]

When the war broke out between the king and parliament, Sir Thomas took part with the royalists, and was in command at Middlewich in March, 1642-3, when he was defeated by Sir William Brereton. The royalists lost their two canons and five hundred stand of arms. Few were slain, but the prisoners included many of the principal cavaliers engaged, and the town suffered at the hands of the roundheads, who made free with the property of burgesses and the plate of the church. Sir Thomas escaped, but when, a few days later, he returned to Chester, he was placed under arrest at Pulford, where he wrote a defence of his conduct which furnishes a very minute account of the affair, and is an interesting picture of the civil war. Sir Thomas apparently freed himself from censure and rejoined the king's army, and, indeed, is said to have suffered a second defeat from Brereton at Macclesfield in 1643. He was afterwards captured in a skirmish in Staffordshire. When in prison at Stafford he endeavoured to escape, but the attempted evasion was discovered by a soldier who struck him on the head. This, and other wounds received in the war, brought on a

fever of which he died at Stafford, 24th March, 1645. He was buried at Aston Chapel, and is fairly entitled, as Wood says, "to the character of a stout and learned man."

The authorities for Aston's life are, Ormerod's History of Cheshire, ed. by Helsby, 1882, vol. ii., 82-3; Earwaker's East Cheshire, 1880, vol. i., p. 470, vol. ii. 657; Wood's Athenae Oxoniensis.

# A CHESHIRE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Discrete he was, and of grete reverence,
He seemed suche, his words were so wise.
CHAUCER. *Description of the Man of Law in Canterbury Tales.*

RICHARD PEPPER ARDEN was born in 1745, and was the son of John Arden, of Stockport, and was educated at the Manchester Grammar School. His two brothers received their earlier instruction at the same institution. The eldest, John, became a country squire, and was resident at Harden and Utkinton halls, in Cheshire, and at Pepper Hall, in Yorkshire, and was a feoffee of the Grammar School and of the Chetham Hospital. The other, Crewe Arden, A.M., of Trinity College, in 1776, became rector of Tarporley, and died there in 1787. Richard Pepper Arden entered the Manchester Grammar School in 1752, and remained there until 1763. The elder boys acted the play of "Cato" in 1759, and it is remarkable that of the ten scholars one became lord chief justice of common pleas (Arden); one vice principal of Brasenose (Rev. James

Heap); two archdeacons of Richmond (Travis and Bower); one senior wrangler (William Arnald); and one recorder of Chester (Foster Bower). It is further noteworthy that the prologue declaimed by Arden in 1760 dealt with the topic of English Elocution, and the career of the lawyer and politician:

> To shun the rock on which so many split,
> Which renders learning dull, and tasteless wit;
> We thus presume to tread the buskined stage,
> And risk attempts so far beyond our age.
> The motive sure is good; excuse it then,
> If boys who hope in time to act like men,
> Leave for awhile their Latin, and their Greek,
> And their own native English learn to speak;
> Learn to speak well what well they hope to write,
> And manly eloquence with truth unite.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Each act his part in his respective place,
> With just decorum and becoming grace:
> Teach with success fair virtue's sacred laws,
> Speak at the bar with honour and applause,
> And in the senate plead our country's cause.

Arden entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and soon distinguished himself by his command of classical literature, and by the elegance of his elocution. The year, when he came out as twelfth wrangler, was one remarkable for the number of young men of ability, who took part in the contest. Arnald, the senior wrangler, was another "Manchester School" boy, and the second wrangler, Bishop Law, the brother of Lord Ellenborough, is said to have remembered with bitterness the defeat he then sustained in the struggle for the highest

academical distinction. Arden took his M.A. in 1769, and soon after was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity College. His legal studies were pursued in the Middle Temple, and when he took chambers in Lincoln's Inn he lived on terms of friendly intimacy with William Pitt, who was on the same staircase. In 1782 he became M.P. for Newton, entering the House of Commons a year later than his friend, the future Prime Minister, who was, however, fourteen years his junior. When Pitt formed his government in 1783, Arden took office as Solicitor-General, and in the following year Attorney-General and Chief Justice of Chester. He succeeded Kenyon as Master of the Rolls in 1788, when he was knighted. He sat successively for Aldborough, Hastings, and Bath, and was M.P. for the last-named place from 1774 to 1801, when Pitt resigned. On the formation of the Addington administration Lord Eldon became Chancellor, and Sir R. P. Arden succeeded him as Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He was called to the House of Lords as Baron Alvanley, in the county of Chester, the title being derived from his brother's estate. He was not a man of great oratorical powers, but possessed the qualities of intelligence, readiness, and wit, which are so important to the debater. Mr. James Crossley says of his legal acquirements, "That time works wonders in elevating depressing reputations was perhaps never more strikingly shown than in the respective positions now awarded in their judicial capacities to Lord Alvanley and Lord Thurlow. It could scarcely have entered into the contemplation of him who looked wiser than any man ever was when he

Bent his black brows, that kept the peers in awe,
Shook his full-bottomed wig, and gave the nod of law,

that 'Little Peppy,' the man he most contemned, and against whom he constantly growled and fulminated, might ultimately be considered as a better equity judge than himself. And yet the fact has been, that almost in proportion as Lord Thurlow's authority has decreased Lord Alvanley's has risen; and judging of the two as we now do simply by their reported decisions, we have seen grounds for awarding a higher place to the latter. If we may also form an opinion from some of his occasional verses with which he amused his friends, he who was industriously represented, and for a long time believed to be a very dull man, could have retorted the keen shafts of the Rolliad with counter missives of equal brilliancy, point, and severity." Lord Alvanley's poetical trifles were never collected. The best known of them is an epigram which appeared in the Cambridge Verses of 1763, and was suggested by the circumstance of Dr. Samuel Ogden having written three copies of verses, one in Latin, one in English, and one in Arabic, on the accession of George III.

When Ogden his prosaic verse
In Latin numbers drest,
The Roman language proved too weak
To stand the critic's test.

In English verse he ventured next
With rhyme for his defence;
But ah! rhyme only would not do,
They still expected sense.

Enraged the doctor swore he'd place
On critics no reliance;
Involved his thoughts in Arabic,
And bid them all defiance.

Another of his slighter pieces, the "Buxton Beggar's Petition," has been annotated by Mr. J. E. Bailey, and appears in the *Palatine Note Book*, vol. iii. p. 255, together with the effusions by Foster Bower, and by H. Leycester, who pokes some fun at the wry nose, appetite, and impatience of Pepper Arden. He married Anne Dorothea, the daughter of Richard Wilbraham, M.P., and died March 19th, 1804. He is buried in the Rolls Chapel. His widow died in 1825. He left two sons, who in turn succeeded to the title. William Arden, second Baron Alvanley, who was born on the 10th February, 1783, adopted the military profession, but after reaching the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel he retired, and died unmarried in 1849. Richard Pepper Arden, third baron Alvanley, was born 8th December, 1792, and married in 1831, Arabella, the youngest daughter of the first Duke of Cleveland, but died without issue 24th June, 1857. He, like his elder brother, had been in the army, and attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. With him the peerage became extinct.

The only portrait of the first Lord Alvanley is a caricature by Deighton.

It would be vain to claim any great distinction for Lord Alvanley. He was a learned lawyer, and a successful politician, who doubtless owed much to the friendship of Pitt, without whose patronage his career would have been

far more arduous. He retained a keen interest in the fortunes of the school where he had received his early training. If his legal decisions show his learning and sound judgment the few productions that remain from his pen evince refinement and facility of expression.

The authorities for Lord Alvanley's life are Smith; Manchester Grammar School Register (Chetham Society, vol. lix.); Ormerod's Cheshire; *Palatine Note Book*, November, 1883; Earwaker's Local Gleanings; Brydges' Peerage; Burke's Peerage.

# CHESHIRE BALLAD.

I have a passion for ballads.

LONGFELLOW. *Hyperion.*

MAJOR LEIGH'S collection of Cheshire ballads does not include the following, which appears in the Universal Songster, vol. I. page 23. This work contains a very extensive collection, and is illustrated by the facile pencils of George and Robert Cruikshank.

In Chester town there lived a lad,
As many lads there be;
He was a buxom boy, adad,
And loved a fair lady.

He was a servingman by trade,
But luckless was his doom;
He loved the mistress, not the maid,
Which brought him to his tomb.

You might have heard this lover's groans,
Full sorely did he smart;
Her cruel hands they broke his bones,
Her cruel eyes his heart.

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